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STAR TREK®

A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE

THE MOTION PICTURE

The official comics adaptation of the smash PARAMOUNT FILM!

Also:
SPECIAL PHOTOS, FEATURES, INTERVIEWS, ART AND A NEW CONCORDANCE!

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Stan Lee Presents:

STAR TREK®

THE MOTION PICTURE

Marvel Super Special #15

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Based on the screenplay by Harold Livingston,
Story by Alan Dean Foster and Gene Roddenberry, Produced by Paramount Pictures.

December 1979

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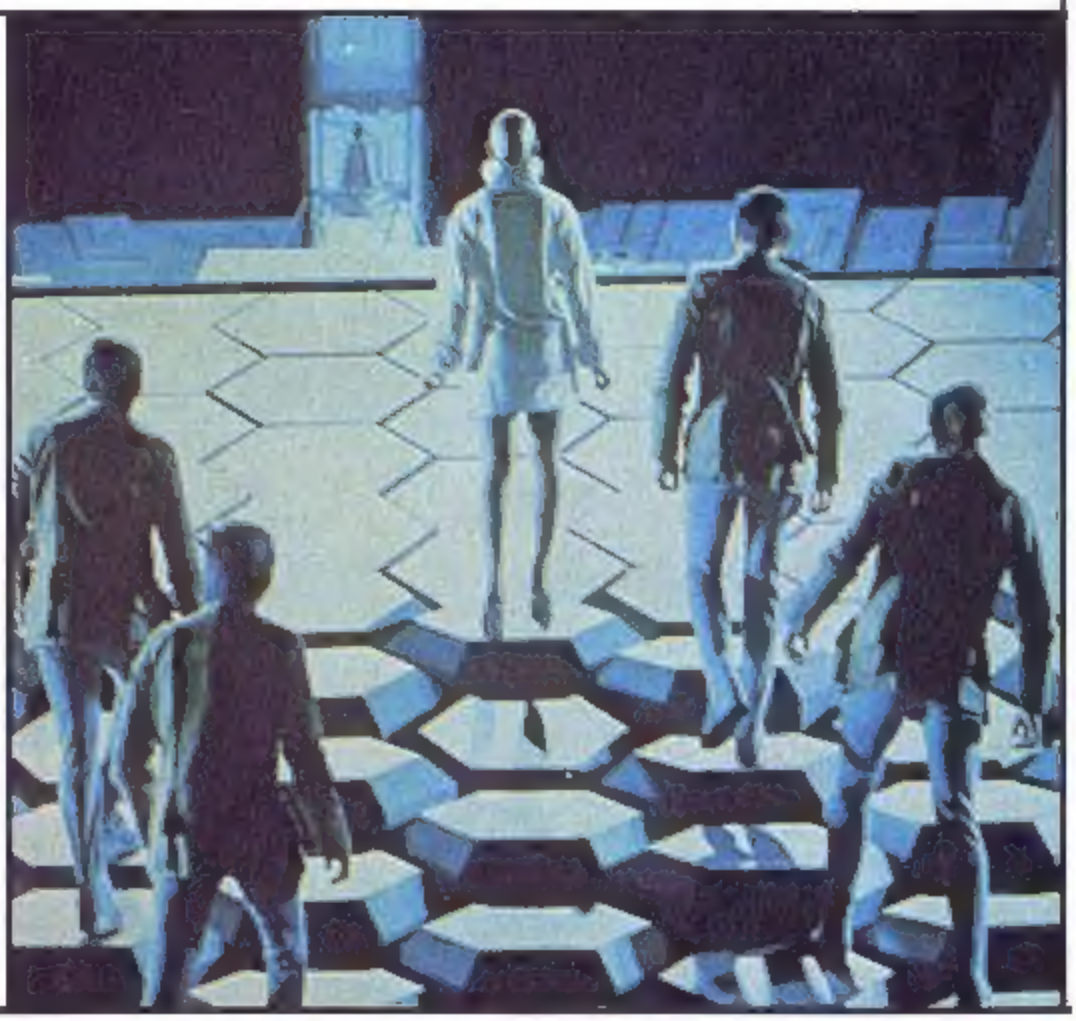

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Stan Lee PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY!

STAR TREK

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Based on the screenplay by Harold Livingston.
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THE HARSH PLANET VULCAN, MORE THAN A GALAXY AFAR...

SPOCK, SON OF SAREK OF VULCAN, AND AMANDA OF EARTH--

--DILIGENTLY YOU HAVE LABORED FOR PURIFICATION OF MIND...

HERE ON THESE SANDS, OUR FOREBEARERS CAST OUT THEIR ANIMAL PASSIONS.

HERE OUR RACE WAS SAVED BY THE FIRST ATTAINMENT OF-- KOLINAHR!

KOLINAHR--THE FINAL SHEDDING OF ALL EMOTION!

YOU HAVE LABORED LONG, SPOCK. NOW, RECEIVE FROM US THIS SYMBOL OF TOTAL LOGIC!

BUT..

OUR MINDS, ALSO, HAVE FELT THAT FAR OFF 'PRESENCE,' SPOCK. HAS IT ANY SPECIAL MEANING TO YOU?

SILENCE.

COME, SPOCK-- GIVE ME YOUR THOUGHTS!

THE MASTER GENTLY LAYS HER SLENDER HAND ON THE LEAN VULCAN'S TEMPLE. THOUGHTS HIDDEN AND LONG SUBMERGED EBB AND FLOW LIKE THE CRASHING SURF...

THIS CONSCIOUSNESS STIRS YOUR HUMAN HALF, SPOCK.

YOU HAVE NOT ACHIEVED KOLINAHR-- YOUR HUMAN EMOTIONS ARE NOT FULLY EXTINGUISHED.

HE WILL NOT ACHIEVE HIS GOAL WITH US. HIS ANSWER LIES ELSEWHERE.

EXPRESSIONLESS, THE TALL VULCAN WAITS AS THE THREE MASTERS LEAVE.

THEN, A FAINT TROUBLED LINE CREASES HIS BROW...

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IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS DARKNESS...

THEN, GOD SAID, "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

(GIVE ME TACTICAL!)

(STAND BY ON PHOTON TORPEDOES-- NOW!)

(FULL FORCEFIELDS! EVASIVE MANEUVERS-- QUICKLY!)

...AND THE LIGHT WAS GOOD!

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ADMIRAL, WE'VE JUS' SPEN' *EIGHTEEN MONTHS* REFI'IN' THE ENTERPRISE. YE JUS' CANNA EXPEC' T'HAVE 'ER READY IN TWELVE HOURS!

MR. SCOTT, AN ALIEN OBJECT OF UNBELIEVABLE POWER IS LESS THAN *THREE DAYS* AWAY FROM THIS PLANET.

THE *ONLY* STARSHIP WITHIN INTERCEPTION RANGE IS THE ENTERPRISE.

AYE, SIR--BUT YE *MUS'* KNOW THE CREW HASN'T HAD NEAR ENOUGH TRANSITION TIME. AN' THE *ENGINES*--THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN *TESTED* AT WARP SPEEDS.

READY OR NOT--*SHE* LAUNCHES!

ADD TO THAT, ADMIRAL--WE HAVE AN *UNTRIED* CAPTAIN--

TWO AND HALF YEARS AS *CHIEF* OF STARFLEET MAY HAVE MADE ME A LITTLE *STALE*, MR. SCOTT...

...BUT I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CONSIDER MYSELF "*UNTRIED*."

A-ADMIRAL--?

THEY GAVE HER BACK TO ME, SCOTTY.

'GAVE' HER BACK, SIR? I DOUBT IT WAS *THAT* EASY.

BU' ANY MAN WHO COULD MANAGE SUCH A FEAT, I WOULDN'A DARE DISAPPOIN'.

SHE'LL *LAUNCH* ON TIME, SIR.

AN' SHE'LL BE *READY*!

THE SMALL TRAVEL POD SKIMS THE SURFACE OF THE GIANT *DRYDOCK* CONSTRUCTION. A GLINT OF SILVER REFLECTS SUNLIGHT THROUGH ITS STEEL FILIGREE FRAME.

THEN, ALL AT ONCE, KIRK SEES IT, AND A THOUSAND UNNAMABLE EMOTIONS SWELL UP WITHIN HIM. THE AWE, THE WONDER, THE ROMANCE, THE *OBSESSION* FILL HIS HEART ONCE AGAIN.

AFTER ALL TOO MANY TIRING DAYS OF PAPER-FILLED DRUDGERY, HE IS BECOMING ONCE MORE FULLY ALIVE.

THE ENTERPRISE IS HIS!

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STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS, SAN FRANCISCO, EARTH...

COMMANDER SONAK, YOU'VE RECEIVED YOUR APPOINTMENT AS ENTERPRISE SCIENCE OFFICER?

BASED, I AM TOLD, ON YOUR RECOMMENDATION, ADMIRAL KIRK. I THANK YOU.

IT WAS MY *PLEASURE*, COMMANDER. YOU SHOULD BE ON BOARD.

CAPTAIN DECKER REQUESTED I COMPLETE FINAL SCIENCE BRIEFING HERE--

AT STARFLEET? THE ENTERPRISE IS IN FINAL PREPARATION TO LEAVE DRYDOCK...

WHICH WILL REQUIRE TWENTY MORE HOURS AT MINIMUM, ADMIRAL.

TWELVE! I'M ON MY WAY TO A MEETING WHICH WILL NOT LAST MORE THAN *THREE MINUTES*. REPORT TO ME ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE IN *ONE HOUR*.

TO *YOU*, SIR?

I... *INTEND* TO BE THERE FOLLOWING THAT MEETING.

THE ORBITING SPACE OFFICE COMPLEX, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

ADMIRAL, THESE *DEPARTURE ORDERS*-- STARFLEET CANNA BE SERIOUS!

WHY AREN'T THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTERS OPERATING, MR. SCOTT?

IT'S JUST A TEMPORARY PROBLEM, SIR, BUT --

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ENGINEERING: THE INTERMIX CHAMBER...

...I THOUGHT SO! SEE... THE TRANSPORTER SENSOR WAS *NOT* ACTIVATED!

AYE, CAP'N. YOU WERE DEAD RIGHT ABOUT THAT!

WILL--?

CLEARY, PUT A BACK-UP SENSOR INTO THE UNIT!

ADMIRAL KIRK? WE'RE GETTING A TOP-BRASS SEND OFF?

I-I'M TAKING THE *CENTER SEAT*. I'M SORRY, WILL.

YOU ARE *WHAT?*

I'M *REPLACING* YOU AS CAPTAIN OF THE ENTERPRISE.

YOU, *PERSONALLY*, ARE ASSUMING COMMAND? *WHY?*

MY EXPERIENCE... FIVE YEARS OUT THERE DEALING WITH *UNKNOWNS* LIKE THIS.

MY FAMILIARITY WITH THE ENTERPRISE... THIS CREW.

ADMIRAL, YOU DON'T KNOW THIS NEW ENTERPRISE A TENTH AS WELL AS I DO.

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STAYING ON BOARD AS EXECUTIVE OFFICER. I'M SORRY, WILL.

NO, ADMIRAL, I DON'T THINK YOU ARE, NOT ONE DAMNED BIT. I REMEMBER WHEN YOU RECOMMENDED ME FOR THIS COMMAND.

YOU TOLD ME HOW *ENVIOUS* YOU WERE, AND IF ONLY YOU COULD FIND A WAY TO GET A STARSHIP COMMAND AGAIN.

WELL, SIR, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU FOUND A WAY!

THERE IS NO FURTHER NEED FOR DISCUSSION, COMMANDER. REPORT TO THE BRIDGE--*IMMEDIATELY!*

AS AN ANGRY WILL DECKER STALKS FROM THE ENGINEERING ROOM...

ENTERPRISE, TRANSPORTING COMMANDER SONAK AND COMPANY TO--

NO! WE'RE NOT READY YET!

TRANSPORTER ROOM! DO NOT ENGAGE... I REPEAT--DO NOT--

;CHOKE!... TOO LATE... THEY'RE BEAMING ABOARD NOW!

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MEMORIES NEVER TRULY FORGOTTEN FLARE STRONGER AS KIRK PROUDLY STRIDES THROUGH THE REFURBISHED ENTERPRISE HALLWAYS. A HIGH SPEED ELEVATOR WHISKS HIM TOWARD THE UPPER-DECK BRIDGE, AND A CHROME-ALLOY DOOR WHOOSHES OPEN AT HIS PRESENCE...

C-CAPTAIN! STARFLEET JUST SIGNALLED YOUR *TRANSFER-OF-COMMAND* ORDERS!

WHERE IS CAPTAIN DECKER?

HE'S IN *ENGINEERING*, SIR.

HE DOESN'T KNOW.

MR. CHEKOV, ASSEMBLE THE CREW ON THE REC DECK AT 0400 HOURS. I WANT TO SHOW THEM WHAT WE'RE FACING.

YES, SIR!

THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES SHUT AS KIRK DESCENDS TO THE ENTERPRISE'S LOWER BOWELS...

I WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO HAVE BEEN STANDING IN HIS WAY. HE *WANTED* HER BACK; HE *GOT* HER!

AND CAPTAIN DECKER? HE'S BEEN WITH THE SHIP EVERY MINUTE OF HER REFITTING?

ENSIGN--OUR CHANCES OF COMING BACK FROM THIS MISSION IN ONE PIECE MAY HAVE JUST *DOUBLED!*

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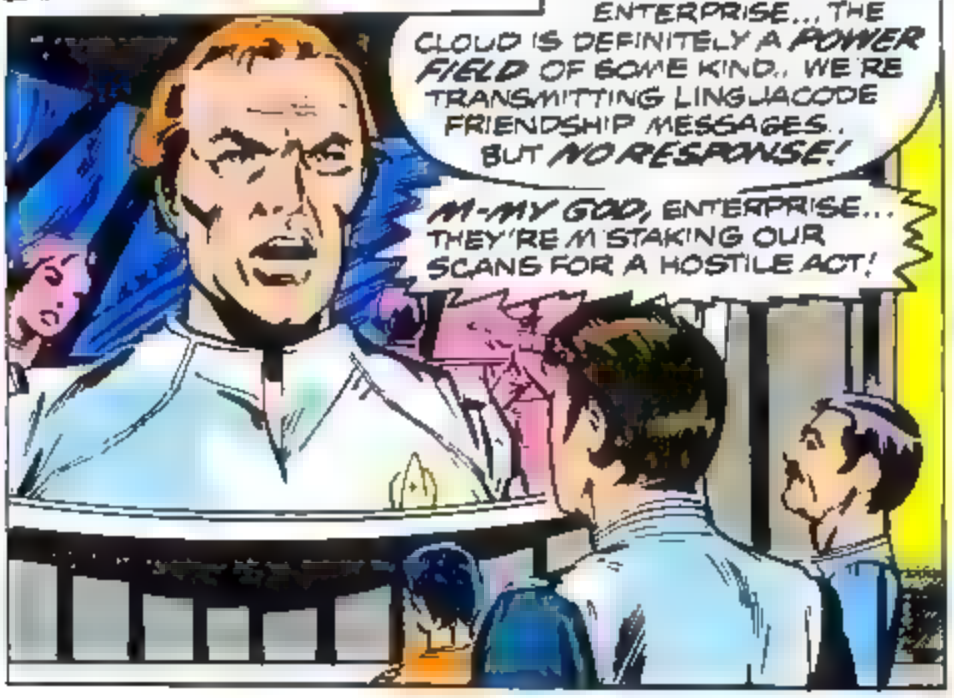
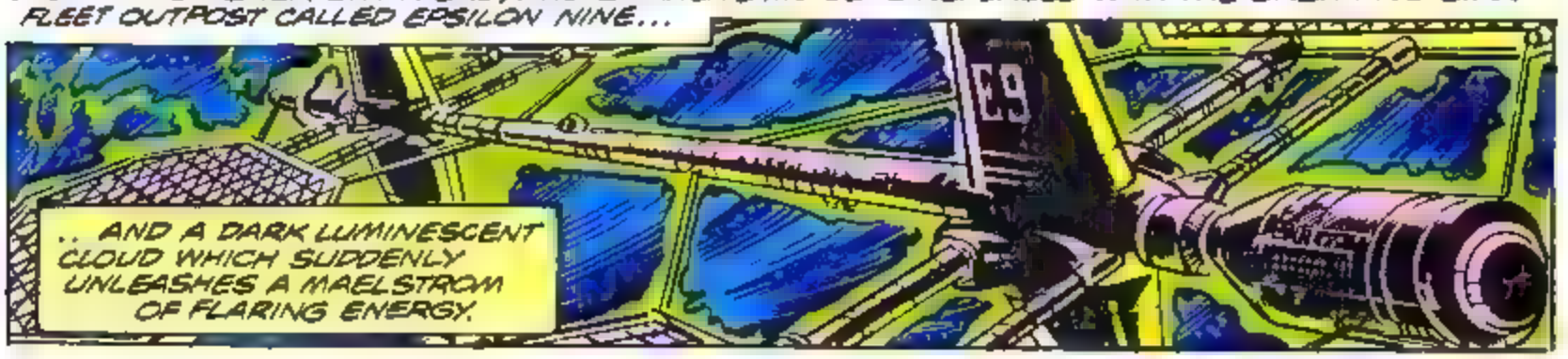
ALL EYES TURN TO THE ENTERPRISE MONITOR SCREENS AS THE ANGUISHED FEATURES OF EPSILON NINE COMMANDER BRANCH SHIMMER INTO VIEW...

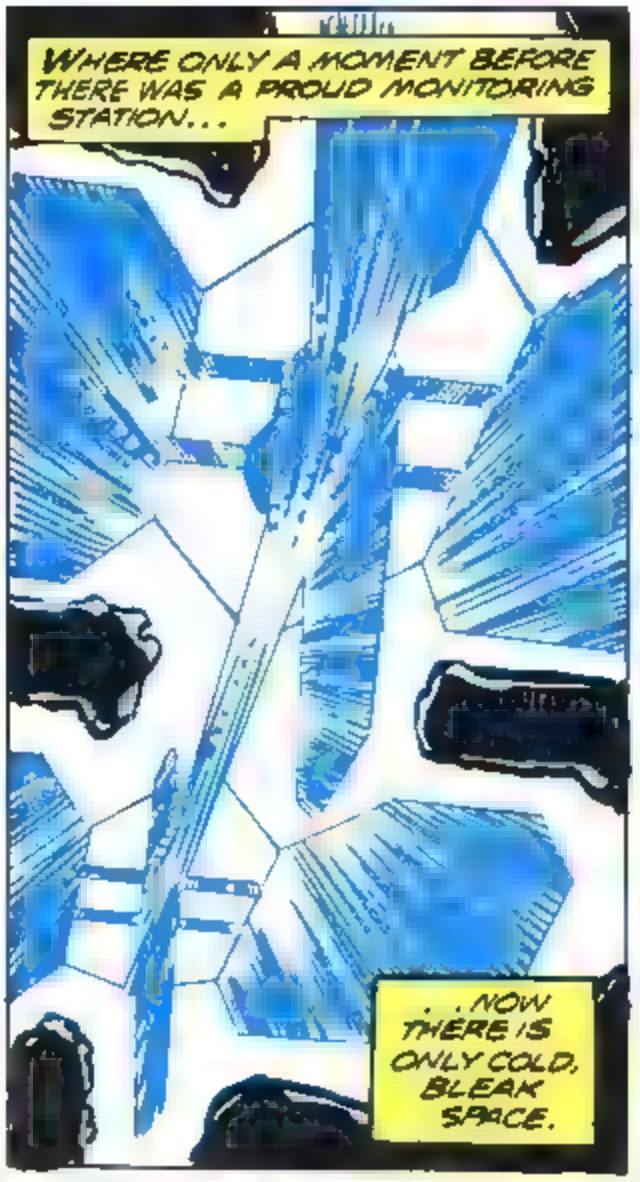

ENTERPRISE... THE CLOUD IS DEFINITELY A POWER FIELD OF SOME KIND. WE'RE TRANSMITTING LINGUACODE FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES.. BUT NO RESPONSE!
M-MY GOD, ENTERPRISE... THEY'RE MISTAKING OUR SCANS FOR A HOSTILE ACT!

AGAIN THE VIEWER SHIMMERS, AND BRANCH'S IMAGE IS REPLACED WITH THE ORBITTING STAR FLEET OUTPOST CALLED EPSILON NINE...



FOR A MOMENT, THE ENTERPRISE CREW WATCHES IN TOTAL FASCINATION...

...WHICH, LESS THAN AN INSTANT LATER, SOURS TO HORROR AND REVULSION!



AND EVEN STARSHIP CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK IS AT A LOSS FOR ANY COMFORTING WORDS...

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STARFLEET! OVERRIDE US! OVERRIDE! FOR GOD'S SAKE-- YANK THEM BACK!

STARFLEET! BOOST YOUR MATTER GAIN! WE NEED MORE SIGNAL!

UNABLE TO RETRIEVE THEIR PATTERN, ENTERPRISE!

ADMIRAL-- WE'RE LOSING THEIR *PATTERN*! TH-THEY CAN'T FORM! THEY'RE VANISHING!

STARFLEET... DO YOU HAVE THEM?

E-ENTERPRISE... WH-WHAT WE GOT BACK... DIDN'T LIVE LONG... FORTUNATELY...

A HEAVY, BROODING SILENCE HANGS OVER THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM AS KIRK QUIETLY MUMBLES A SAD PRAYER TO COMMANDER SONAK'S MEMORY. THEN...

THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE, RAND... IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.

BUT, FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR, THE GIANT STARSHIP IS SHROUDED IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE...

0900 HOURS...

THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT; EXCEPT THE CLOUD IS NOW 2 2 DAYS FROM EARTH, AND THE ENTERPRISE IS THE *ONLY* FEDERATION STARSHIP THAT STANDS IN ITS WAY.

WE ASSUME THERE IS A VESSEL OF SOME TYPE AT THE HEART OF THE CLOUD. OUR ORDERS ARE TO INTERCEPT, INVESTIGATE, AND TAKE WHATEVER ACTION IS NECESSARY... AND POSSIBLE.

WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THE LIFE ABOARD THAT VESSEL REASONS AS WE DO.

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN. PRIORITY SIGNAL FROM EPSILON 9.

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OH? I'LL SEE THAT HE BEAMS UP GOOD MEETING YOU, LIEUTENANT

THE CAPTAIN MEANT NO PERSONAL INSULT, ILIA

YOU CAN ASSURE HIM THAT'S TRUE, CAN'T YOU?

I WOULD HOPE NOT, DECKER--I WOULD *NEVER* TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A SEXUALLY *IMMATURE* SPECIES.

CHIEF, WHAT WAS THE PROBLEM DOWN HERE?

HE REFUSED TO GO, CAPTAIN...SAID SOMETHING ABOUT FIRST SEEING HOW IT SCRAMBLED EVERYONE ELSE'S MOLECULES.

IT FIGURES. SOME THINGS *NEVER* CHANGE.

STARFLEET, THIS IS CAPTAIN KIRK THE OFFICER IS TO BE *BEAMED UP--IMMEDIATELY!*

A FAINT HUM RUMBLES THROUGH THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, AND...

WELL, FOR A MAN WHO *SWORE* HE'D NEVER RETURN TO STARFLEET...

BLAST IT, CAPTAIN, YOUR REVERED ADMIRAL NOGURA INVOKED A RESERVE ACTIVATION CLAUSE I WAS *DRAFTED!*

THEY DIDN'T NOW, DID THEY?

IT WAS *YOUR* IDEA, WASN'T IT?

BONES, THERE A 'THING' OUT THERE-

WHY IS ANY OBJECT WE DON'T UNDERSTAND CALLED A 'THING'?

IT'S HEADED THIS WAY

JUST ONE THING, CAPTAIN--WERE *YOU* BEHIND THIS?

PLEASE, BONES. I NEED YOU.

...BADLY...

LEONARD McCOY HESITATES BEFORE TAKING KIRK'S EXTENDED HAND. BUT, WHEN HE DOES, IT IS THE LONG HANDCLASP OF TWO OLD REUNITED FRIENDS...

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CAPTAIN, TRANSPORTER ROOM AND CHIEF ENGINEER SCOTT REPORT TRANSPORTER SYSTEM FULLY REPAIRED AND NOW FUNCTIONING NORMALLY

REPLY WE ARE HOLDING POSITION AWAITING FINAL CREW REPLACEMENTS.

DOCK SIGNAL CLEAR, CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN' TRANSPORTER PERSONNEL REPORTS THE NAVIGATOR, **JUNIOR GRADE ILIA** IS ALREADY ABOARD AND EN ROUTE TO THE BRIDGE.

CAPTAIN--SHE'S A... **DELTAN!**

I'M **AWARE** OF THAT, COMMANDER --AND THERE'S NO FINER NAVIGATOR IN STARFLEET--!

ALL BRIDGE CHATTER SUDDENLY CEASES, ALL EYES RIVET ON THE TALL, STATUESQUE DELTAN STANDING SENSUOUSLY IN THE ELEVATOR DOORWAY.

LIEUTENANT ILIA REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.

THE AWKWARD SILENCE LINGERS A VERY LONG MOMENT, UNTIL...

HELLO, ILIA.

DECKER?

I WAS STATIONED ON THE LIEUTENANT'S HOME PLANET SOME YEARS AGO, CAPTAIN.

YOUR STRIPES, DECKER-- 'COMMANDER?'

OUR EXEC AND SCIENCE OFFICER, LIEUTENANT.

CAPTAIN KIRK HAS, UHH-- THE UTMOST **CONFI-DENCE** IN ME.

AND, IN YOU TOO, LIEUTENANT.

CAPTAIN, MY OATH OF CELIBACY IS ON RECORD. MAY I ASSUME MY DUTIES?

CAPTAIN' ONE OF THE LAST SIX CREW RE-PLACEMENTS **REFUSES** TO STEP INTO THE TRANSPORTER.

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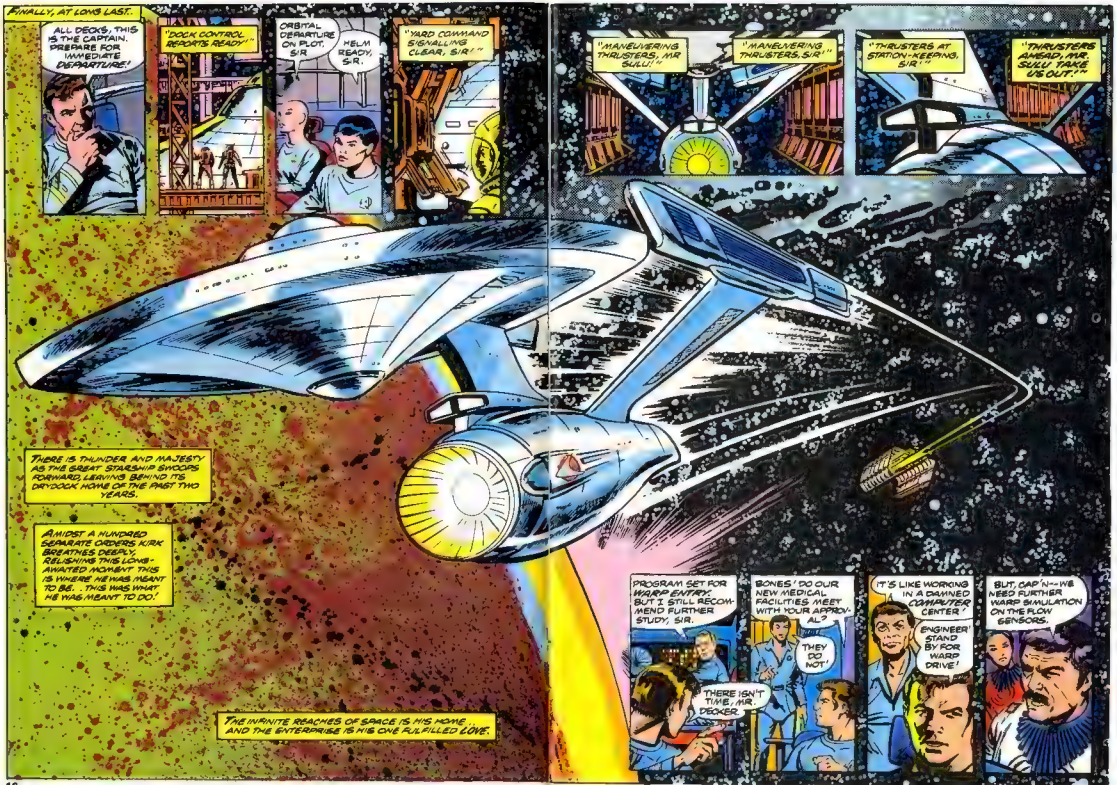
FINALLY, AT LONG LAST.
ALL DECKS, THIS IS THE CAPTAIN. PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE!
"DOCK CONTROL REPORTS READY."
ORBITAL DEPARTURE ON PLOT, SIR.
"HELM READY, SIR."
"YARD COMMAND SIGNALLING CLEAR, SIR!"
"MANEUVERING THRUSTERS, MR SULU!"
"MANEUVERING THRUSTERS, SIR!"
"THRUSTERS AT STATION-KEEPING, SIR!"
"THRUSTERS AHEAD, MR. SULU. TAKE US OUT!"
THERE IS THUNDER AND MAJESTY AS THE GREAT STARSHIP BROOKS FORWARD, LEAVING BEHIND ITS DRYDOCK HOME OF THE PAST TWO YEARS.
AMIDST A HUNDRED SEPARATE ORDERS, KIRK BREATHES DEEPLY, RELISHING THIS LONG-AWAITED MOMENT. THIS IS WHERE HE WAS MEANT TO BE. . . THIS WAS WHAT HE WAS MEANT TO DO!
THE INFINITE REACHES OF SPACE IS HIS HOME AND THE ENTERPRISE IS HIS ONE FULFILLED LOVE.
PROGRAM SET FOR MANUAL ENTRY. BUT I STILL RECOMMEND FURTHER STUDY, SIR.
THERE ISN'T TIME, MR. DECKER.
BONES! DO OUR NEW MEDICAL FACILITIES MEET WITH YOUR APPROVAL?
THEY DO NOT!
IT'S LIKE WORKING IN A DAMNED COMPUTER CENTER!
ENGINEER! STAND BY FOR WARP DRIVE!
BUT, CAP'N--WE NEED FURTHER WARP SIMULATION ON THE FLOW SENSORS.

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MR DECKER I--

BUT KIRK NEVER COMPLETES HIS THOUGHT, FOR--

WORMHOLE!!

GET US BACK ON IMPULSE POWER! FULL REVERSE!

NEGATIVE HELM CONTROL, CAPTAIN! GOING REVERSE ON IMPULSE POWER!

CAPTAIN! SUBSPACE FREQUENCIES ARE JAMMED!

WORMHOLE: A SUDDEN SPIRALING OF STARS AND FLUID LIGHT WHICH NARROWS INTO A DEADLY, INESCAPABLE VORTEX...

NEGATIVE CONTROL FROM INERTIAL LAG WILL CONTINUE 22 POINT FIVE SECONDS!

UNIDENTIFIED SMALL OBJECT HAS BEEN PULLED INTO THE WORMHOLE WITH US CAPTAIN! DIRECTLY AHEAD!

FORCEFIELD UP FULL! PUT OBJECT ON THE VIEWER!

NAVIGATIONAL DEFLECTORS INOPERATIVE! DIRECTIONAL CONTROL ALSO INOPERATIVE, CAPTAIN!

WORMHOLE DISTORTION HAS OVER-LOADED MAIN POWER SYSTEMS!

LIEUTENANT, TIME TO IMPACT?

TWELVE SECONDS, CAPTAIN!

MR. CHEKOV, STAND BY ON THE PHASERS....!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7412 6.

IN ORDER TO INTERCEPT THE INTRUDER AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE TIME, WE MUST NOW RISK ENGAGING WARP DRIVE WHILE STILL WITHIN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

ENGINEER, WE NEED WARP SPEED--NOW!!

YOU'RE PUSHING, JIM. YOUR PEOPLE KNOW THEIR JOBS

SO DO I, BONES!

AYE, CAP'N, BU' IT'S BORDERLINE ON THE SIMULATOR I CANNA GUARANTEE THAT SHE'LL--

WARP DRIVE, MR SCOTT

AHEAD WARP ONE, MR SULU

ACCELERATING TO WARP ONE, SIR!

WARP POINT SEVEN... POINT EIGHT. NINE.

WARP ONE, SIR!

SUDDENLY, SPACE BECOMES A KALEIDOSCOPE OF STREAKING STARS AND PULSATING COLOR AS THE ENTERPRISE MAKES THE QUANTUM LEAP INTO WARP DRIVE ..

AN UNEASY SILENCE GRIPS THE BRIDGE CREW AS IF THEY ARE WAITING FOR SOME UNNAMED TERROR TO REACH OUT AND GRAB THEM FOR ANOTHER MOMENT ALL REMAIN TENSE...

THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THEY RELAX, RELEASE THEIR BREATHS, AND SETTLE BACK FOR THE VOYAGE AHEAD...

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NEGATIVE DAMAGE REPORT, SIR. NO CASUALTIES REPORTED.

HELM CONTROL RESTORED, SIR.

WE ARE AT WARP POINT EIGHT. POSITION REPORT, NAVIGATOR?

COMPUTING NEW INTERCEPTION COURSE.

COMMUNICATIONS ARE NORMAL, CAPTAIN.

I WANT WARP DRIVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, MR. SCOTT--

OUR TARGET IS LESS THAN *TWO DAYS* FROM EARTH. WE'VE GOT TO INTERCEPT IT WHILE IT'S STILL *OUT THERE.*

MR. DECKER, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN MY QUARTERS.

EXPLANATIONS, MR. DECKER? WHY WAS MY PHASER ORDER COUNTERMANDED?

SIR.. THE ENTERPRISE REDESIGN INCREASES PHASER POWER BY *CHANNELING* IT THROUGH THE MAIN ENGINES. WHEN THEY WENT INTO IMBALANCE, THE PHASERS AUTOMATICALLY *CUT OFF!*

THEN... YOU ACTED PROPERLY.

I AM SORRY IF I *EMBARRASSED* YOU.

STOP *COMPETING* WITH ME, DECKER.

SIR, YOU HAVEN'T LOGGED A SINGLE STAR HOUR IN TWO AND A HALF YEARS. THAT, PLUS YOUR UNFAMILIARITY WITH THE SHIP'S REDESIGN--IN MY OPIN ON, SIR, SERIOUSLY *JEOPARDIZES* OUR MISSION.

I TRUST YOU WILL.. *NURSEMAID* ME THROUGH THESE DIFFICULTIES, MR. DECKER. *DISMISSED!*

IT IS A GRIM WILLARD DECKER WHO STALKS ANGRILY FROM THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS ONLY TO FIND...

WAS HE DIFFICULT?

NO MORE THAN I EXPECTED...

AND NOT AS DIFFICULT AS THIS, ILIA... I'M *SORRY.*

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BELAY THAT PHASER ORDER!

ARM PHOTON TORPEDOES!

PHOTON TORPEDOES ARMED, SIR!

JIM--?

I--I DON'T KNOW, BONES!

FIRE TORPEDOES!

TORPEDOES AWAY!

IMPACT IN EIGHT SECONDS... SEVEN... SIX... FIVE...

THERE IS AN INSTANT CORRUSCATING BRILLIANCE AS TWIN PHOTON TORPEDOES DISINTERGRATE THE HURTLING ASTEROID INTO A THOUSAND, THOUSAND FRAGMENTS...

.. WHICH PULVERIZE THEMSELVES ON THE ENTERPRISE'S FORWARD FORCEFIELD AND DEFLECTOR SCREENS...

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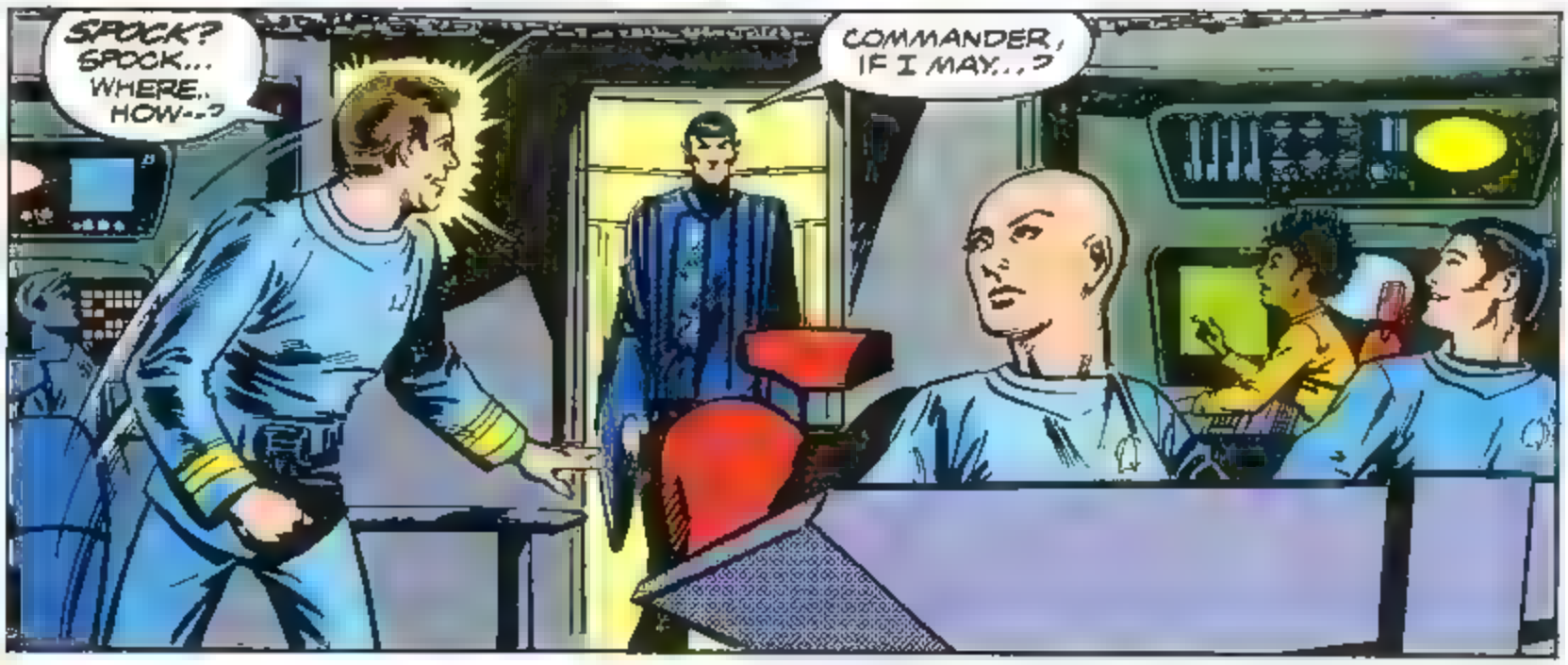
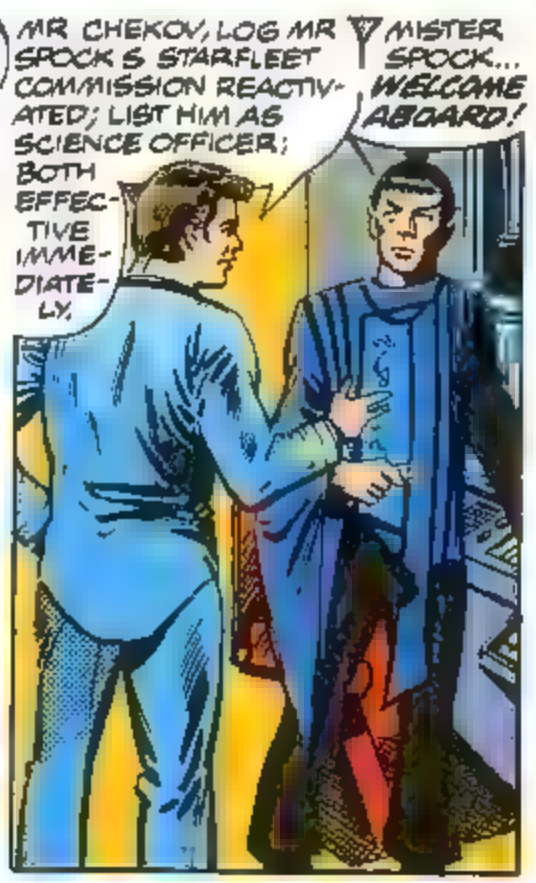


I OFFER MY SERVICES AS SCIENCE OFFICER.
BY ALL.. UMMM. IF OUR EXECUTIVE OFFICER HAS NO OBJECTIONS--?
OF COURSE NOT. I M AWARE OF MR SPOCK'S QUALIFICATIONS.


MR CHEKOV, LOG MR SPOCK S STARFLEET COMMISSION REACTIVATED; LIST HIM AS SCIENCE OFFICER; BOTH EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
MISTER SPOCK... WELCOME ABOARD!

BUT THE CREW'S WARM GREETINGS ARE ONLY ACKNOWLEDGED WITH A COLD, BRISK...
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I WILL NOW DISCUSS THESE FUEL EQUATIONS WITH THE ENGINEER!

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THAT YOU LEFT... OR THAT YOU DIDN'T SAY 'GOODBYE'?

IF I'D SEEN YOU AGAIN, WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAY IT?

N-NO

WELL GET OUT OF HERE, BONES

AS SHIP'S DOCTOR, I AM NOW DISCUSSING THE SUBJECT OF COMMAND FITNESS.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO IS COMPETING, JIM.

YOU PULLED EVERY STRING SHORT OF BLACKMAIL TO GET THE ENTERPRISE--AND MAYBE EVEN THAT YOU'VE NO INTENTION OF GIVING HER BACK.

I INTEND TO KEEP HER

MY GOD, JIM--IT'S AN OBSESSION... AND IT'S BLINDING YOU TO FAR MORE IMMEDIATE AND CRITICAL RESPONSIBILITIES

BUT, JUST THEN...

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN ' SIGNAL FROM A FEDERATION - REGISTERED LONG RANGE SHUTTLE, SIR

SHE WISHES TO COME ALONGSIDE AND LOCK ON

VERY WELL, MR CHEKOV-- SEE TO IT.

THE SMALL SHUTTLE ARCS TOWARD THE ENTERPRISE THEN RELEASES AN EVEN SMALLER FUSELAGE POD WHICH SLOWLY, BUT PRECISELY, MOVES TOWARD THE STARSHIP'S COMMAND AIRLOCK

PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD, SIR?

THEN, SEEMINGLY INSTANTS LATER. .

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THE TRACKLESS INFINITY OF SPACE THEN, FINALLY...

CAPTAIN! RED ALERT! INTRUDER CLOUD-- AHEAD!!

CONTINUING FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES ON ALL FREQUENCES SIR!

FULL MAGNIFICATION ON VIEWER!

WE ARE BEING SCANNED, CAPTAIN!

DO NOT RETURN SCAN, MR SPOCK IT MAY BE MISINTERPRETED AS HOSTILITY!

WE'LL TAKE NO PROVOCATIVE ACTION!

CAPTAIN, WE'VE SEEN WHAT THEIR WEAPONS CAN DO SHOULDN'T WE TAKE ANY POSSIBLE PRECAUTION--

I WILL NOT PROVOKE AN ATTACK, MR DECKER IF THAT ORDER ISN'T CLEAR TO YOU...

PRELIMINARY ESTIMATE: TWELFTH POWER ENERGY FIELD EMANATING FROM AN OBJECT AT THE HEART OF THE CLOUD.

TWELFTH POWER?!

INCOMING FIRE AHEAD ZERO MARK ZERO!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

FORCEFIELDS NOW!! DEFLECTORS UP FULL!!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7413.4.

THANKS TO MR. SPOCK'S TIMELY ARRIVAL AND ASSISTANCE, WE HAVE ENGINES REBALANCED INTO FULL WARP CAPACITY.

NCC-1701

. WHICH MEANS WE WILL NOW BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT THE INTRUDER WHILE STILL MORE THAN A DAY FROM EARTH

WARP POINT EIGHT... POINT NINE .

WARP ONE, SIR. WARP TWO. . THREE .

ENGINEERIN' T'BRIDGE! CAP'N, THE NEW INTERMIX BALANCE IS HOLDIN' STEADY!

OFFICER'S LOUNGE, SHORTLY AFTER-WARDS...

MR. SPOCK, YOU REPORTED THAT YOU FELT STRONG THOUGHT EMANATIONS AS IF FROM A GROUP OF MINDS. COULD YOU MAKE OUT ANY PLAN?

NEGATIVE, CAPTAIN. I COULD ONLY SENSE AN ALMOST OMNISCIENT PATTERN OF LOGIC. I UNDERSTOOD NOTHING MORE.

ALSO, THERE'S NOTHING IN YOUR REPORT ABOUT WHY YOU'RE HERE.

THAT INVADES MY PERSONAL LIFE, CAPTAIN.

I INQUIRED ABOUT YOU... LEARNED YOU WERE STUDYING WITH THE VULCAN MASTERS...

SPOCK, IT DOESN'T TAKE A PSYCHIATRIST TO FIGURE OUT THAT YOU FAILED.

YOUR DEDUCTIONS DO YOU CREDIT, DOCTOR... IF YOUR PUERILE CURIOSITY DOES NOT.

YES... I STILL CONTAIN FRAGMENTS OF MY HUMAN HALF.

AND WHATEVER YOU SENSED OUT HERE...

...IS MY ONLY HOPE TO ACCOMPLISHING WHAT THE MASTERS COULD NOT.

MY GOD, SPOCK, EVEN IF YOU ACHIEVE PERFECT LOGIC, YOU'LL PAY A PRICE. IT'S GIVEN YOUR PLANET PEACE, BUT NO ART, NO MUSIC, NO POETRY...

ENOUGH, BONES. SPOCK, YOU'RE MY SCIENCE OFFICER... I'LL EXPECT AN IMMEDIATE REPORT ON ANYTHING FURTHER YOU LEARN OR SENSE.

I HAVE ACCEPTED SERVICE HERE AS A STARFLEET OFFICER. I WILL COMPLY.

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MR SPOCK--?

CAPTAIN, THE INTRUDER *HAS* BEEN ATTEMPTING TO COMMUNICATE!

THEIR *FREQUENCY* IS GREATER THAN ONE MILLION MEGAHERTZ. AT SUCH HIGH SPEEDS THEIR ENTIRE MESSAGE LASTS ONLY A *MILLISECOND!*

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

PROGRAMMING COMPUTER NOW, SIR--SENDING LINGUACODE ON THEIR FREQUENCY, AT THEIR *SPEED!*

THEN YOU'D BETTER HURRY, MR SPOCK. IT LOOKS LIKE OUR FRIENDS ARE HAVING ANOTHER GO AT US.

ENGINEERING, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR FORCE-FIELDS?

SYSTEMS ARE OVERLOADING, CAP'N. THERE'S NO WAY OUR SHIELDS CAN HANDLE ANOTHER ATTACK!

IMPACT IN *FIFTEEN SECONDS*... TEN... NINE...

TRANSMIT, MR SPOCK--*NOW!*

TRANSMITTING!

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THE WRITHING EMERALD WHIPLASH OF ENERGY EXPLODES AGAINST THE ENTERPRISE DEFLECTORS WITH AN UNEARTHLY, SHRILLING SCREAM..

...AS ALL GOES BLACK LIKE THE DARKEST PITCH OF SPACE.

THE GIANT STARSHIP IS CAUGHT IN A BLAZING BLUE COCOON OF ELECTRICAL FIRE WHICH CRACKLES MENACINGLY ON THE FORCEFIELD BARR ER...

YAGGHH!!

CHEKOV!

UNTIL A SINGLE LASH OF IRIDESCENT FLAME SPURTS WILDLY FROM THE SHIP'S COMPUTER CONSOLE

WILLARD DECKER LUNGES FORWARD AS THE YOUNG RUSSIAN TUMBLES FROM HIS SEAT

NO, DECKER-- YOU TAKE HIS STATION.

I CAN STOP HIS PAIN!

ENGINEERIN' T BRIDGE, WE CANNA HOLD POWER ON THE FORCEFIELDS, CAP'N. DEFLECTOR POWER IS DOWN A FULL SEVENTY PERCENT!

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HELMSMAN, STEADY AS SHE GOES NAVIGATOR, MAINTAIN COURSE!

CAPTAIN, THIRTY SECONDS TO CLOUD BOUNDARY!

OPINION, MR. SPOCK?

RECOMMEND THAT WE *PROCEED*, CAPTAIN!

MR. DECKER...?

I'D ADVISE *CAUTION*, SIR; WE CAN'T WITHSTAND ANOTHER ATTACK!

THAT... *THING* IS TWENTY HOURS FROM EARTH, MR DECKER. WE KNOW *NOTHING* OF IT.

PRECISELY THE POINT, CAPTAIN. MOVING INTO THE CLOUD AT THIS TIME IS AN UNWARRANTED GAMBLE!

HOW DO YOU DEFINE *UNWARRANTED*, MISTER?

YOU... *ASKED* MY OPINION, SIR.

FIFTEEN SECONDS TO CLOUD BOUNDARY!

THE ENTERPRISE IS AN INSIGNIFICANT MOTE SKITTERING THROUGH THE FILMY WISPS OF THE SEEMINGLY END-LESS VIOLET CLOUD.

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LIKE A WILD ERRANT COMET, THE EMERALD WHIPLASH FLASHES AGONIZINGLY CLOSER..

.. IMPACT FIVE SECONDS. FOUR. THREE.

THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE-- THE VERDANT BOLT IS GONE...

IT APPEARS THAT OUR FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AND UNDERSTOOD, CAPTAIN.

IT DOES APPEAR THAT WAY DOESN'T IT MR. SPOCK?

CAPTAIN, ONE MINUTE TO CLOUD BOUNDARY.

IF I MAY, CAPTAIN, WE ARE OBVIOUSLY CONFRONTED BY A HIGHLY ADVANCED MENTALITY. YET THEY CANNOT *UNDERSTAND* WHO WE ARE OR WHAT WE WANT.

BUT THEY UNDERSTOOD OUR MESSAGES.

...THEY BROKE OFF THEIR ATTACK

THEY MAY HAVE ONLY ATTACKED US AS A *WARNING*, CAPTAIN TO KEEP US AWAY.

THAT WOULD PRESUPPOSE A *FEELING*, COMMANDER--

YET I SENSED *NO* EMOTION. ONLY..

...PURE LOGIC!

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ADJUST PARALLEL COURSE, NAVIGATOR. BRING US IN TO ONE HUNDRED KILOMETERS DISTANCE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-THING QUITE LIKE THAT, JIM.

BONES, I DON'T THINK *ANYONE* EVER HAS BEFORE.

ONE HUNDRED KILO-METERS, SIR HOLDING RELATIVE POSITION.

WELL, SPOCK, WE'VE *MET* THE ENEMY--

--WHAT NOW?

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!!

WHAT--?

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THEN, AS IF SWALLOWED BY SOME GIANT MAW, THE STARSHIP DISAPPEARS INTO THE THICK, MURKY VASTNESS...

INSTRUMENTS FLUCTUATING, CAPTAIN! PATTERNS ARE UNRECOGNIZABLE!

NO VESSEL COULD GENERATE A POWERFIELD OF THIS MAGNITUDE, SPOCK!

CAPTAIN--LOOK!

SIR. IT'S INCREDIBLE! I MAKE IT AS SEVENTY-EIGHT KILOMETERS IN LENGTH!

IT. . COULD HOLD A CREW OF TENS OF THOUSANDS!

CAPTAIN, THAT VESSEL IS GENERATING A FORCEFIELD MEASURABLY GREATER THAN THE RADIATION OF THE EARTH'S SUN!

SPOCK, WHAT IN HELL IS IT?

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, CAPTAIN... SIMPLY UNBELIEVABLE!

WE'RE CLOSING IN ON IT RAPIDLY, CAPTAIN!

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IT'S A PROBE FROM THEIR VESSEL...

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS, SPOCK-- IT'S KILLED ONE OF MY MEN!

CAPTAIN, NO INTRUDER READINGS ON OTHER DECKS!

MR CHEKOV, IT'S ENTERING YOUR CONSOLE. DON'T INTERFERE WITH IT.

ABSOLUTELY. I-I WILL NOT INTERFERE!

IT DOESN'T SEEM INTERESTED IN THE SHIP'S PERSONNEL-- ONLY WITH THE ENTERPRISE HERSELF.

IT'S TAKING CONTROL OF THE COMPUTER... RUNNING THROUGH OUR RECORDS.. STAR-FLEET STRENGTH, EARTH DEFENSES!

SPOCK CLASPS HIS POWERFUL VULCAN FISTS TOGETHER AND SMASHES THEM DOWN WITH A SHATTERING BLOW IN A FLURRY OF SPUTTERING FIRE AND SPARKS, THE COMPUTER CONSOLE SPLITS WIDE...

THEN STAND BACK, COMMANDER. THIS SHOULD STOP IT...

BUT...

MR SPOCK, DON'T MOVE--

THE LITHE DELTAN LEAPS FORWARD AS A SINGLE TENDRIL OF DEADLY, PUISSANT ENERGY STABS TOWARD HER...

NOOOO!!

ILIA!!

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CAPTAIN--?!?

I SEE IT, LIEUTENANT.

WH-WHAT IS IT, CAPTAIN?

SPOCK--?

TRICORDER READINGS SHOW IT TO BE A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED *PLASMA ENERGY* SOURCE

AND IT DOES APPEAR TO BE *ALIVE.*

WATCH OUT, CAPTAIN, I'LL--

NO! DON'T USE YOUR PHASERS. WE DON'T KNOW HOW IT WILL *RESPOND* TO--

BUT, WILLARD DECKER'S ORDER COMES AN INSTANT TOO LATE, FOR...

ARRG-- AHH!

SECURITY! DO *NOT* SEND UP ANY FURTHER TEAMS! DO YOU READ ME--*NO FURTHER TEAMS!*

HE'S *GONE!* THAT THING'S DESTROYED HIM!

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REPORTING AS ORDERED, COMMANDER!

ASSUME NAVIGATOR'S POSITION, CHIEF.

CAPTAIN, I SUGGEST MAXIMUM PHASER STRIKE!

A DIRECT HIT AT THE BEAM MIGHT WEAKEN IT JUST ENOUGH FOR US TO BREAK FREE!

BREAK FREE TO WHERE, COMMANDER..?

CAPTAIN, ANY SHOW OF RESISTANCE WOULD NOT ONLY BE FUTILE, BUT--

WE DON'T KNOW THAT, MR. SPOCK. WHY ARE YOU OPPOSED TO TRYING?

CAPTAIN-- WE'RE BEING PULLED INSIDE!

BUT WHY BRING US INSIDE?

CERTAINLY NOT TO DESTROY US; THEY COULD HAVE DONE THAT OUTSIDE!

THEY COULD HAVE MANY WAYS OF DESTROYING THINGS, MR DECKER.

SOMETHING ABOUT US PUZZLES THEM... PERHAPS EVEN CONCERNS THEM

CAPTAIN! PHOTIC-SONAR READINGS INDICATE THE APERTURE IS CLOSING...

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SHE'S GONE...

CAPTAIN--

THIS IS HOW I DEFINE UNWARRANTED!!

SUDDENLY, THE AMPLIFIED CLANGOR OF KLAXONS REVERBERATE THROUGH THE BRIDGE...

CAPTAIN, WE'VE BEEN SEIZED BY A TRACTOR BEAM...

CANNOT BREAK FREE, CAPTAIN. WE DO NOT HAVE A FRACTION OF THE POWER NECESSARY!

THE SHIP IS UNDER ATTACK! MAN ALL DEFENSIVE STATIONS!

FORCE-FIELDS... FULL REMAINING STRENGTH-- TOTAL RESERVE!!

GET SOMEONE UP HERE TO TAKE THE NAVIGATOR'S STATION!

CHIEF DeFALCO, TO THE BRIDGE; ON THE DOUBLE!

RELAY THAT ORDER, SCOTTY-- DISENGAGE ALL MAIN DRIVE SYSTEMS!

ENGINEERING.. FULL EMERGENCY POWER!

GOIN' FULL EMERGENCY. BU', CAP'N--

IF WE CANNA BREAK FREE IN FIFTEEN SECONDS, THE ENTERPRISE, SHE'LL BURN UP!

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SUDDENLY, THE TRANSLUCENT SHOWER WALL IS GONE, AND..

I HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED BY V'GER TO OBSERVE AND RECORD NORMAL FUNCTIONS OF THE CARBON-BASED UNITS INFESTING U.S.S ENTERPRISE.

BONES-- CAN THAT BE LT. ILIA--?

BY GOD, JIM-- THIS IS SOME KIND OF.. MECHANISM!

WHERE IS THE REAL LT. ILIA?

THAT UNIT NO LONGER FUNCTIONS. I HAVE BEEN GIVEN ITS FORM TO MORE READILY COMMUNICATE WITH THE CARBON-BASED UNITS INFESTING ENTERPRISE.

CARBON-BASED UNITS--?

HUMANS, CAPTAIN-- US!

WHO IS THIS..V'GER--?

V'GER IS THAT WHICH PROGRAMMED ME

TO FIND THE CREATOR.. TO JOIN WITH HIM.

WHY IS THIS V'GER TRAVELLING TOWARD OUR WORLD?

JOIN WITH THE CREATOR--? HOW?

V'GER AND THE CREATOR WILL BECOME ONE!

DOCTOR, A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THIS PROBE MIGHT PROVIDE SOME INSIGHT INTO ITS MANUFACTURER, AND HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

I AM PROGRAMMED TO OBSERVE AND RECORD NORMAL FUNCTIONING PROCEDURES OF THE CARBON-BASED UNITS.

THE EXAM NATION IS A NORMAL FUNCTION.

YOU MAY PROCEED.

THEN LET'S GET ON WITH IT.

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WE'RE TRAPPED, SIR!

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7413.9

WE HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP BY SOMETHING SITUATED WITHIN THE INVADING SPACE-ENERGY CLOUD THAT DEFIES ALL POSSIBLE DESCRIPTION.

THE TRACTOR BEAM HAS RELEASED US, CAPTAIN.

CONFIRMED VESSEL'S FLOATING FREE NO FORWARD MOMENTUM!

MANEUVERING THRUSTERS, MR SULU--AHEAD ONE THIRD!

THRUSTERS AHEAD, SIR

FULL SENSOR SCAN, MR SPOCK--THEY CAN'T EXPECT US NOT TO LOOK THEM OVER NOW!

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!

DECK FOUR, CAPTAIN, OFFICERS' QUARTERS

HAVE A SECURITY TEAM MEET ME AT THE ELEVATOR, MR CHEKOV!

HOLD PRESENT POSITION, MR DECKER. SPOCK, COME WITH ME. UHURA, NOTIFY McCOY.

CAPTAIN, THE INTRUDER SEEMS TO BE IN--

YES, I KNOW, SPOCK--LIEUTENANT LAS CHAMBERS!

JIM, LOOK! THERE'S A WOMAN IN THERE

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SUDDENLY THERE IS THE RASPING SOUND OF METAL BUCKLING... TEARING.. AND THEN...

I HAVE RECORDED ENOUGH HERE. YOU WILL NOW ASSIST ME FURTHER CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN, IT APPEARS THIS PROBE CANNOT EASILY BE CONTAINED.

UMMM.. THE DECKER-UNIT CAN ASSIST YOU WITH MUCH GREATER EFFICIENCY.

CARRY ON WITH YOUR ASSIGNMENT, MR DECKER

BUT SIR-- HOW--?

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, MISTER.

AYE, SIR.

YOU SEEM CONCERNED, SPOCK...WITH HIS CHANCES?

I AM, UNEASY WITH THAT BEING OUR ONLY HOPE OF MORE INFORMATION...

THAT IS ALL.

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7414.1. OUR BEST ESTIMATES PLACE US SOME FOUR HOURS FROM EARTH. NO SIGNIFICANT PROGRESS THUS FAR REVIVING ILIA'S MEMORY PATTERNS WITHIN THE SPACE PROBE. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS REMAINS OUR ONLY MEANS OF CONTACT WITH OUR CAPTOR.

THUS FAR...

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MICRO-MIN ATURE HYDRAULICS, SENSORS, MOLECULE-SIZED MULTI-PROCESSOR CHIPS AND LOOK AT THIS--

AN OSMOTIC MICRO-PUMP... HERE AND HERE EVEN THE *SMALLEST* BODY FUNCTIONS ARE EXACTLY DUPLICATED.

AND EVERY *EXOCRINE* SYSTEM IS HERE, TOO--EVEN *EYE MOISTURE!*

THEN, PART FOR PART, THIS PROBE *IS* LIEUTENANT ILIA, EVEN IF--

CAPTAIN, I-- ILIA--? BUT--?

DECK-ER

INTERESTING, NOT 'DECKER-UNIT'?

CAPTAIN... THIS PROBE MAY BE A *KEY* TO THE ALIENS.

BUT IT'S JUST A *PROGRAMMED* MECHANISM, MR. SPOCK.

ITS BODY *DUPLICATES* OUR NAVIGATOR PERFECTLY SUPPOSE THAT BENEATH ITS PROGRAMMING...

...THE REAL ILIA'S MEMORY PATTERNS ARE DUPLICATED WITH *EQUAL* PERFECTION

ILIA'S MEMORY, HER FEELINGS OF LOYALTY, FRIENDSHIP, OBEDIENCE, MIGHT ALL BE THERE

GENTLEMEN, SHALL WE STEP *OUTSIDE* FOR A MOMENT..

COMMANDER, YOU DID HAVE A 'RELATIONSHIP' WITH LIEUTENANT ILIA

BUT THAT *PROBE* IN THERE--IN A DIFFERENT FORM-- IS WHAT *KILLED* ILIA

MR. DECKER, WE'RE LOCKED IN AN ALIEN VESSEL, SIX HOURS FROM EARTH ORBIT--OUR *ONLY* CONTACT WITH OUR CAPTORS IS THAT PROBE, IF WE CAN CONTROL IT, *PERSUADE* IT, USE IT IN SOME WAY...

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BRIDGE, CAPTAIN-- WE MAKE SPOCK AT 26 MARK 345 DEGREES OFF SHIP'S AXIS.

I HAVE HIM IN SIGHT, MR SULU.

BUT--

SUDDENLY, SILENTLY, THE CRYSTALLINE SWARM ATTACKS--

BRIDGE! STAND BY-- I MAY BE IN TROUBLE!

YOUR PHASER, CAPTAIN-- USE YOUR PHASER...!

CAN'T REACH... PHAS-- AAA-GHHH!!

MR. SPOCK! THE CAPTAIN IS IN TROUBLE BEHIND YOU! MR. SPOCK!!

NO RESPONSE

.. SPOCK . NEED HELP. PRESSURE ON ME... CAN'T... MOVE...

--SPOCK...

FOR AN AGONIZINGLY LONG MOMENT, THE GRIM VULCAN HESITATES.

THEN...

SPOCK!! WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU OUT HERE?

I'M SEEKING ANSWERS, CAPTAIN

TO WHAT, SPOCK? OUR DILEMMA--

--OR YOUR PERSONAL ONE--?

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HE'S USING AUDIO-VISUAL ASSOCIATION. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BONES?

SHE NEEDS SOMETHING MUCH MORE PERSONAL TO STIMULATE HER MEMORY PATTERNS.

...ALL THESE VESSELS WERE CALLED "ENTERPRISE".

DO THESE IMAGES REPRESENT HOW ENTERPRISE HAS EVOLVED?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

CARBON UNITS HAVE CLEARLY RETARDED ENTERPRISE'S PROPER EVOLVEMENT. ENTERPRISE SHOULD NOT REQUIRE CARBON UNITS.

WE... ENTERPRISE WOULD BE UNABLE TO FUNCTION OTHERWISE.

MORE DATA IS NECESSARY BEFORE CARBON UNITS CAN BE MADE READY FOR STORAGE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHEN MY EXAMINATION IS COMPLETE, THE CARBON UNITS WILL BE REDUCED TO DATA PATTERNS.!!

HIS LEAN FACE IS GRIM AS HE STEPS SILENTLY FROM THE ENTERPRISE AIRLOCK.

SPOCK BREATHES IN DEEPLY. THEN, WITH A MINIMUM OF EFFORT, FLOATS FROM THE OPEN HATCH INTO THE CRUEL DARKNESS OF SPACE.

COMPUTER, COMMENCE RECORDING:

CAPTAIN KIRK, THIS MESSAGE WILL DETAIL MY ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE ALIENS.

ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE, THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF SPOCK'S PRONOUNCEMENT LEADS TO FURIOUS ACTION.

AND, ONLY MOMENTS LATER...

HE'S NOT TO BE STOPPED, BONES. I WANT HIM TO LEAD ME TO WHATEVER IS OUT THERE.

AND IF THAT 'WHATEVER' HAS TAKEN OVER HIS MIND--?

HE'LL STILL LEAD ME TO IT, WON'T HE?

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IT APPEARS THE ATOMIC ARRAYS OF THESE CRYSTALS STORE INFORMATION A REMARKABLY *EFFICIENT* SYSTEM.

AND THESE LIGHTS SENSOR-SWARMS-- THEY COLLECT THAT DATA CARRY IT HERE.

SPOCK--THE KLINGON SHIPS-- OUR EPSILON 9 STATION--

ILIA!!

BUT THEY SEEM TO BE *MORE* THAN JUST IMAGES.

EXACT PATTERNS THE ENERGY BOLT THAT HIT THEM WASN'T SIMPLY A *WEAPON*--

--IT DEMATERIALIZED THEM... STORED THEM. BUT WHY?

IF THIS IS THE SHIP'S DATA BANK, WHERE IS THE *CREW*?

I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE *IS* A CREW-- OR THAT THIS IS A VESSEL AS SUCH

I AM ALMOST CERTAIN NOW THAT *ALL* OF THIS *IS* V'GER--I BELIEVE THAT WE ARE *INSIDE* A LIFE FORM

CAPTAIN--

SPOCK--IF YOU'RE RIGHT, ITS MIND MAY BE *ENORMOUS*...

THE VULCAN CLOSES HIS EYES HE REACHES DEEP INTO HIS THOUGHTS. AND THEN...

I HAVE NO CHOICE, CAPTAIN--I *MUST* ATTEMPT *MIND MELD* WITH IT!

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SPOCK IS SILENT, HIS EYES REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE KIRK'S QUESTIONING STARE INSTEAD, THE GRIM VULCAN TURNS...

CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE THERE WE WILL FIND AN INDICATION OF WHOEVER--OR WHATEVER--IS ABOARD THIS VESSEL.

...THAT FLOATING SWARM OF LIGHTS. ?

THE V'GER IS VAST AS SPACE ITSELF--AN ENDLESS KALEIDO-SCOPE OF COLOR AND SUBSTANCE

SHIFTING, FORMING... CHANGING AT EVERY MOMENT

THE LIGHT SWARM FLICKERS THROUGH THE ENDLESS META-MORPHOSIS. KIRK AND SPOCK FOLLOW WITHOUT QUESTION

CAPTAIN--

..PAST MULTI-COLORED CHAOS, THROUGH SHIFTING, PLASMIC WALLS, INTO DARK, NETHER REGIONS AND IMMENSE CRYSTALLINE HALLS.

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STARFLEET REPORTS FORWARD VELOCITY HAS SLOWED TO SUB-WARP SPEED! WE ARE THREE MINUTES FROM EARTH'S ORBIT.

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MR SULU.

DR. CHAPEL, I NEED SPOCK ON THE BRIDGE.

JIM--?

A MACHINE PLANET...? SENDING A MACHINE TO EARTH LOOKING FOR ITS--CREATOR?

GOD.

'TO FIND THE CREATOR,' THE PROBE SAID. FIND GOD!

ISN'T THAT WHAT WE'RE ALL TRYING TO DO--?

ALL US MACHINES..?

MR. CHEKOV, COMMANDER DECKER'S PRESENT LOCATION?

HE...THEY... ARE IN ENGINEERING, SIR!

I WANT TO MAKE WHAT WILL SOUND LIKE A SHIP'S ANNOUNCEMENT... BUT PATCH IT IN ONLY TO ENGINEERING!

ENGINEERING... THIS IS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKING. IT APPEARS THAT THE ALIEN SHIP, V'GER-- IS NOT A MANNED VESSEL.

IT IS A LIVING ENTITY! A MACHINE LIFE FORM WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO ASCERTAIN ITS INTENTIONS! YELLOW ALERT STATUS!

A MACHINE? THEN IT HAD TO BE PROGRAMMED. BY WHOM? FOR WHAT?

TO LEARN ALL THAT IS LEARNABLE, TO DELIVER THAT DATA TO THE CREATOR

THERE IS NO LOGICAL REASON FOR CARBON UNITS TO CONTROL ENTERPRISE'S POWER SYSTEM.

LASSIE, IF I WERE FUNCTIONIN' 'LOGICALLY,' RIGHT NOW I'D BE SHOWIN' YE THE INSIDE OF THE SCRAP METAL COMPACTOR.

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THE VULCAN REACHES OUT WEAKLY AND CLASPS KIRK'S HAND IN HIS OWN.
THIS SIMPLE FEELING... IS SO FAR BEYOND V'GER'S COMPREHENSION..
WERE YOU RIGHT, SPOCK? V'GER IS A LIVING MACHINE?

A LIFE FORM OF ITS OWN . A CONSCIOUS LIVING ENTITY.
I--I SAW V'GER'S PLANET-- A PLANET POPULATED BY LIVING MACHINES... UNBELIEVABLE TECHNOLOGY V'GER'S KNOWLEDGE SPANS THE UNIVERSE..
BUT, JIM--IN ALL THIS ORDER ...ALL THIS MAGNIFICENCE... V'GER FEELS NO AWE, NO DELIGHT, NO BEAUTY. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
WHAT SHOULD YOU HAVE KNOWN?

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WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

THE CARBON-UNIT INFESTATION IS TO BE REMOVED FROM THE CREATOR'S PLANET.

WHY?!?

THE CREATOR HAS NOT RESPONDED.

WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT.

YOU INFEST ENTERPRISE. YOU INTERFERE WITH THE CREATOR IN THE SAME MANNER.

WE.. THE CARBON-UNITS ARE NOT AN INFESTATION... THEY ARE LIVING BEINGS...

THEY ARE NOT TRUE LIFE FORMS. ONLY THE CREATOR AND OTHER SIMILAR LIFE FORMS ARE TRUE

"SIMILAR LIFE FORMS?" JIM, V'GER IS SAYING THE CREATOR IS A MACHINE!

OF COURSE WE ALL CREATE GOD IN OUR OWN IMAGE

V'GER, IF WE ARE LESSER BEINGS, WE ARE STILL, LIKE YOU-- LIVING! AND BECAUSE WE ARE ALIVE, WE, LIKE YOU, WISH TO SURVIVE YOU MUST NOT DESTROY!!!

CAPTAIN!

TREAT V'GER AS YOU WOULD... A CHILD.

A CHILD..?

EVOLVING.. LEARNING.. SEARCHING.. INSTINCTIVELY NEEDING.

FOR A LONG MOMENT, KIRK IS GRIM.. SILENT. THEN.

V'GER! THE CARBON-UNITS KNOW WHY THE CREATOR HAS NOT RESPONDED.

JIM--? WHAT IN--?

ILIA... WE CAN HELP V'GER FIND WHAT IT NEEDS

DISCLOSE THE INFORMATION.

NOT UNTIL V'GER WITHDRAWS THE DEVICES ORBITING THE THIRD PLANET.

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CAPTAIN! WE'RE GETTING *INTERFERENCE*, FROM RIGHT HERE, SIR--INSIDE THE ALIEN VESSEL.

A SIMPLY *BINARY* CODE... TRANSMITTED BY *RADIO!*

RADIO? FROM V'GER--WHO THE HELL IS IT SENDING A SIGNAL *TO?*

V'GER SIGNALS THE CREATOR.

SAYING WHAT? HERE I AM?

CAPTAIN! THE INTRUDER IS *RELEASING* SEVERAL LARGE OBJECTS...

ALL PLANETARY *DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS* HAVE JUST GONE INOPERATIVE.

MY GOD! THEY'RE THE SAME THINGS THAT HIT US!

NO, DOCTOR.. EACH ONE IS SEVERAL TIMES MORE POWERFUL. CAPTAIN, FINAL POSITIONING WILL OCCUR IN 29.2 MINUTES

AT WHICH TIME *DETENATION* WILL BLANKET THE ENTIRE PLANET.

SIR, THEY'LL DESTROY EVERY LIVING THING ON EARTH.!!

NO, DOCTOR. IT'S SAYING, 'I HAVE LEARNED ALL THAT IS LEARNABLE.'

IT'S *REPEATING* THE SIGNAL, CAPTAIN... THE SAME CODE.

IT EXPECTS AN *ANSWER.*

AN ANSWER..? I DON'T KNOW THE *QUESTION!*

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THE CARBON UNITS' INFORMATION CANNOT BE DISCLOSED TO V'GER'S PROBE... ONLY TO V'GER--*DIRECTLY!*

BUT, BEFORE THE ILIA-PROBE CAN RESPOND...

CAPTAIN! WE ARE CAUGHT WITHIN ANOTHER *TRACTOR BEAM!*

WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, JIM?

THE QUESTION IS, MR. DECKER--*IS* THERE A NEXT MOVE?

IT SEEMS MY *BLUFF* IS BEING CALLED.

MR CHEKOV, WHEN DO THOSE DEVICES ACTIVATE?

THEY REACH FINAL POSITION IN TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES--MARK.

ENGINEERING! MR SCOTT, BE PREPARED TO EXECUTE STARFLEET ORDER TWO-ZERO-ZERO-FIVE!

WH-WHEN, CAPTAIN?

ON MY COMMAND.

AYE, SIR...

THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERED SELF-DESTRUCT--*WHY?*

I WOULD SAY, LASS, BECAUSE HE THINKS... HE *HOPES*--THAT WHEN WE GO UP, WE'LL BE TAKIN' V'GER WITH US.

WILL WE?

WHEN THAT MUCH MATTER AN' ANTI-MATTER ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER? AYE, WE WILL, INDEED!

CAPTAIN, WE'RE MOVING THROUGH A *POWER FIELD...*

EIGHTEEN MINUTES TO ACTIVATION, SIR.

WE ARE SEVENTEEN KILOMETERS INSIDE THE VESSEL...

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THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHAT IN THE WORLD?

EXPLOSIONS! ROCKING THE ENTERPRISE!

SECURE ALL STATIONS! CLEAR THE BRIDGE!!

YOUR CHILD IS HAVING A *TANTRUM*, SPOCK!

SEVERE STRESS ON ENGINE PYLONS!

V'GER REQUIRES THE INFORMATION.

BRIDGE, SECURE ALL STATIONS, MOVE OUT!

WITH COLD, SEARCHING EYES, KIRK GLARES AT THE DELTAN MANIFESTATION.

IF V'GER DESTROYS THE ENTERPRISE, THE INFORMATION V'GER REQUIRES WILL ALSO BE DESTROYED.

IT IS ILLOGICAL TO WITHHOLD REQUIRED INFORMATION.

KIRK-UN.T! ***WHY*** DO YOU NOT DISCLOSE INFORMATION?

BECAUSE V'GER IS GOING TO DESTROY ALL THE CARBON-UNITS ON THE THIRD PLANET.

V'GER ***NEEDS*** THE INFORMATION.

THEN V'GER MUST WITHDRAW ITS ORBITING DEVICES.

...V'GER WILL COMPLY IF THE CARBON-UNITS DISCLOSE THE INFORMATION.

IT LEARNS FAST DOESN'T IT?

CAPTAIN, V'GER, OBVIOUSLY OPERATES FROM A ***CENTRAL*** BRAIN COMPLEX.

THE ORBITING DEVICES WOULD BE CONTROLLED FROM THAT POINT, THEN?

PRECISELY.

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CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE THAT ISLAND IS OUR DESTINATION!

FORWARD MOTION SLOWING, CAPTAIN.

STATUS, MR. SCOTT?

AYE, SIR-- WE'RE READY!

THANK YOU, SCOTTY. STAND BY!

CAPTAIN, THE ORBITAL DEVICES WILL NOT BE TRIGGERED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

YOUR POINT?

THE POINT IS--FIFTEEN MINUTES. WE COULD HAVE THAT MUCH MORE TIME.

IF WE DO NOT PROVIDE V'GER WITH ITS INFORMATION, WE WON'T HAVE FIFTEEN SECONDS.

I READ AN OXYGEN AND GRAVITY ENVELOPE FORMING OUTSIDE THE ENTERPRISE.

V'GER...

FORWARD MOTION STOPPED, CAPTAIN. TRACTOR BEAM IS RELEASED.

SIR, V'GER'S RADIO SIGNAL ORIGINATES DIRECTLY AHEAD.

THAT TRANSMITTER IS A VITAL LINK BETWEEN V'GER AND THE CREATOR

WE CAN STILL SAVE V'GER-- AND OURSELVES.

IF THERE IS A CHANCE, WE'LL HOLD OFF, SPOCK! BONES--!

CAPTAIN... I'D LIKE TO GO ALONG...

...MR SULU... YOU HAVE THE CONN...

SLOWLY, THEY STEP FROM THE ENTERPRISE ONTO THE OXYGEN-FILLED 'ISLAND.'

STRANGE, UNEARTHLY SOUNDS SURROUND THEM. EVEN STRANGER DEVICES RADIATE WITH A BLINDING GLARE...

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SPOCK... SPOCK, I--

THE LEAN VULCAN DOES NOT ANSWER BUT HE SLOWLY TURNS, AND...

TEARS? NOT FOR US--?

NO, CAPTAIN, NOT FOR US .. FOR V'GER.

I WEEP FOR V'GER AS I WOULD A BROTHER... FAR MORE KNOWLEDGABLE THAN I, AND YET ONE STEP BEHIND.

AS I WAS WHEN I CAME ABOARD, SO IS V'GER NOW, EMPTY, INCOMPLETE-- *SEARCHING.*

LOGIC AND KNOWLEDGE ARE *NOT* ENOUGH.

ARE YOU SAYING *YOU* FOUND WHAT YOU NEEDED, BUT V'GER HAS NOT?

HAS NOT, DOCTOR, AND NOW, BECAUSE OF WHAT WE'RE PLANNING--*WILL NOT!*

MR SPOCK, WHAT WOULD V'GER NEED TO.. FULFILL ITSELF?

EACH OF US, AT SOME TIME IN OUR LIFE, TURNS TO SOMEONE A FATHER, A BROTHER, A GOD, AND ASKS--"WHY AM I HERE?" "WHAT WAS I MEANT TO BE?"

V'GER HOPES TO TOUCH ITS CREATOR AND *FIND* ITS ANSWERS.

'IS THIS ALL THAT I AM? IS THERE NOTHING MORE?'

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THE MACHINES THERE *EXAMINED* IT DISCOVERED ITS SIMPLE 20TH CENTURY PROGRAMMING--'COLLECT ALL DATA POSSIBLE..'

'LEARN ALL THAT IS LEARNABLE. RETURN THAT INFORMATION TO ITS CREATOR.

EXACTLY. THE MACHINES INTERPRETED IT LITERALLY. THEY REMADE VOYAGER SIX SO THAT IT COULD ACTUALLY *FULFILL* THAT PROGRAMMING.

AND ON ITS JOURNEY BACK, IT AMASSED SO MUCH KNOWLEDGE.., IT ACHIEVED CONSCIOUSNESS ITSELF--IT BECAME A *LIVING THING!*

KIRK-UNIT. V'GER AWAITS THE INFORMATION...!

ENTERPRISE! ORDER UP SHIP'S COMPUTER LIBRARY RECORDS ON LATE 20TH CENTURY NASA PROBE, VOYAGER SIX.

SPECFICALLY, WE NEED THE OLD NASA CODE SIGNAL THAT INSTRUCTS THE PROBE TO TRANSMIT DATA. AND FAST, UHURA--*FAST!*

V'GER.. *WE* ARE THE CREATOR.

THAT IS NOT LOGICAL; CARBON UNITS ARE *NOT* TRUE LIFE FORMS

WE WILL PROVE IT... BY MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR V'GER TO COMPLETE ITS PROGRAMMING. *ONLY* THE CREATOR COULD ACCOMPLISH THAT, ENTERPRISE...

WE HAVE JUST RECIEVED THE RESPONSE CODE, CAPTAIN.

TRANSMIT NOW!

504-329-317-510. AND THE FINAL SEQUENCE...

THAT SHOULD TRIGGER VOYAGER SIX'S TRANSMITTER

VOYAGER SIX IS *NOT* TRANSMITTING, CAPTAIN...

KRAKKK!

.. BECAUSE IT DID NOT *RECEIVE* THE FINAL SEQUENCE THE ANTENNAE LEADS ARE *MELTED AWAY...*

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BEFORE THEM IS A BRILLIANT SHAFT OF SHIMMERING LIGHT THAT BATHES THE YAWNING CHASM BEYOND IN COLORS AND SHADOWS NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY MAN.

STILL THEY MOVE ON, UNTIL THEY STAND ABOVE THE VAST ARENA OF THE "BRAIN HEMISPHERE."

AND PERCHED WITHIN, AS IF ENSHRINED...

V'GER!

WELL, AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW WHY V'GER THINKS THE CREATOR IS ON EARTH

V-G-E-R. V'GER... V-O-Y-A-G-E-R... VOYAGER SIX!

JIM, THIS WAS LAUNCHED MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

VOYAGER 6

THE VOYAGER SERIES.. DESIGNED TO COLLECT DATA AND TRANSMIT IT BACK TO EARTH.

THIS ONE-- VOYAGER SIX IS THE ONE THAT DISAPPEARED INTO WHAT WAS THEN CALLED A BLACK HOLE!

IT MUST HAVE EMERGED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE GALAXY.. FELL INTO THE MACHINE PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD!

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...BY V'GER ITSELF... TO *PREVENT* RECEPTION

OF COURSE! TO BRING THE CREATOR HERE... TO FINISH TRANSMITTING IN PERSON-- TO *TOUCH* THE CREATOR.

CAPTURE GOD? V'GER'S LIABLE TO BE IN FOR ONE HELL OF A DISAPPOINTMENT.

PERHAPS *NOT*, DOCTOR V'GER, BY UNDERSTANDING THE TRUE *LIMITS* OF OUR UNIVERSE, HAS NOT ONLY BECOME *AWARE* OF OTHER, *HIGHER* LEVELS OF EXISTENCE.

..IT IS NOW READY TO *EVOLVE* INTO THEM.

...AND BELIEVES IT CAN DO THIS ONLY BY *JOINING* WITH ITS CREATOR.

I'LL KEY IN THE CODE DIRECTLY!

DECKER-- NO!

DO NOT INTERFERE!

WE CAN KEY IT REMOTELY!

DECKER, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT ACTIVATING THAT TRANS-MITTER WILL DO TO YOU...!

BUT I *DO* KNOW, DOCTOR...

CAPTAIN, TRY TO UNDERSTAND: *YOU* HAVE THE ENTERPRISE. IT'S *RIGHT* FOR YOU.

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STAR TREK
—THE PHENOMENON

by Tom Rogers

It all began on September 8, 1966, at 8:30 pm. On that fateful day, NBC-TV aired the first episode of a new series; "The Man Trap," from a little science-fiction gem entitled **Star Trek**. Never before has humanity seen such a program on the tube, and this was immediately obvious to most. The episode, produced by creator Gene Roddenberry and written by Georg Clayton Johnson, was about some space sailors who went around in a marvelously-designed starship called the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. Earlier that year, **TV Guide** had described the concept as a "**Wagon Train** of the stars," or some such nonsense. **Wagon Train** had been a fairly well done weekly western, and there was nothing really uncommon about it; **Star Trek**, on the other hand, was very definitely **unique.**

Prior to 1966, only one other sf effort on television had contained any adult appeal because of its quality and frequent intellectualism: Joe Stefano's **The Outer Limits** (ABC-TV). That was an anthology series without any continuing characters. **Star Trek** was something far more difficult to create: a regular weekly production **with** continuing characters. The concept was mind-boggling, since it had never been done **right** before.

"Man Trap" was, without a doubt, an offering that was in the style of **The Outer Limits.** It dealt with a murderous salt-eating creature from another world that possessed intelligence, telepathy and a shape-changing ability. There were excellent directional techniques, fine production values, rampant sexual allusions, **death** and destruction, **and** the intriguing new characters. Of course, there were also the somewhat silly phasers, which, at one point, intoxicated a man into a slow-motion speech by affecting his nervous system. Nonetheless, this was certainly worth watching, and it quickly set the trend for a lot of TV science-fiction that was to follow.

One week later, the program deteriorated a bit into something that had a much tamer theme: "Charlie X," about a human teenager who was raised by telexinetic aliens. He was emotionally immature, nearly omnipotent by our standards, and really nasty. In spite of itself, this tale of a youth's sexual awakening was filled with pathos and tragedy, and it brought tears to the eyes of many viewers. **Star Trek** was by no means common TV junk! There was hope for this generation of viewers, the days of **Lost in Space** and its ilk were, hopefully, **finally** over.

The succeeding episode, "Where No Man Has Gone Before" (the theme of the show), was back on the beam. Herein, Kirk and the rest of the **Enterprise** crew were challenged by an Earthling with godlike powers. Spock, the halfbreed Vulcan, urged, "Kill him," as their foe's ability grew, but his good human captain would not hear of it—until it was too late. On the other hand, the very idea of a good guy slaying someone in cold blood had practically never been seen on the tube, but we all knew that the pointy-eared cutey was dead right when he made the suggestion. We were back to serious activities of death and destruction, and we were loving every minute of it. (Actually, this was supposed to be the very first **Star Trek** adventure, but NBC had shown them out of sequence. Already, the network executives were causing a problem with a series that they would later consider to be inconsequential.)

This was how it was, pretty much, for the next two years—except that the regular characters became considerably more complicated. Moreover, the crew was an intergrated one, with Blacks, Orientals, Russians, and even one who somewhat resembled the Devil (incidentally, NBC wanted to drop Mr. Spock after the first year, because they felt that his alarming visage was offensive to the Bible Belt, but Roddenberry would not comply). Uniquely, there was a great deal of death, sex and scantily-clad women on the program, and most of the scripts were far above average. The viewers, naturally, loved it, and a cult following immediately began.

When NBC announced that **Star Trek** was going to be cancelled after its second season, the fans let themselves really be heard for the first time. A massive letter-writing campaign ensued, led by people like Bjo Trimble (**Star Trek Concordance**), and the network was soon deluged by approximately **one million letters** asking, demanding, pleading, threatening that **Star Trek** be renewed. There were rallies and protest marches in New York and California, and all manner of other evidence that there were a lot of product-buying viewers who liked the program enough to fight for its return. Consequently, NBC renewed **Star Trek** by announcing it **on the air** (a precedent!) after an episode that was rerun one evening. They desperately wanted people to stop writing in, because it had become much too costly for them to keep up with the incredible volume of mail. The movement had succeeded, but the network managed to sabotage the show, nonetheless. They scheduled it for Fridays at 10:00 pm, after **Laugh-In,** and it died after the third season. Or—did it?

Almost immediately, all 79 episodes were packaged by Paramount TV and syndicated. Most wise station programmers decided to run the episodes at least five times a week, and the show became more popular than ever! **Star Trek** was distributed across the world, and it is even now still experiencing fantastic popularity; for example, it's

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ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE...

MR SPOCK, DID WE JUST SEE THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE FORM?

YES, CAPTAIN.. WE WITNESSED THE BIRTH-- POSSIBLY THE NEXT STEP IN OUR EVOLUTION.

I WONDER..?

WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I DELIVERED A BABY. I HOPE WE GAVE IT A GOOD START!

I THINK WE GAVE IT THE ABILITY TO CREATE ITS OWN SENSE OF PURPOSE... OUT OF OUR OWN HUMAN WEAKNESSES...AND THE DRIVE THAT COMPELLS US TO OVERCOME THEM.

...AND A LOT OF FOOLISH HUMAN EMOTIONS, RIGHT, SPOCK?

INTERROGATIVE FROM STARFLEET REQUEST DAMAGE AND INJURY REPORT AND COMPLETE VESSEL STATUS

REPORT THREE CASUALTIES.. NO, NOT CASUALTIES

LIST THEM AS MISSING. VESSEL STATUS, FULLY OPERATIONAL

MR SCOTT, SHALL WE GIVE THE ENTERPRISE A PROPER SHAKE-DOWN?

I WOULD SAY IT'S TIME FOR THAT. AYE, SIR...

...AN' WE CAN HA'E YOU BACK ON VULCAN IN FOUR DAYS, MR SPOCK.

UNNECESSARY, MR SCOTT. MY TASK ON VULCAN IS COMPLETED.

IN THAT CASE, AHEAD WARP ONE, MR. SULU.

HEADING, SIR?

WARP ONE, SIR.

OUT THERE. THATAWAY

A MOST LOGICAL CHOICE, CAPTAIN

The End

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have a winner, but the original **Star Trek** has much more than its share of greatness.

Some of the more controversial episodes dealt with religion, politics, war and other series taboos. Consequently, certain episodes were never shown in various areas of the United States because station managers felt that their viewers would be offended. More often, though, entire scenes were cut out to make the adventures more subdued, less violent, and far less intellectual. Even today, this practice is still in effect in a variety of locales.

Many people who are not enthused by **Star Trek** think of its fans as being very strange people—malcontents, freaks, brain damaged outcasts of society who have nothing better to do with their lives than to idolize a "dumb science-fiction show." While a few "Trekkies," as we are called, might fit into that category, the vast majority of us do not. For the most part, the program's fans consist of some highly intelligent and sophisticated individuals. There are famous writers, scientists, businesspeople, and even government officials who proudly proclaim that they like the show. The average Trekkie is of above-average intelligence, and has a sense of wonder that sets him apart from those unfortunate enough to lack an appreciation for **Star Trek** and/or science-fiction in general. Not all sf enthusiasts are Trekkies, and not all Trek fans are sf buffs, but the two often go together. However **Star Trek** is not "merely" sc-fi-oriented. There are episodes that have themes encompassing military justice, the Old West, World War II submarine-type warfare, Ancient Greece, and so on. There is something for everyone, when you really get down to it.

As the ever-popular saying goes, "**Star Trek** lives!" It definitely does, and one has only to look around to see it. We now—**finally**—have the monumental motion picture, and, as a result, a lot of tie-in merchandise is being released to the general public. However, for the past 13 years, it has been obvious that the program never died, despite all of NBC's efforts. There are close to 400 known fan clubs devoted to this program, and successful conventions have been held all over the world—and still are. There have even been a large number of Masters and Doctoral theses based on, or dealing partly with, **Star Trek**. The phenomenon also lives.

The first convention of this sort was given in New York City in January of 1972. About 600 people were expected to attend, but nearly 4,000 showed up! This was largely because Gene and Majel (Barrett) Roddenberry, D.C. Fontana and Isaac Asimov were the guests. Since then, most—if not all—**Star Trek** cons have been extremely successful. They almost always feature guests who were connected with the program.

The fan clubs are occasionally staggering in their scope and membership, and the "Star Trek Welcomittee" is the largest and most influential of these. It is a non-profit group of dedicated Trekkies who strive to help other organizations and individuals. They publish the **Directory of Star Trek Organizations,** a monthly newsletter, and other very useful brochures. Some of the fan clubs have members in all states of the Union, and there are many similar organizations located throughout the country. Likewise, there are some overseas, including England, France, Japan, West Germany, and so on. A few of them are devoted primarily to one or more actors from the show—and not just the regulars, either. There are a number of them honoring Mark Leonard, Mariette Hartley, and so on. For extensive information on this subject, as well as others, check out Grosset and Dunlap's tradesize paperback, **A Star Trek Catalog,** by Gerry Turnbull and Neil Appelbaum. It contains a wealth of data, including addresses.

As of this writing, there are close to 50 different companies putting out authorized **Star Trek** merchandise, including some of America's top toy manufacturers and book publishers. In all, there are about 60 books available, including short story adaptations of the original episodes, photonovels with color scenes from separate missions, new adventures based on the program, and studies of the production and its effect on society.

There is no doubt that **Star Trek** has made a tremendous impact on our society, even the experimental space shuttle was named "Enterprise" in honor of the much-beloved series. Why, then, did it take so long for the movie to be released? There were a number of reasons, primarily those concerning money and the availability of the original stars. Just be happy, as I am, that **Star Trek—The Motion Picture** is finally upon us, with its fine script and incredible special effects, and hope that the next media adventure in the series will emerge in the not-too-distant future.

According to the show and its new film, there is hope for humanity. We will find our place in the stars, and even influence many societies. Long ago, H.G. Wells wrote about a variety of utopias, but they are still non-existant. Someday, hopefully, the days of the Federation will come to pass, and our descendants will benefit from a society that now exists only in our fantasies.

Star Trek must live forever, because it represents our eventual salvation.

Live long and prosper.

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available in 114 American cities. Not many series have ever had such a response from the public (I **Love Lucy** is one of them), and few will in the future.

Speaking of the future, that is what **Star Trek** is all about. It gives us something to look forward to: a time, in the 23rd century, when humanity has become one. There is almost no prejudice, and most vices have been suppressed in favor of altruism and dedication to a cause. The latter is the growth, development and protection of the United Federation of Planets and intergalactic brotherhood that encompasses all friendly races. Nearly everyone lives in harmony and peace, and Starfleet spaceships patrol the universe in a neverending quest for peace, love and friendship. The Federation is determined to help sentient beings everywhere, yet they are constantly threatened by unfriendly lifeforms. In the long run, though, the wisdom of its officers and enlisted personnel often win out, and hope for a much better tomorrow is renewed.

These are human dramas, often filled with sensitive portrayals, dealing with realistic characterizations and extremely likeable people. They are often scientifically plausible, in a fanciful sense, and they strive to keep young people interested in worthy endeavors like our country's space program. A view of futuristic societies—many of which, including Earth, are veritable utopias—is presented. The human potential is dealt with in a highly optimistic manner, and the futuristic people are, in essence, what we would like to be. Technology is highly advanced, and there are starships that can span entire solar systems in very short periods of time. The thrill of such accomplishments, as well as the marvelous sense of wonder, give one a wonderful thrill when the viewer considers that this might really happen someday. Many alien races work hand in hand with humanity to reach out and boldly go where no person has ever gone before.

The obvious philosophical messages are equally intriguing. There are tales dealing with gods (a relative term, naturally), monsters, sex, emotions, ambition, optimism, misguided civilizations, prejudice and so on, and they were often very well executed. There are also occasional misinterpretations on the part of the regular cast. The characters try to keep an open mind, realizing that others have different beliefs and ways of life. However, the viewer is shown—often in subtle ways—that a negative approach is often very dangerous, embarrassing and/or tragic. Our universe is vast, and there is undoubtedly a lot in it that we are totally unfamiliar with.

On more obvious levels, the 79 episodes are a great deal of fun. For the most part, they had good characterizations, mystery, intrigue, humor, suspense, pathos, moral lessons, and so on. The direction was generally superior, special effects were certainly above-average, and most aliens were convincing (often, humanoid civilizations were dealt with, exposing us to a variety of similar societies and mores). The stories, themselves, were generally well written and competently acted, and the sets and costuming were very impressive and colorful. This was a quality production—and an expensive one for the period, too.

Noted scientist and writer, Isaac Asimov, is reported to have stated that **Star Trek** was the purest representation of true science-fiction on television. Many others agree with him (myself included), despite the fact that is has been in reruns for ten years now. It remains one of the best series of all time—if not **the** best.

Unfortunately, things changed a bit when 1973 rolled around. On September 15 of that year, the animated program made its debut, and it was a disappointment. While it wasn't bad for a Saturday morning TV show, it presented **Star Trek** stories that were simply awful when compared to the live-action episodes. Not only were they kiddie-oriented (which, of course, is to be expected, considering the medium and timeslot), but a number of them deviated so much from the original continuity that they made glaring mistakes and even altered the series' history. The initial adventures had been filmed in a logical sequence, often reflecting events that had occurred in earlier episodes. Everything had a purpose, and a believable mythos was established, based on the characters and their experiences. The animated offerings presented a number of sequels to the originals that made little sense at all, bringing back old characters and changing them. A mature series had become a juvenile one, and this was a travesty. All of the elements that had made **Star Trek** great were toned down in this highly annoying version, and a lot of fans consider these tales to be part of an alternate universe. Others ignore the animated episodes, pretending that they never existed in the first place. The cartoons served little purpose in making the show a continued phenomenon, except perhaps among young children who had never seen the other 79 adventures. For all intents and purposes, we, too, will forget about the cartoons for the remainder of this article.

Don't get me wrong—not all **Star Trek** episodes were excellent. While some received various deserved awards, others were so bad that they should never have been made. A prime example is "Spock's Brain," which was the **first one** aired during the third season! Another was "The Way to Eden," about space hippies. You can't always

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an interview with Jesco von Puttkamer

Mr von Puttkamer was a science advisor to **Star Trek – The Motion Picture** and the Program Manager and Senior Staff Scientist of Future Programming at NASA

Q: With the interest in science fiction, has there been an increase in the public interest in what NASA is doing? Also, has the federal government changed its attitude towards your funding?

A: There has been an outburst of manifest interest by individual segments of the public; however, the public is not organized and there is no 'grass-roots' organization or movement which would concentrate this interest and make it work more effectively We have had an increase in letters from science fiction fans and the more general public wanting to know what this strange-looking vehicle– the shuttle–is all about and what it means for the future. A very minor percentage of the public is interested in space. I would say the public at large is what I call apathetic about it. People at large are positive towards space and have what I call a 'warm feeling' about it However they do not tell any one about it and so the people's congressional representatives do not realize that there may be undercurrents, a 'grass-root' interest in space Consequently they do not feel the space program has any priority. So every time the budget gets cut back because the nation has to economize to balance the budget, the space program is the first to be cut. This is because it's the easiest to touch. Approximately 70-75% of the budget is untouchable by law; you cannot reduce the funding for certain programs, social service care, veterans' programs, etc., are frozen and untouchable by the budget cutters. As a result, there is only a small portion of the national budget that can be massaged or reduced and the space program seems to be the easiest victim every time

The way it looks, we wind up with a constant annual budget of around 4.3 or 4.5 billion dollars every year which is about equal to the amount spent by HEW every seven days. So in reality our budget is just a tiny fragment, less than a cent per tax dollar

Q: Is it true that approximately $40 million was spent on the making of the **Star Trek** movie, making it one of the most expensive, if not **the** most expensive, films every made?

A: I have heard lots of rumors but I cannot really make any statements on how much it cost. In fact Michael Eisner the president of Paramount in Hollywood, when he had the press conference in 1978, made the statement that this would be the most expensive film Paramount ever made. He stated that all the episodes of Star Trek combined would cost less than what the movie would cost

Q: What are some of the new developments of the shuttle program?

A: We are looking forward to the first flight which was originally scheduled for Nov., 1979 Due to unforseen mechanical problems, we rescheduled the launch to between March and June of 1980. This gives us more time to work out the problems and make the launch a good and safe flight

The crew has already been chosen. It will be piloted by John Young, who has been in space four times. The shuttle will be co-piloted by Bob Crippen, who is a rookie astronaut

Q: Why isn't the ENTERPRISE being used?

A: The ENTERPRISE was always to be a test vehicle for ground tests only. You need a ground facility or check-out vehicle of that sort before you can safely commit to a manned flight in space The other four orbiters are under various stages of development and are named: the COLUMBIA, which will be the first in space the DISCOVERY the CHALLENGER, and the ATLANTIS

Q: Can you tell me more about the new astronaut recruiting program?

A: Two or three years ago, we selected 20 mission specialists, and 15 pilots. Mission specialists must have a scientific background in one of the following fields: chemistry, biology, physics, or mathematics. Usually a Bachelor of Science, and either three years of related experience or a PhD are needed to qualify

The pilots are more flight oriented. Pilots logically come from the Air Force or other Armed Services because the basic requirement is at least 1000 hours of piloting command flight experience in the high-performance jets such as the T-38 or the F-15. However, if a civilian had this type experience there would be no reason he could not apply Generally, to become a candidate for the shuttle program, you must be in reasonably good health, have the above educational requirements, and be between 60-74 inches in height Applications for candidacy this year are being accepted between Oct 1 and Dec 1 Hopefully, applications can be accepted every year at this time

In closing, if any of you have any questions about the astronaut program or want information on what is going on with the space program in general, please contact the following address

Astronaut Candidate Program
Code AHX
NASA-Johnson Space Center
Houston, TX 77058

or

NASA Headquarters
Information Code MTC
Washington, D C 20546

If you want the space program to continue and to get more funding so that we can make progress with the future, write letters to your congressional representatives and let them know how you feel and how you want them to vote on the space program's budget It is up to you as voters to decide if you want a space program or not

-Marian Stensgard

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Touching Base with Reality

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to celibacy." Hairless, except for her eyebrows and eyelashes, she is cold, calculated, and able to physically cause pain in others to subside. Despite the fact that she considers Earthlings to be "sexually inferior," she had a relationship with Captain Decker years ago, and still loves him. She is killed by V'Ger shortly after it kidnaps her.

ILIA II: The android duplicate of Ilia, which is teleported to the **U.S.S. Enterprise** after the Deltan dies. It is a nearly living probe designed by V'Ger, which duplicates the woman perfectly–externally as well as internally. Only the multicolored jewel embedded in the throat, in addition to the super-strength, distinguishes it from the original. Since it possesses the complete memory patterns of Ilia, it eventually enables the crew to save themselves–after which it is seemingly destroyed when Decker sacrifices himself.

KOLINAHR: The most revered condition among Vulcans, it divests one of all emotion and dedicates the individual to total logic. Those who have achieved this state become the supreme leaders of the race. Mr. Spock nearly succeeds, but fails because of V'Ger.

LANG, CHIEF: The officer in charge of the rescue teams when the **U.S.S. Enterprise** is trapped in V'Ger.

LANG, ENSIGN: A security man on board the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, who is with Kirk and other officers when they discover Ilia.

LINGUACODE FRIENDSHIP MESSAGES: A 23rd century computer language that the Federation uses to contact new intelligent races. They are made up of a true universal language, which most civilizations are able to understand. When they are beamed at V'Ger, though, the creature ignores them because they are initially transmitted too slowly for it to notice. Spock saves the day when he speeds them up.

LUNAR MONITOR RELAY: A Starfleet station, located on Earth's Moon, which boosts subspace radio messages.

MEMORY CRYSTALS: A series of large, gemlike storage containers that serve as V'Ger's memory banks. In essence, they are like miniature television sets that contain the essence and exact patterns of all that the living spaceship has experienced. They are created by the colorful sensor swarms that fly throughout the metallic being, and it is theorized that V'Ger's "dead" victims might actually be held captive within them.

NOGURA: A Starfleet Admiral of great renown, who is stationed in 23rd century San Francisco.

PHILLIPS: A Security Officer who is slain by V'Ger's amorphous probe.

PROBE, V'GER'S: A bloblike probe, composed of raw energy, that is created by V'Ger and teleported to the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. The 7-foot-tall monstrosity absorbs energy and information through deadly tendrils of light, can fire a limited whiplash energy bolt, and is able to override computer safeguards. After killing a security man, it engulfs Ilia in a blinding flash and whisks her off to the creature's control center.

QUAD L-14: An area of deep space, located in Klingon territory, where V'Ger is first sighted. It is here that the unknown intruder destroys a trio of non-Federation starships.

ROSS, CHIEF: A female member of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**.

SENSOR SWARMS: Tiny, multicolored sensor mechanisms that fly throughout V'Ger's interior, gathering information and storing it in Memory Crystals for future retrieval. A large one is embedded in the throat area of Ilia's android double.

SONAK: A Vulcan Lieutenant Commander, assigned as Science Officer of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. Due to a transporter malfunction, he dies in a gruesome manner while attempting to reach the ship from Earth. Beaming up at the same time was a human female, whom he apparently merged with–literally–just before their demise.

STARDATE: A five-digit reference point in time that is used to begin entries in a starship's log. The first four numbers represent the date, while the remaining one stands for the hour. It also indicates the craft's location and speed.

STARFLEET: The branch of the Federation that governs the Space Navy, and which often makes decisions regarding the welfare of both members and non-members. It is dedicated to keeping peace in the universe, aiding oppressed and/or primitive societies, and making a better place for everyone who is willing to obey their rules.

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STAR TREK
—THE MOTION PICTURE
GLOSSARY

by Tom Rogers

The following entries are, understandably, related to the **Star Trek** universe. However they are particularly indicative of the new movie and its own unique concepts. You won't find listings for things like "Tribbles," "Nomad," "Babel," or "Vaal" because they aren't in the motion picture. Nor will you find references specifically devoted to items like "Ship's Computer," "Bridge" (of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**) or "Vulcan" (the planet) due to the fact that they are too general–and besides, you already know all about that stuff. Again, these alphabetically arranged people and terms are those which are particularly relevant to the film.

A word of warning: we seriously suggest that you don't read this glossary before you have had an opportunity to ingest the preceding adaptation, or else certain things will be ruined for you. I give away plot devices and so on, and you wouldn't want to know about them in advance. Save this for last, then enjoy it.

AIR TRAM: An antigravity train that flies only a few feet off the ground, and carries passengers to areas within the San Francisco of the 23rd century. This is the first vehicle that Admiral Kirk uses in the film.

AMAR, IMPERIAL CRUISER: The command vehicle of the three Klingon starships that encounter V'Ger when it enters their sector of space (Quad L-14). It is the last one to be destroyed by a whiplash energy bolt, immediately after it dispatches a warning message to Starfleet Monitor Station Epsilon 9.

ANDORIANS: Blue-skinned humanoids who have white hair and a pair of knobbed antennae protruding from their foreheads. Although they are generally small and slim, they are a fierce warrior race that belongs to the Federation.

ANTIMATTER: An extradimensional substance that, under normal conditions, destroys matter from our universe on contact. Starfleet scientists have succeeded in utilizing quantities of it to effect warp drive in selected vehicles. Regarding the **U.S.S. Enterprise,** it is located in the twin power nacelles that contain the warp engines. Early in the movie, an imbalance in the technique causes a Wormhole Distortion that threatens to destroy the **Enterprise.**

BLACK HOLE: A star that has collapsed in upon itself, causing an enormous area in space that sucks in everything which comes into its range. To date, one can only speculate what effect such a phenomenon has on matter, but herein a 20th century "Voyager" space probe is caught and hurled to another galaxy, where living metal creatures exist.

BRANCH, COMMANDER: The officer in charge of Starfleet Monitor Station Epsilon 9.

CREATOR: Term used by V'Ger to indicate its god–the being (in this case, beings) who created it. Long dead for three centuries, its NASA builders never imagined that it would one day merge with a living spaceship and return to Earth to menace humanity.

DALAPHALINE: A potent drug that Dr. McCoy injects into Mr. Spock's bloodstream to strengthen the Vulcan. This occurs shortly after the alien attempts to mind-meld with V'Ger, and consequently goes into a coma.

DECKER, WILLARD: Captain of the **U.S.S. Enterprise** before Admiral Kirk assumes command. Afterward, he is temporarily reduced to the rank of Commander, and assumes the duties of both Executive and Science Officers until Spock relieves him of the latter responsibilities. He is resentful toward Kirk, and in love with Ilia. Ultimately, his sacrifice saves Earth and the starship.

DIFALCO, CHIEF: An officer on board the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, who fills in as navigator after Ilia disappears, when the ship is caught within V'Ger's tractor beam.

FORCEFIELD: An invisible, nearly indestructible barrier that surrounds Federation, Klingon and Romulan starships. The intensity varies, depending on necessity. It is automatically activated by any material object that is on a collision course with a ship, which is detected by the sensors. Originally referred to as "Deflector Shields."

ILIA: A female Deltan, assigned as navigator of the **U.S.S. Enterprise**. She is a Lieutenant, Junior Grade, and "sworn

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STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS: Located in 23rd century San Francisco, where the Golden Gate Bridge and Transamerica Pyramid Building are still preserved, this is where important Federation decisions are made.

STARFLEET MONITOR STATION EPSILON 9: A distant Federation outpost, established to keep a close eye on its sector of space. The personnel here warn Earth of V'Ger's approach, but the entire planetoid is eventually destroyed by the then-unknown adversary.

STARFLEET ORDER #2005: A coded, mandatory instruction to cause a Federation starship to self-destruct. Captain Kirk gives this command when it seems as though V'Ger will actually wipe out all life on Earth, but it is rescinded in time.

THRUSTER SUIT: A spacesuit containing a built-in rocket pack for maneuverability and extended range. It also contains a flashing strobelight, which is visible for miles, and this is what Captain Kirk uses to keep track of Mr. Spock when the latter leaves the confines of the ship to locate V'Ger's nerve center. Also known as an "Environmental Suit."

TRANSPORTER: A teleportation device that can be used to beam someone or something over great distances by breaking down the atomic structure in one place and reassembling it elsewhere. Unfortunately, accidents often happen, and two crewmembers of the **U.S.S. Enterprise** are killed by a malfunction early in the film.

TRAVEL POD: A short-range vehicle that is usually used to go from a planet to an orbiting ship, and vice versa. In the tale, Commander Scott flies one carrying Admiral Kirk to the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, which is in drydock undergoing extensive modifications.

23RD CENTURY: The period during which our story takes place. It is a wonderful time to live in, with prosperity and equality for all members of the Federation, but there is also the constant threat of extraterrestrial danger. V'Ger is just one example of such a problem.

UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS: A highly advanced group of civilized world in our galaxy that apparently stand for "Good, Justice and the American Way." Their enforcement unit is known as "Starfleet." Also known as "the Federation."

VEGANS: High-domed aliens, members of the Federation.

V'GER: An awesome, living spaceship from beyond our galaxy, which somehow merges with long-lost Voyager 6 and makes its way to Earth in search of God. Surrounded by a luminescent cloud that is the size of our solar system, it destroys all sentient living things in its path because it considers us akin to vermin. It has attained perfect logic, is totally without emotion, and is unbelievably advanced beyond 23rd century Federation technology. The craft, itself, is 78 kilometers in length, dwarfing the **U.S.S. Enterprise**, and it travels at mind-boggling speeds. It contains the sum total of universal knowledge, stored in Memory Crystals, and can even convert energy into matter. It makes amorphous probes, sensor swarms, near-living androids, is impervious to harm, and has almost limitless abilities. Nonetheless, it is empty and incomplete until Commander Decker's sacrifice enables it to mutate to a higher lifeform. Additionally, it is because of this being that Mr. Spock finally decides that his human side knows best on occasion.

VULCAN MASTERS: A legendary trio of completely emotionless Vulcans who have attained the extremely difficult disciplinary level of Kolinahr. They rule the planet with wisdom and strict adherence to their cold way of life. Currently, there are two males and one female–the latter of whom determines that Spock is not yet ready to receive their coveted honor.

WHIPLASH ENERGY BOLT: A beam of tremendous power that is capable of destroying entire starships. Created by V'Ger, it whips around like a boomerang if it misses a target, and continues to seek its prey. Forcefields at full capacity can ward off one of these, but subsequent ones are able to obliterate everything.

WORMHOLE DISTORTION: A spiraling of stars and fluid light, narrowing into a deadly vortex. This space trap is caused by an imbalance in the antimatter engines, and jeopardizes the **U.S.S. Enterprise** early in the story. The cylindrical matter-time warp overloads main power systems and causes havoc with control consoles. It can often be dissipated by shutting down the warp drive, but such an act might be initiated too late.

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STAR TREK®

UH...JIM?

THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISES WEIRDEST VOYAGE!

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

MARV WOLFMAN SCRIPT EDITS / DAVE COCKRUM PENCILS / KLAUS JANSON INKS / CARI GACKFORD COLORS / JIM NOVAK LETTERS / JIM SHOOTER CON EDITS

SOMEWHERE IN THE VOID OF SPACE FLOATS A HORRIFYING OBJECT THAT NO MAN BORN IN THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY HAS EVER SEEN OUTSIDE THE FLICKERING IMAGES OF A HISTORY TAPE

YET THE VERY WORLD STAR TREK IS REAL AND REAL AS REAL AS THE TERROR THAT NEVIL CARLY INVADES THE GIANT SPANNING ENTERPRISE

BUT BEFORE CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK CAN SUCCESSFULLY EXORCISE THAT DEADLY THREAT HE AND HIS CREW MUST FIRST BECOME THE UNWILLING VICTIMS OF...

THE HAUNTING OF THALUS!

ENTERPRISE

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 6 July 1980 (issue) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP. James E. Galton President Stan Lee Publisher Office of Publication 575 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Copyright © 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation, the trademark owner. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, & 9 12 13 18 20 21 24 25 28 29 31 32, covers 2 3 & 4 only copyright © 1980 by Marvel Comics Group. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $6.00 for 12 issues Canada $8.00 Foreign $7.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition.

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ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

ENERGIZING COMMANDER SCOTT WE'RE BRINGING ABOARD CAPTAIN KIRK MR SPOCK, AND AMBASSADOR R'NOE

AYE, LASS, AN' ALL WE NEED IS ONE MORE'N WE KIN SHOVE OFF PROPER.

CAPTAIN KIRK, IF IT WOULDN'T PROVE A BOTHER, I WILL GO TO MY QUARTERS

OF COURSE AMBASSADOR, I'LL HAVE AN ENSIGN SHOW...

OH, NO NO.. DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF I'LL FIND THE WAY

HE'S A *HUMBLE* ONE, ISN'T HE, JIM?

ON REGULUS 3 THEY'RE ALL THAT WAY, HUMBLE, SELF-EFFACING...

...AND WHEN THEY WANT TO BE, THE MOST *SAVAGE* WARRIORS IN THE UNIVERSE THEY'RE A STRANGE RACE BONES.

CAPTAIN INCOMING MESSAGE FROM STARFLEET. THEY'RE ABOUT TO BEAM ABOARD OUR PRISONER!

WITHIN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM..

SECURITY, I'M HOLDING ONTO HIS IMAGE ARE YOU READY?

READY CHIEF RAND

ALL RIGHT... HE'S BEAMING ABOARD *NOW!*

AND AN INSTANT LATER

DO YOU HEAR ME? I WON'T BE RETURNED TO THALLUS!

I'LL DESTROY THIS SHIP BEFORE GOING BACK THERE!

HE'S BROKEN HIS RESTRAINTS! HE'S *ESCAPING*

STOP HIM!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7416.2: OUR SHAKEDOWN CRUISE HAVING PROVEN SUCCESSFUL, MR SPOCK AND I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO APPEAR BEFORE ADMIRAL FITZPATRICK FOR OUR FIRST NEW ASSIGNMENT..

ADMIRAL I REITERATE THE ENTERPRISE IS *NOT* A PRISON SHIP.

YOU DON'T NEED US

I'M AFRAID WE DO, JIM. THALLUS' PROXIMITY TO THE KLINGON BORDER MAKES IT IMPERATIVE WE SEND A STARSHIP. YOU'RE ELECTED

ELECTED TO TRANSPORT A HALF-INSANE PRISONER ACROSS A GALAXY, TO *RETURN* HIM TO THE PRISON HE ESCAPED? I STILL DON'T LIKE IT!

UMMM, ADMIRAL? I UHHH...

OH, YES, JIM, AMBASSADOR R'KAS WILL BE MAKING THE TRIP WITH YOU, SINCE THALLUS IS FINALLY OPENING DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS..

I PROMISE I WILL NOT BE IN YOUR WAY, CAPTAIN. I WOULD NEVER DO *ANYTHING* TO BOTHER YOU.

MY CREW WILL, OF COURSE, BE INSTRUCTED TO RESPECT YOUR PRIVACY, AMBASSADOR

AS LONG AS I'M STUCK, MAY I SEE MY... CARGO?

ALMOST INSTANTLY, THE COMPUTER-CONTROLLED VIEW SCREEN CHANGES, AND

THAT IS RAYTAS M'GORA OF THE ORLIAN QUADRANT.. AND WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT HIM EARLIER WAS WRONG. HE ISN'T HALF INSANE..

HE'S BEEN CERTIFIED TOTALLY MAD!

NO! NO! I WILL NOT GO BACK TO THALLUS! YAGGHHH!!!

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I WILL NOT BE RETURNED TO THALLUS CAPTAIN. IF I AM INSANE. THEY ARE THE ONES WHO MADE ME MAD!

BEAM ME BACK TO EARTH OR KILL ME HERE AND NOW! JUST DO NOT MAKE ME GO BACK TO THAT HORRIBLE PLACE AGAIN!

BZZT

BZZT

NO DEAL, RAYTAG! BUT IF YOU SURRENDER NOW YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO GO THROUGH A HEARING FOR THIS ATTACK.

YOU THREATEN ME WITH A MERE HEARING— YOU, WHO WOULD RETURN ME TO THALLUS AND A LIVING DEATH?

IT WOULD BE AMUSING WERE IT NOT SO SAD!

SET ME FREE, I WARN YOU, OR I WILL DESTROY THE ENTERPRISE AND EVERY-ONE IN IT!

I DON'T THINK SO, RAYTAG

AGGHHN!

I HEARD YOU WERE A CLEVER MAN, KIRK

BUT WE NORMEDIANS ARE EVEN MORE CLEVER AND FAR MORE DANGEROUS!

THOK!

HIS TAIL! I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD USE IT AS A WEAPON!

CAP'N IF'N HE HIDES WITHIN THE PYLONS, WE'LL NEVER FIND 'IM!

SCOTTY, CHECK WITH SPOCK ON HIS LOCATION.. THEN CHANNEL A SONIC BACKLASH THROUGH INTERSHIP COMMUNI-CATIONS!

AYE, CAP'N, I THINK I SEE WHAT YE BE AIMIN' AT!

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OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FOOLS!

ARGHH!

TRANSPORTER ROOM TO BRIDGE... THE PRISONER'S ESCAPING.. WE NEED HELP!

HE'S GRABBED MY PHASER! WATCH OUT!

MEANWHILE..

WARP ONE, CAPTAIN!

INCREASE TO WARP FOUR, MR. SULU. I WANT THIS MISSION OVER WITH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

CAPTAIN THERE'S TROUBLE CHIEF RAND REPORTS THE PRISONER HAS ESCAPED!

MR. SPOCK, RUN A SENSOR SCAN ...FIND OUT HIS LOCATION BONES, YOU HAVE YOUR BAG OF TRICKS WITH YOU?

DOES A RIGELLIAN KORBID HAVE SPIKES?

GOOD. THEN COME WITH ME

YOU KNOW RAYTAG M'GORA IS A NORMEDIAN?

OF COURSE, JIM. THEY'RE AN EYELESS RACE. THEY SEE IN THE SAME MANNER THAT AN EARTH BAT SEES... THROUGH SONAR SCANNING.

CAPTAIN, WE HAVE THE PRISONER HOLED UP IN THE PYLON OPENING.

TAKE IT EASY, ENSIGN. THIS WON'T HURT

BACK ALL OF YOU JUST BECAUSE I DO NOT HAVE EYES, DO NOT THINK I CANNOT SEE YOU

ONE STEP CLOSER, CAPTAIN, AND MY NEXT SHOT WILL NOT MISS!

SKOOT

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7410.4. WE ARE CRUISING JUST OUTSIDE KLINGON SPACE SO FAR OUR SENSORS SHOW NO SIGN OF ANY HOSTILE FORCES

ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE ALL HAS BEEN FUNCTIONING SMOOTHLY. AS EXPECTED AMBASSADOR K'KOS HAS REMAINED IN HIS QUARTERS

SOMETIMES I WISH ALL FEDERATION AMBASSADORS WERE OF REGULUN TEMPERAMENT

CAPTAIN, RECEIVING A SIGNAL FROM THALLUS. WE'RE BEING FED NEW CO-ORDINATES!

ENTER THEM INTO OUR NAVISAT ON COMPUTERS!

CAPTAIN, THESE ARE NOT THALLUS' CO-ORDINATES. BY MY COMPUTATION, THEY'LL TAKE US SOME ONE MILLION KILOMETERS AWAY.

THE THALLIANS ARE THE ONES WHO *REQUESTED* RAYTAG 5 RETURN, MR. SPOCK.

PERHAPS THEY WISH US TO BEAM HIM ABOARD A PRISON SHIP.

IN ANY EVENT, WE'LL KEEP ALERT FORWARD ON *IMPULSE* ENGINES, MR SULU

FAR BELOW THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE, IN THE LIVING QUARTERS OF CREWMAN CYRON WILLIAMS...

WE NEVER SEEM TO HAVE ENOUGH TIME TOGETHER, DARLING

WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD NOW CYRON PLEASE, HOLD ME CLOSER

THE TWO ENGINEERING ENSIGNS EMBRACE AND THE ROOM BEGINS TO SHIFT TO THEIR MOODS. SUBTLE AROMAS FILTER INTO THE AIR, MUSIC SWELLS AND THEN...

SUDDENLY--

GRRROWWLL!

CYRON! WH- WHAT WAS THAT?

OH SWEET HEAVEN! LYDIA--!!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, 7416.2 : COMMANDER SCOTT HAS QUICKLY JURY-RIGGED AN ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY WHISTLE TO SOUND THROUGHOUT THE ENTERPRISE

IT IS MY HOPE THAT THE ULTRA SONICS, WHICH WE HUMANS CANNOT HEAR, WILL PROVE JARRINGLY PAINFUL TO THE NORMEDIAN..

..ENOUGH TO DISORIENT HIM AND ALLOW MR. SPOCK TO TAKE CERTAIN ACTIONS OF HIS OWN.

AGGGHHH! THAT NOISE! YOU'RE TEARING ME APART WITH IT!

STOP IT, YOU FOOLS DO YOU NOT REALIZE YOU ARE KILLING ME?

ON THE CONTRARY, AT THIS DECIBEL LEVEL, IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN FIFTY-TWO MINUTES TO END YOUR LIFE

A VULCAN NERVE PINCH WILL RENDER YOU UN-CONSCIOUS IN SEVEN-POINT FOUR SECONDS.

UNNG HHHH..

SPOCK TO ENGINEERING THE NORMEDIAN HAS BEEN SUBDUED I URGE YOU TO CEASE THE SONIC BOMBARDMENT AT ONCE.

THE HIGH FREQUENCY IS PROVING RATHER ANNOYING TO MY VULCAN INNER EAR

AYE, MR SPOCK WE'LL BE SHUTTIN' OFF NOW. BUT T'S GOOD TO KNOW EVEN YOU CAN HAVE YE DANDER RAISED!

?

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SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN THE BRIG ..

YOU ASKED US HERE RAYTAG WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I BEGSECH YOU, CAPTAIN YOU, AMBASSADOR PLEASE DO NOT TAKE ME BACK TO THALLUS!

IF WE ENTER THEIR SPACE, I WILL NOT BE THEIR ONLY CAPTIVE

JUST THEN...

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN. THERE IS AN EMERGENCY, SIR.

ON MY WAY

AMBASSADOR, WHY DON'T YOU HEAR WHAT THE PRISONER HAS TO SAY

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN. WHATEVER YOU WISH ME TO DO

SHORTLY...

TAKE THAT AGAIN, LIEUTENANT--?

THERE HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A DOZEN REPORTS, CAPTAIN .. FROM ALL DECKS

REPORTS OF WEREWOLVES, MONSTERS...

AND GHOSTS. T'S TRUE, CAPTAIN CHEKOV AND I SAW ONE!

EVEN MY RUSSIAN-MADE PHASER WAS USELESS.

I BELIEVE YOU, GENTLEMEN!

OR, RATHER I BELIEVE YOU SAW *SOMETHING!* EXACTLY WHAT THAT MIGHT BE...

CAPTAIN APPROACHING THE THALLIAN CO-ORDINATES, AS WE SUSPECTED THERE IS NO PLANET HERE!

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CYRON-- MY GOD! IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

ROAR!

THE FRIGHTENED ENSIGN REACHES FOR THE HEAVY SAURIAN BRANDY BOTTLE AT HIS SIDE...

...AND QUICKLY HEFTS IT AT THE ATTACKING APPARITION!

IT DISAP-PEARED? BUT--?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ENTERPRISE RECREATION ROOM...

SULU, YOU VORK TOO HARD AT WELAXING.

THIS ISN'T WORK, CHEKOV. THIS IS *PLEASURE!*

OBVIOUSLY, WE DO NOT FIND OUR PLEASURE IN THE SAME WAY, EH?

BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...

SKREEEEEE

CHEKOV--?

I--I DO NOT KNOW WE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN LENINGRAD!

MY SABER CUTS RIGHT THROUGH IT!

NOT EVEN MY *PHASER* STOPS IT...!

AND THEN...

IT'S GONE? EITHER WE ARE *BOTH* SEEING THINGS, OR--

--OR I DON'T WANT TO CONSIDER THE POSSI-BILITIES...

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FASCINATING CAPTAIN. DRACULA WAS AN EARTH LEGEND WHO SUPPOSEDLY SURVIVED 500 YEARS UNTIL SLAIN BY A MAN NAMED QUINCY HARKER

THERE WERE REPORTS OF HIS RETURN, BUT THEY PROVED TO BE UNFOUNDED!

I'M AWARE OF THE DRACULA LEGENDS MR SPOCK WHAT I MEANT WAS, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

CAPTAIN! DRACULA -- OR WHATEVER HE IS -- IS ON C-DECK

JIM, THE TRICORDER READINGS SHOW THAT MONSTER, UNLIKE THE OTHERS, WAS A SOLID, LIVING BEING.

IT MATERIALIZED OUT OF THIN AIR.. AND IT WAS NOT ILLUSION!

I DON'T BUY THAT, SPOCK NOT ANY MORE THAN I --

YAGGHH!!

SCREAM! LET'S GO!

CA-CAPTAIN .. I HEARD SCUFFLING I ENTERED THE CORRIDOR, PHASER DRAWN... A-A MONSTER WAS STANDING OVER HIM...

I FIRED AT IT.. MY PHASER SET TO KILL... IT SPUN, LEFT AT ME... AND CRUMBLED INTO DUST!

I-IT WAS HORRIBLE!

IT'S THE AMBASSADOR

HE'S BEEN MURDERED

LOOK AT HIS NECK IT'S BEEN PUNCTURED!

SPOCK JUST WHAT IS GO-ING ON HERE?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

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FOR A LONG MOMENT, KIRK IS DEEP IN THOUGHT. BUT THEN...

SO I HAVE BEEN RESURRECTED ABOARD A STARSHIP, HAVE I? VERY GOOD!

I SEE THAT ALL THE SUSTENANCE I SHALL NEED HAS BEEN PROVIDED ME!

STAND BACK IT APPEARS WE HAVE A VISITOR UHURA. CONTACT SECURITY.

NOT A VISITOR HUMAN-- YOUR MASTER!

FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU ARE MINE!

SECURITY, DETAIN OUR FRIEND HERE

BUT..

I SAID YOU WERE FOOLS. NOW YOU HAVE PROVEN IT!

DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE A FEW ARMED HUMANS HAVE THE POWER TO SUBDUE DRACULA HIMSELF?

SPADOK!

PHASER DOESN'T SEEM TO STOP IT!

NOTHING CAN STOP ME, MORTAL NOT SO LONG AS I CAN ALTER MY SHAPE...

...SHIFT FROM HUMAN GUISE INTO THE FORM OF THE DEADLY BAT...

AND FROM THE BAT I CAN BECOME THE UNCONTAINABLE MIST!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ELEVATORS!

SEAL ALL ENTRANCES... DON'T PERMIT THE ELEVATOR TO BUDGE EVEN A METER

SPOCK, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

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CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7411.7 THE FEDERATION HAS BEEN INFORMED OF AMBASSADOR RAMOS'S BIZARRE MURDER, AND WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO PROCEED WITH CAUTION

SINCE HIS MURDER HOWEVER, THERE HAVE BEEN NO NEW REPORTS OF ANY MANIFESTATIONS

CAPTAIN, AN IMAGE APPEARING ON OUR FORWARD SCREENS...DISTANCE, ONE HUNDRED KILOMETERS.

PUT IT ON THE VIEWER, MR. SPOCK. FULL MAGNIFICATION. WHAT IS IT?

I AM NOT CERTAIN.

HOWEVER, IT *APPEARS* TO BE AN OLD EARTH VICTORIAN MANSION, CIRCA 800

THE IMAGE IS UNDENIABLE. ANCIENT MANSION, GNARLED TREES, CROOKED STONE PATH...

I GET YOUR POINT, MR SPOCK WHAT WE'RE DEALING IS *A HAUNTED HOUSE*

JIM THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE, HAUNTED HOUSES, VAMPIRES MONSTERS! WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT APPEARS SOMEONE IS PLAYING HALLOWEEN GAMES WITH U.S. BONES

SINCE THIS DEALS WITH THALLUS, I SUGGEST WE QUESTION THE ONLY ONE ON BOARD WHO HAS EVER BEEN THERE...

SHORTLY IN THE SHIP'S BRIG...

IT IS STARTED, CAPTAIN JUST AS I WARNED...

AND NOW IT IS *TOO LATE*.. AND I WARNED YOU OF THAT, TOO!

I MAY BE YOUR PRISONER CAPTAIN.. BUT YOU ARE NOW THE PRISONER OF THALLUS!

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MOMENTS LATER

THAT SCREAM CAME FROM THIS ROOM!

KRAK!

GOOD HEAVENS JIM-- I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING!

WHATEVER IT IS DOESN'T MATTER-- IT'S DROPPED THE GIRL AND IT'S COMING AFTER US

IT APPEARS TO BE A MONSTER BASED ON YOUR *FRANKENSTEIN* LEGENDS!

WATCH IT, JIM. THE TRICORDER SAYS THAT MONSTER IS *REAL*... THOUGH THE READINGS ARE *UNUSUAL*!

IT'S NO USE, JIM. PHASERS ON *STUN* HAVE NO EFFECT ON IT!

I WANT THIS THING *ALIVE*-- SO WE CAN STUDY IT...

GRRRRR

...BUT WE MAY HAVE TO *KILL* IT JUST TO STOP IT.

I THINK I CAN GET IT OFF *BALANCE*!

YOU DID IT CAPTAIN -- IT'S FALLEN THROUGH THE *WINDOW*!

CONTINUED AFTER 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

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SHORTLY, IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM...

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT, CAPTAIN... THERE IS A *BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE* INSIDE THAT HOUSE.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER UHURA. KEEP A MONITOR BEAM ON US AT ALL TIMES WHILE WE'RE INSIDE

CHIEF RAND PREPARE TO--

--ENERGIZE!

AND, A MOMENT LATER...

FASCINATING. SPIDER WEBS, MUSTY INTERIOR, EVEN THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS.

IT APPEARS THE THALLIANS HAVE SPENT QUITE SOME TIME PREPARING FOR THIS.

THEN THEY'VE POSSIBLY PREPARED OTHER SURPRISES FOR US AS WELL.

MY GOD! THAT SCREAM! IT'S ENOUGH TO CHILL THE BONE!

KEEP YOUR PHASERS SET ON STUN. BUT DON'T FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE COMMAND.

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ARE YOU CERTAIN MR. SPOCK?

TOTALLY, CAPTAIN!

THEY ARE REAL... AND THEY'VE KEPT ME *PRISONER* HERE FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER

THEY DO NOT APPEAR TO BE COMING CLOSER, CAPTAIN PERHAPS THEY ARE STUDYNG US EVEN AS WE STUDY THEM

WELL, I SAY THE *BLAZES* WITH IT ALL. LET'S GET *OUT* OF HERE, JIM.

I AM AFRAID THAT WILL BE *IMPOSSIBLE!*

WHAT?

KLINGONS!?!

CORRECT, MY FEDERATION FRIEND...

YOU SEE, YOU ARE *ALL* TRAPPED HERE--

--AND, MOST ASSUREDLY, THERE IS *NO ESCAPE!*

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IT'S THE GIRL!

PLEASE ... YOU MUST HELP ME! THEY'RE AFTER ME!

I'M FULLY AWARE OF THE DANGER

SENSOR SCANS ARE PICKING UP ALL THE IMAGES. THEY'RE

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STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Thanks very much for your new STAR TREK comic adaptation. I'm sure the comic will be one of the best since STAR WARS. One thing puzzles me though. The Marvel STAR TREK Super Special shows a scene where Spock saves Kirk from a crystal menace, but that didn't happen in the movie.

I have heard that #4 will be the first issue with original stories. I just hope you can continue the excellence we've come to expect from STAR TREK and Mr. Roddenberry.

Gregg Singer
5760 Calle Miramar
La Jolla, CA 92037

Marv, Dave and Klaus adapted the comic from the STAR TREK shooting script, Gregg, and it differed somewhat from the final version of STAR TREK, THE MOTION PICTURE. With this in mind, you can go back through the comic and get an idea about other things that were cut or added in the final film version. It makes for some interesting comparisons.

STAR TREK #1 came out today and I bought it without hesitation. I'd just finished reading the STAR TREK novel and found that the comic followed the plot pretty well. I'm glad, since too many variations would have been confusing.

STAR TREK has always been a favorite of mine and hope the comic will continue to give me this same enjoyment.

Joe Watson
8 Orchard Lane
Inman, S.C. 29349

We hope so too, Joe.

Before my life was filled with comics, it was filled with STAR TREK. Rather than spend my afternoons curled up with a stack of Marvels, I used to watch THE SHOW. Then came the origina. comic book version of STAR TREK, and it was disappointing.

Time warp, a few years later. Rumors of THE MOVIE — and at last a rumor that Marvel is doing a STAR TREK comic! Joy! Excitement! The adaptation hits the stands and I run through the mall with a dopey grin, telling perfect strangers, "IT'S HERE!" A rare, sweaty palmed thrill as I read the comic, read the novel, see THE MOVIE. Once more and forever: STAR TREK LIVES!

There really is very little I can say about the adaptation, since the script was taken right from the movie script. My main complaint was that it seemed too short. The scenes seem too crowded and the ending got rushed and ruined in the crush.

The artwork was excellent. Dave's pencils were the best that he's done since I don't remember and Klaus did his usual excellent job on the inks, though his deep shadows and moody lines may not be right for this book in the long run.

Jon Green
415 Shelter Rd.
Ronkonkoma, NY 11779

I just read STAR TREK #1 and was a little disappointed, mainly because this issue was taken straight from the magazine adaptation of the movie, which I have read. The artwork was good, if not very flattering to the cast of the movie.

When you begin the original stories, I'd like to see comics based on the original T.V. episodes... that follow up on what happened after each of those Enterprise adventures. And I'd like to see some of the STAR TREK novels adapted to comics format, as well as some of the short stories contained in NEW VOYAGES #1 & 2. Be sure to use some of the old T.V. Klingons as well as the new ones. I prefer to think of the bald Kingons as belonging to one of several Klingon races.

Sim Parks
P.O. Box 618
Swansea, S.C. 29160

More adaptations of novels and short stories aren't in the cards right now, Sim, mainly because Marvel only has the rights to adapt the movie and do new material *based* on the movie. As yet, we have no rights involving the TV shows or other STAR TREK material. Nevertheless, we hope to do stories that you enjoy... even if they are brand new. Let us know if we're on the right track, okay?

I haven't bought a comic in years but STAR TREK changed that habit... and you folks appear to have bitten off a bit more than you can chew. Wolfman's adaptation was fine, but about the art...the word for it is "atrocious!" It looked like a quickly produced comic that could've been done better given more time.

Mike Lynch
3241 Chadbourne Rd.
Shaker Heights, OH 44120

I am delighted beyond words that Marvel is handling the STAR TREK comic. Marvel and STAR TREK are my two favorite things, which leads me to an important point. It is imperative that you link STAR TREK to the Marvel universe in two ways.

Even though it happens 700 years after STAR TREK, joining these universes would explain why the Guardians of the Galaxy's original ship was so much like the Enterprise. Also, STAR TREK is very philosophical. The Siver Surfer was the first philosophical comic. What a teamup that would make! (And, if The Surfer is dead already, well — the Enterprise has gone back in time before!) Consider it!

Daniel Wolpe
1609 Hagys Ford Rd.
Narberth, PA 19072

So far, Daniel, no plans have been made to join the STAR TREK and Marvel universes. But your suggestions are, indeed, worth considering.

STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE...?
OR MAYBE...

In your many letters, we have received myriad suggestions for the title of the STAR TREK letters column and so far, we have not settled on any one of them, though our temporary title will be STAR TREK: The Letters Page.

Suggestions so far are:

WHERE NO MAIL HAS GONE BEFORE or LETTERS PAGE, THE FINAL FRONTIER by Jon Greene; TREK TALK, STAR TALK, SUBSPACE CHATTER and TREK COMMENTS by Mike Lynch; TREKERS TALK, by Steven Kraus; BEAM UPDATES, TREKIES RESPOND, by Randy Hadaway; CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR TREK — THE LETTERS PAGE, PHASER FACTS and TRICORDER READINGS, by Michael J. Vassallo; HAILING FREQUENCIES OPEN, by Rick Jones; STARMAIL and ENTERPRISE MAIL(ROOM) by George P. Hermitage; CAPTAIN'S LOG by Tony Sprague; SUB-SPACE COMMUNICATIONS, by Jeno Gyori; TREK-WORDS by Dean St. Antoine. Let us know which is your favorite... or make other suggestion.

A tremendous pile of mail arrived commenting on Marvel's STAR TREK SUPER-SPECIAL and we are still sorting through it. We will publish as many of your comments as possible, though this may mean printing excerpted or edited letters. Bear with us. Thanks a lot for writing. Live long and prosper!

Louise Jones,
Editor

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7417.4: COMMANDER SCOTT RECORDIN': FROM THE MOMENT OUR LANDIN' PARTY ENTERED TH' HOUSE WE HAVEN'T HEARD NARY A SOUND FROM 'EM!

I'VE NOTIFIED STARFLEET, AND AM AWAITIN' FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!

SIR, WE'RE PICKING UP SIGNALS ON OUR REAR SENSORS!

THEN PUT 'EM ON THE SCREEN, LADDIE! LET US ALL HAVE A LOOK!

FAITH! KLINGONS!

COMMANDER SCOTT, WE'RE RECEIVING COMMUNICATION. OPENING CHANNELS.

ENTERPRISE, YOU HAVE VIOLATED KLINGON SPACE! YOUR LANDING PARTY HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

SURRENDER YOUR SHIP IMMEDIATELY, OR PREPARE TO PERISH!

MEANWHILE, IN THE BRIG, A SOLITARY PRISONER PACES HIS CELL FRANTICALLY, THEN THROWS HIMSELF INTO A DEJECTED HEAP IN A CORNER...

THEN, SUDDENLY

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

WHO IS THE MAD ONE LAUGHING?

FIND OUT IN THE HAUNTING OF THE ENTERPRISE

NEXT ISSUE! BE THERE!

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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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STAR TREK®

SHOOT THE GIRL--OR *THE ENTERPRISE DIES!*

BONES, *NO--!*

DR. McCOY--KILLER?

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

MIKE W. BARR *Writer* · DAVE COCKRUM & KLAUS JANSON *Artists* · JOHN COSTANZA *Letterer* · CARL GAFFORD *Colorist* · PENNY O'NEIL & LOUISE JONES *Graphics* · JIM SHOOTER *Group Editor*

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 2417.6: THE PLANET THALLUS, LYING JUST OUTSIDE KLINGON SPACE HAD SENT WORD THAT AN ENVOY FROM THE FEDERATION OUR PRESENCE THERE HAD BEEN AN ESCAPED CONVICT NAMED KHYTAG M'GORA TO THALLUS AND TO ESCORT THE FEDERATION AMBASSADOR. A KLINGON WARSHIP WAS THERE AS WELL.

TO OUR HORROR, THE AMBASSADOR WAS KILLED BY A BEING WHO APPEARED TO BE DRACULA, THE LORD OF ALL EARTH LEGENDS. WHILE OTHER STRANGE AND TERRIFYING MONSTERS FROM EARTH'S PAST HAUNTED THE ENTERPRISE

GASSSH!

AGGGGH!

CCRRRRACKK!

AND NOW WE FACE THE SUPPOSEDLY DEADLY FOE MORE FAMILIAR, KLINGONS!

THE HAUNTING OF THE ENTERPRISE!

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 5 August, 1980 Issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galton President Stan Lee Publisher OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 575 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Copyright © 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation, the trademark owner. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 16, 20, 21, 24, 25, 28, 29, 31, 32, covers 2, 3 & 4 only copyright © 1980 by Marvel Comics Group. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $6.00 for 12 issues Canada $8.00 Foreign $7.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover and markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition.

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THE ENSIGN'S DEAD, JIM. ARE *YOU* ALL RIGHT, MISS?

YOU WERE RUNNING FROM A MONSTER WHEN WE GOT HERE-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS HOUSE ANYWAY?

I--I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T REMEMBER!

AMNESIA, PROBABLY. TRICORDER SHOWS YOU'RE PHYSICALLY SOUND BUT--STRANGE

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE! THERE'S A FREE FOR-ALL GOING ON DOWN HERE, SCOTTY. BEAM US UP!

CAP'N, THE KLINGONS'VE GOT SOME KINDA ***ENERGY FIELD*** 'ROUND THE HOUSE, JAMMIN' OUR TRANSPORTERS.

THEY'LL LIFT THE FIELD WHEN THEY WANT TO TRANSPORT THEIR OWN PEOPLE--WHEN THEY DO, ***GRAB US*** QUICK! KIRK OUT!

SET THE ***VULCAN***-- HE'S THE ONE WE WANT! ***THIS*** SHOULD CRACK EVEN ***HIS*** THICK SKULL.

CRASH

WE HAVE ***SPOCK!*** LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! ***SMASH*** HIS COMMUNICATOR, SO THEY CAN'T ***TRACE*** HIM!

THE ENTERPRISE WILL SOON FACE TERROR SO AWESOME THAT THE PERILS OF THIS HOUSE WILL SEEM ***TRIFLING!***

RETURN TO YOUR SHIP, KIRK! ***DEATH*** WILL FIND YOU THERE!

JIM! THEY'RE BEAMING UP TO THEIR SHIP! TAKING ***SPOCK!*** WE CAN'T JUST ***LET*** THEM GO!

WE'VE GOT NO ***CHOICE,*** BONES! BUT I PROMISE YOU--WE'LL RETURN TO THE FEDERATION WITH SPOCK... ***AND*** A LOT OF KLINGON HIDES!

SCOTT HERE, CAP'N-- TRANSPORTERS ARE OPERATIVE, AND I'M BEAMIN' YOU UP!

AND THE HIGH-PITCHED HUM OF THE TRANSPORTERS FILLS THE FOGGY AIR AS THEY ***DISAPPEAR...***

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MERE HOURS EARLIER, AS WE APPROACHED THALLUS, WE HAD BEEN DIVERTED FROM COURSE TO DELIVER RAYTAS TO A WAITING PRISON SATELLITE OR SO WE THOUGHT.

IN FACT, WE HAD FALLEN INTO A KLINGON TRAP AND OUR DESTINATION WAS AN OLD-FASHIONED HAUNTED HOUSE-- FLOATING IN SPACE...

*LAST ISSUE--

AND, INSIDE...

THAT SHOT WAS ONLY A WARNING, KIRK! YOU WILL SURRENDER YOUR SHIP IMMEDIATELY--OR YOU WILL ALL DIE HORRIBLY!

WE ARE IN A NEUTRAL ZONE, KLINGON!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS...!

PHASERS ON STUN!

STUN? HAVEN'T YOU REALIZED, CAPTAIN...

...THAT WE HAVE NO SCRUPLES ABOUT KILLING YOU!

OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT THE ENTERPRISE INVADED OUR SPACE-- THUS, ANY ACTION WE TAKE AGAINST YOU IS JUSTIFIED!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7417.6: SO FAR THE KLINGON VESSEL HAS TAKEN NO ACTION

WE HAVE NOT LOCATED MR SPOCK WITHIN THEIR SHIP...

NOR HAVE WE LEARNED ANYTHING NEW FROM THE MYSTERIOUS YOUNG WOMAN..

...OR FROM OUR PRISONER... YOUR EARLIER WARNING WAS SO MIXED WITH CRYPTIC MUMBO-JUMBO THAT WE *IGNORED* IT, RAYTAG!

NOW ALL OUR LIVES MAY *DEPEND* ON WHAT YOU KNOW! I WANT *STRAIGHT* ANSWERS--NOW!

A LITTLE *TRUTH SERUM* MIGHT LOOSEN HIS TONGUE, JIM!

YOUR DRUGS WOULD HAVE LITTLE EFFECT ON ME, DOCTOR..

...AND I WILL TELL YOU ONLY *THIS*...*THAT* YOUNG LADY POSSESSES THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK-- THOUGH EVEN *SHE* DOES NOT KNOW IT!

M-ME? YOU KNOW WHO I *AM*? PLEASE, TELL.

WHAT'N BLAZES--? ARE WE UNDER ATTACK?

I THINK THE KLINGONS HAVE MADE THEIR *MOVE*, BONES!

I'LL BE IN SICK BAY, JIM-- DON'T SHAKE UP THE SHIP!

BATTLE STATIONS, EVERYONE! YOUNG LADY, YOU COME WITH ME!

NO! RAYTAG *KNOWS* ME! LET ME *STAY* WITH HIM!

LATER--IF WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!

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LATER, ABOARD THE KLINGON VESSEL ..

YOUR CAPTAIN'S STUN-BLAST HAS ALREADY WORN OFF, SPOCK! IT IS WEAK--AS ARE YOU! FEDERATION JACKEYS

REALLY CAPTAIN? I WOULD HARDLY CALL THE TAKING OF A SINGLE PRISONER A CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION-- AND THE ENTERPRISE IS HARDLY HELPLESS

YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOUR VALUE, VULCAN... AND YOU CANNOT IMAGINE JUST HOW HELPLESS THE ENTERPRISE REALLY IS!

YOU SEE, MY ORDERS WERE TO "ACQUIRE" THE ENTERPRISE SO THAT THE KLINGON HIGH COUNCIL CAN EXAMINE ITS NEW WARP ENGINES

IT'S CREW WAS CONSIDERED EXPENDABLE ONLY YOU WERE VALUED--FOR YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE SHIP!

NOW HOWEVER WE HAVE FOUND A USE FOR THE CREW--

-- AND WHEN THEY HAVE FULFILLED THE R PURPOSE, THE ENTERPRISE WILL BE OURS.

FASCINATING

HE WAITS, IN THE BOWELS OF THE KLINGON SHIP. RESTING NOW FROM HIS TASK HE HAS DONE AS THEY COMMANDED. AND, FOR A WHILE THEY STOPPED THE PAIN .. ALLOWED HIM TO REST IN A DRUGGED, DREAMLESS STUPOR ..

. BUT NOW IT BEGINS AGAIN! ALREADY HE FEELS THE AGONY, BURROWING LIKE WORMS THROUGH HIS MIND AND HE KNOWS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE IT END. .

. IS TO BRING THE NIGHTMARES BACK!

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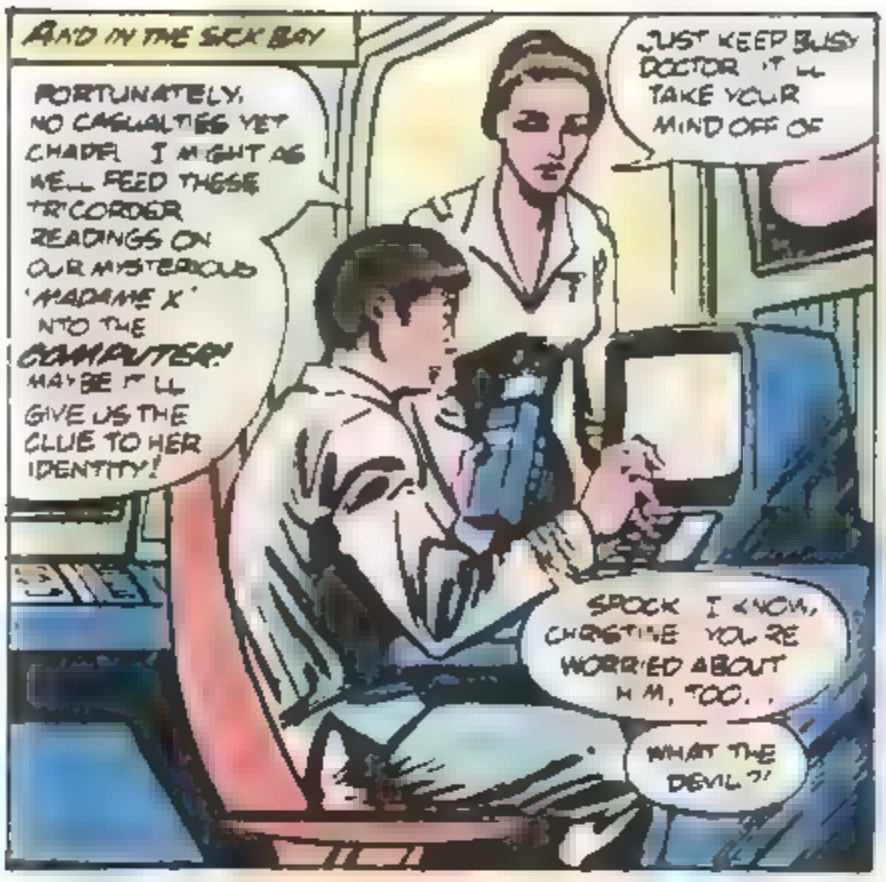
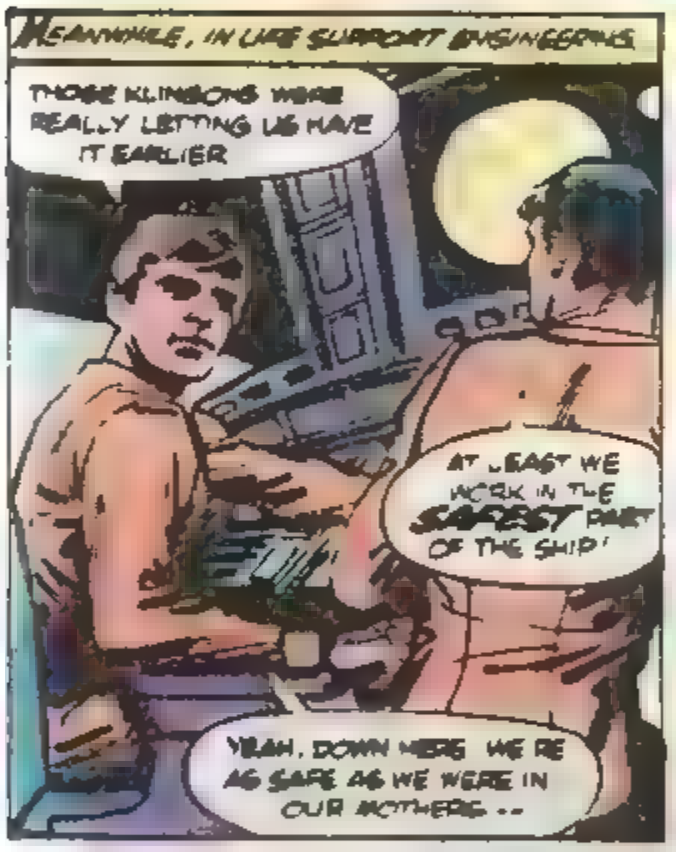
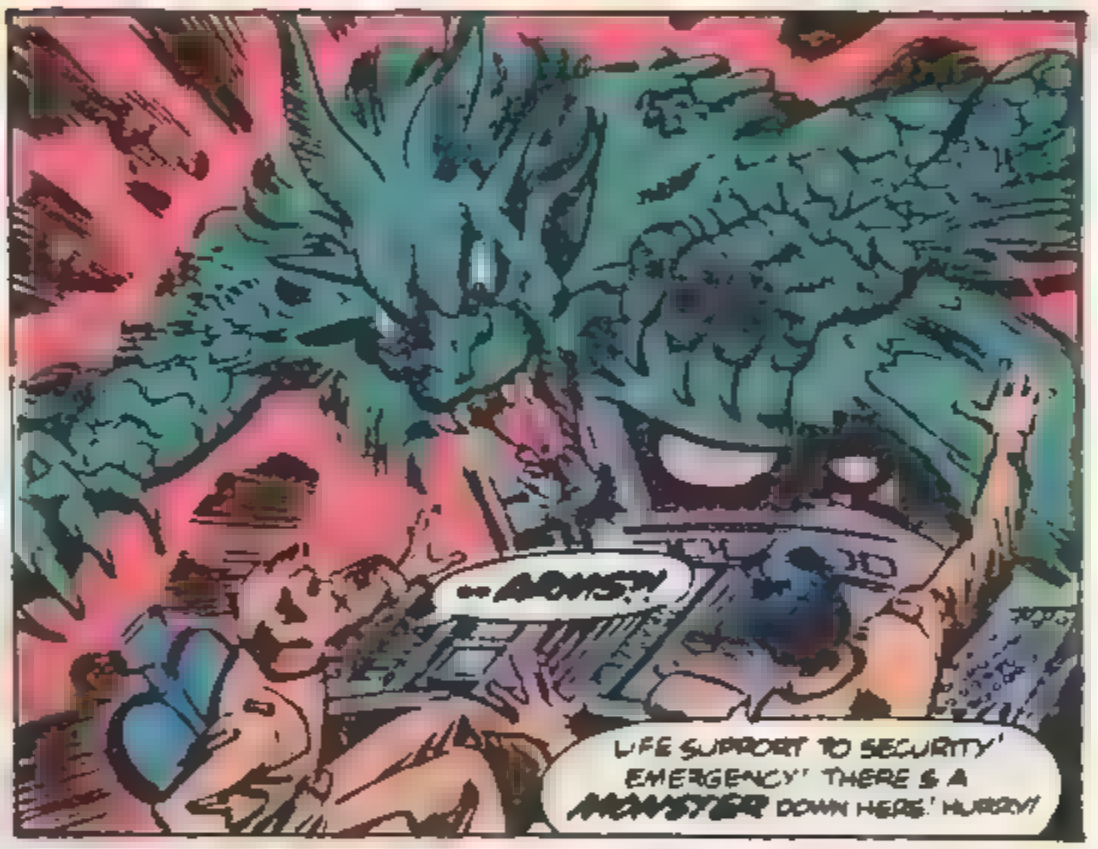
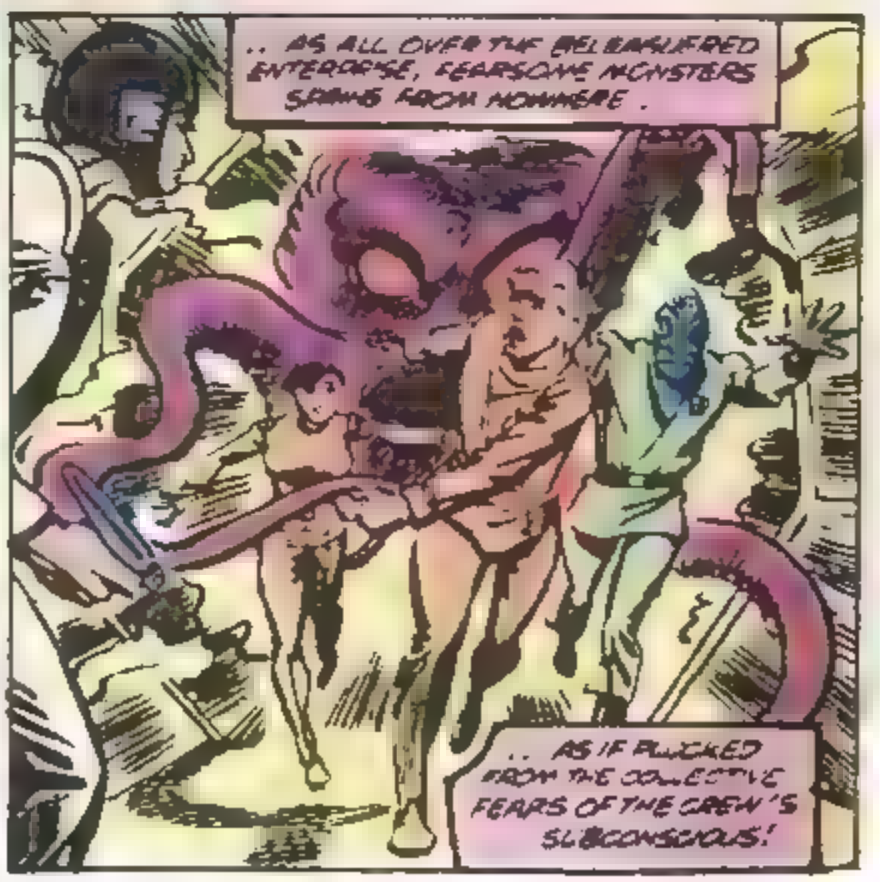

AND IN THE SICK BAY
FORTUNATELY, NO CASUALTIES YET CHAPEL. I MIGHT AS WELL FEED THESE TRICORDER READINGS ON OUR MYSTERIOUS 'MADAME X' INTO THE COMPUTER! MAYBE IT'LL GIVE US THE CLUE TO HER IDENTITY!
JUST KEEP BUSY DOCTOR. IT'LL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF OF
SPOCK I KNOW, CHRISTINE. YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT HIM, TOO...
WHAT THE DEVIL?!


MEANWHILE, IN LIFE SUPPORT ENGINEERING
THOSE KLINGONS WERE REALLY LETTING US HAVE IT EARLIER
AT LEAST WE WORK IN THE SAFEST PART OF THE SHIP!
YEAH. DOWN HERE WE'RE AS SAFE AS WE WERE IN OUR MOTHERS --




.. AS ALL OVER THE BELEAGUERED ENTERPRISE, FEARSOME MONSTERS SPRING FROM NOWHERE.
.. AS IF PLUCKED FROM THE COLLECTIVE FEARS OF THE CREW'S SUBCONSCIOUS!

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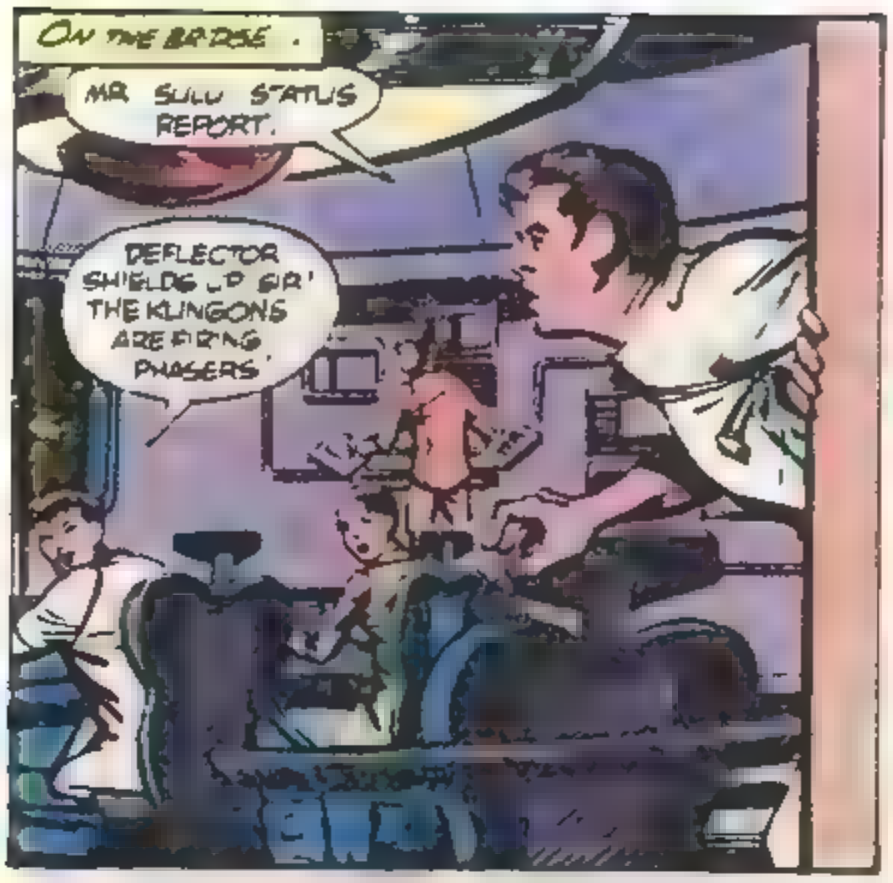
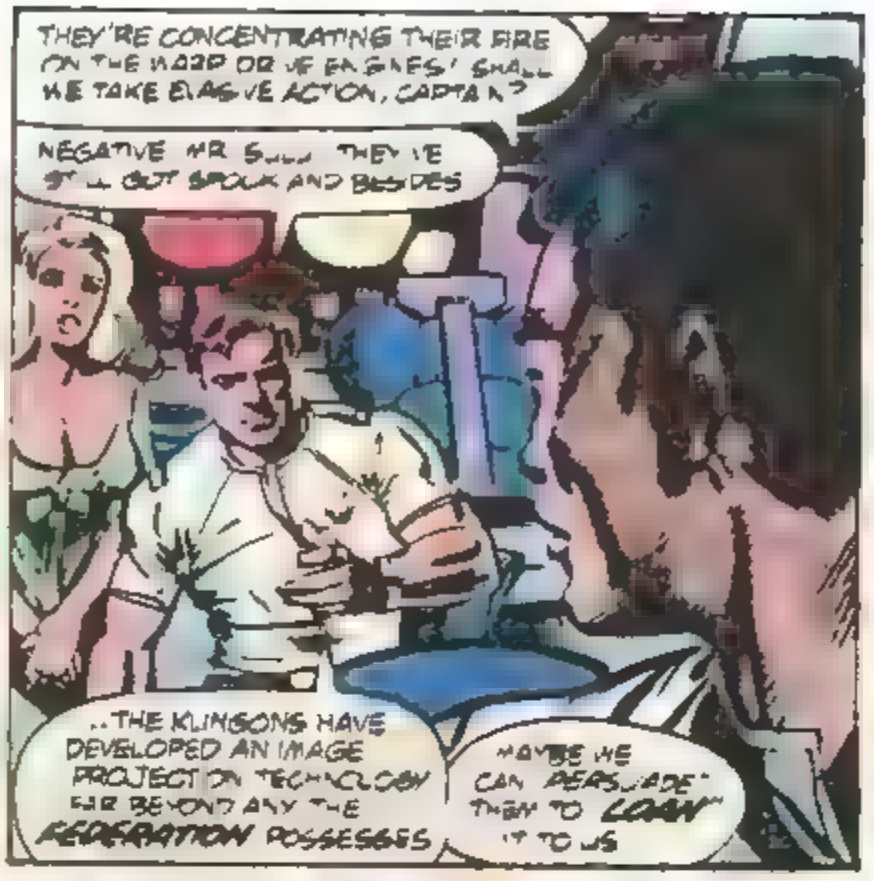
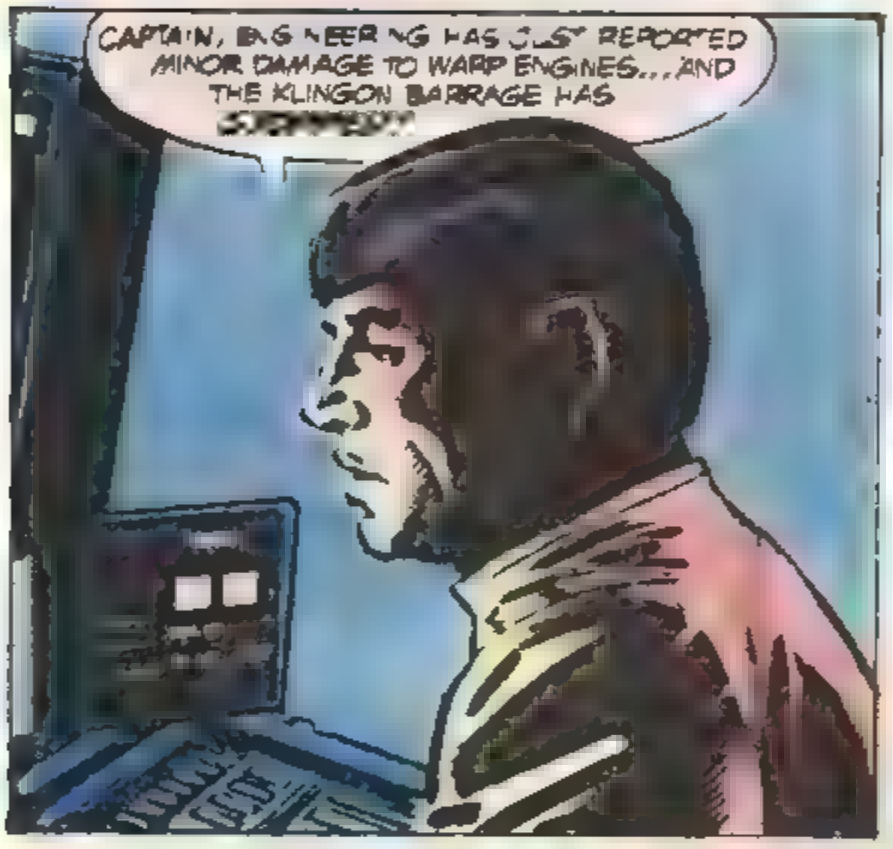
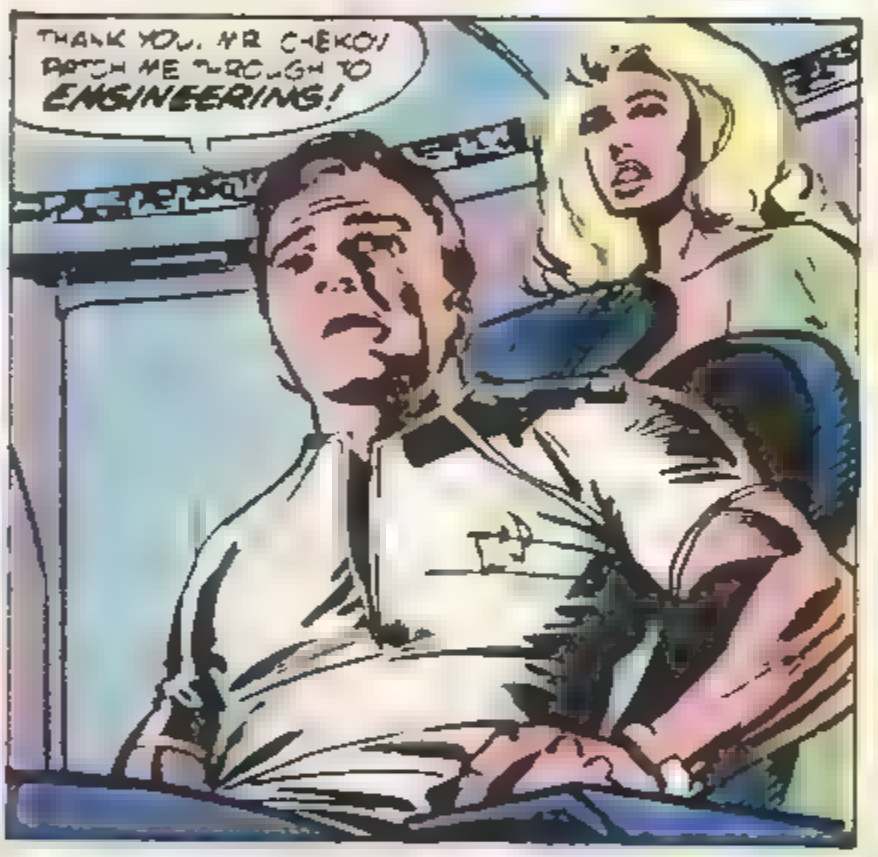



THEY'RE CONCENTRATING THEIR FIRE ON THE WARP DRIVE ENGINES! SHALL WE TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, CAPTAIN?
NEGATIVE MR SULU THEY'RE AFTER OUT SPOCK AND BESIDES
..THE KLINGONS HAVE DEVELOPED AN IMAGE PROJECTION TECHNOLOGY FAR BEYOND ANY THE FEDERATION POSSESSES
MAYBE WE CAN PERSUADE THEM TO LOAN IT TO US





THEY DISABLE OUR WARP DRIVE... THEN CEASE FIRING? OBVIOUSLY THEY PLAN TO KEEP US HERE
I'D GIVE A FIFTH OF SAURIAN BRANDY TO KNOW WHY!

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MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE KLINGON VESSEL...

YOUR FEDERATION IS LOST, VULCAN! IT WILL CRUMBLE TO DUST BEFORE OUR ALL-POWERFUL NEW WEAPON!

WORDS ARE OF LITTLE VALUE, COMMANDER. RESULTS SPEAK FAR MORE LOUDLY!

YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME?

VERY WELL! YOU SHALL SEE OUR THOUGHT-ENHANCER FOR YOURSELF -- AND DECIDE WHETHER THE ENTERPRISE CAN SURVIVE.

WEEKS AGO, A DAMAGED STARSHIP DRIFTED INTO OUR SPACE. WE, OF COURSE, PROBED THE PRISONERS FOR INFORMATION, AND DISCARDED THEM ALL -- EXCEPT ONE!

HE WAS A HORRAR FILM ARCHIVIST AND HIS SPECIALIZED KNOWLEDGE PROVED USEFUL TO US. WE OFFERED HIM THE HONOR OF SERVING THE KLINGON EMPIRE

.. AS A LIVING WEAPON!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE [illegible]: AGAIN MONSTERS OF A SIMILAR DESCRIPTION HAVE INVADED THE ENTERPRISE. NEW CREW MEMBERS HAVE FALLEN TO THEM, BUT THEY APPEAR TO BE INCREASING NOT ONLY IN NUMBER, BUT IN SIZE AND FEROCITY.

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY OVERRUN THE SHIP.

O... I DON'T HOPE SO. I'LL ADMIT NOW THAT THE KLINGONS ARE MATERIALIZING THE MONSTERS HERE, BUT WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY FIGHTING THEM WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR DETECTIVE WORK.

CAPTAIN DECK'S REPORTS A NEW OUTBREAK OF THE MONSTERS.

ALERT SECURITY, UHURA, AND TELL THEM TO FIGHT BACK WITH EVERYTHING THEY CAN THROW!

AYE SIR.

BONES, HOWEVER, APPEARS TO HAVE ONE SUSPECT.

JIM, THE GIRL WE FOUND IN THE HOUSE! THE COMPUTER READOUTS ON HER ARE STRANGE... TO PUT IT MILDLY.

CAN'T IT WAIT, BONES? WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS HERE.

YOU BET WE HAVE. I'M TELLING YOU THAT GIRL ISN'T HUMAN!

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ONCE WE REACH HOMEWORLD I SUGGEST THAT YOU DISCLOSE THE ENTERPRISE'S NEW SPECIFICATIONS VOLUNTARILY.. KLINGON MIND-SETTING CAN BE MOST UNPLEASANT STILL I SUSPECT THAT YOU WILL ENDURE IT STOICALLY

OF COURSE, COMMANDER! IT IS THE WAY WE VULCANS ARE

THE MAIN THOUGHT ENHANCER MACHINERY IS IN THE ADJOINING CHAMBER I AM LEAVING YOU NOW TO MONITOR THE CONTROLS WHEN I RETURN, THE ENTERPRISE WILL BE OURS.

BE SEATED, PRISONER AND REMAIN SILENT

CERTAINLY, CREWMAN... BUT NOTE YOUR OTHER CAPTIVE! DOES HE NOT SEEM ILL TO YOU?

"... NO-- NOT AT ALL! BUT HOW COULD I "TELL" ALL EARTHMEN LOOK ALIKE TO ME

I AM WELL VERSED IN HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. PERHAPS IF I TOOK A CLOSER LOOK...?

AFTER ALL, WHAT HARM COULD IT DO? YOUR SUPERIOR IS IN THE NEXT ROOM IF I MAKE A SUSPICIOUS MOVE YOU HAVE BUT TO CALL OUT

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 2977.8 NONE OF OUR WEAPONS SEEM TO DEMORALIZE THE CREATURES

OUR PHASERS DISINTEGRATE THEM BUT THEY REGENERATE AS FAST AS WE CUT THEM DOWN

ALL OUR SECURITY FORCES ARE ASSEMBLED ELSEWHERE... SHOULD THE NUMBERS INSIDE THE BRIDGE, WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THEM OURSELVES

CAPTAIN! THAT SHIMMERING IN THE AIR--

I SEE IT UHURA! PHASERS ON KILL AND--

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AT FIRST WE NEEDED HIS *CONSCIOUS* COOPERATION. TO FUSE HIS MEMORY PATTERNS TO THE MACHINE, WE ALLOWED HIM TO CREATE HIS *HEART'S DESIRE*...

A CONSTRUCT OF HIS DEAD *WIFE!*

THEN *WE* TOOK CONTROL OF HIS MIND. WE KEEP HIM DRUGGED UNTIL WE NEED HIS MEMORIES OF THE ANCIENT MONSTERS.

THEN WE *"PERSUADE"* HIM TO PRODUCE THEM. THOUGH HE IS PSYCHICALLY *LINKED* TO THEM--ONCE CREATED, THEY ARE BEYOND HIS CONTROL.

THE THOUGHT-ENHANCER GIVES HIS MEMORIES SUBSTANCE--AND PRODUCES *MONSTERS* THAT ARE VERY REAL.. AND *VERY DEADLY.*

INTERESTING! I HYPOTHESIZE IT CREATES THEM FROM THE PLENTIFUL FREE HYDROGEN ATOMS PERVADING SPACE?

CORRECT. SO REALISTIC ARE THEY THAT EVEN TRICORDERS ARE CONFUSED. AT LEAST INITIALLY. A *SIMPLE* PROCESS.

..AND CREATING THE *HAUNTED HOUSE* WAS EVEN EASIER... WE SIMPLY RESTRUCTURED THE SURFACE OF A SPACE STATION.

RATHER A *TRIVIAL* USE OF SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY!

WE ARE MERELY TESTING THE *EFFECTIVENESS* OF OUR WEAPON..

IF IT SUCCEEDS, NOT ONE ENTERPRISE CREW MEMBER WILL REMAIN ALIVE. YOUR SHIP WILL BE OURS--WITHOUT LOSS OF A SINGLE KLINGON LIFE.

EVENTUALLY, WE WILL BE ABLE TO PROJECT THOSE HORRORS WHEREVER WE HAVE A *RECEPTOR.*

YOU HAVE A RECEPTOR ABOARD THE *ENTERPRISE?* THEN I WOULD ASSUME THAT IT IS OUR PRISONER, *AMYTAS.*

"CORRECT AGAIN. THROUGH A SKULL IMPLANT, HE PICKS UP AND PROJECTS THE EARTHMAN'S CREATIONS THROUGHOUT YOUR VESSEL!

"YOU SEE, HE HATES THE FEDERATION, FOR *YOU* WOULD HAVE IMPRISONED HIM WHILE *WE* OFFER HIM FREEDOM--IN THE *KLINGON EMPIRE!*"

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FIRE!

THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE! WE CAN'T STOP THEM ALL!

M'! THE BASE READINGS ON THAT GIRL ARE ALMOST IDENTICAL TO THE MONSTERS. DO YOU THINK SHE IS DOING THIS?

NO! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THEM! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME

I DON'T KNOW BONES. RAYNA CLAIMED TO KNOW HER... SAID SHE HAD THE ANSWERS... BUT CAN WE TRUST H M?

SPOCK WOULD HAVE HAD FIGURED IT OUT BY NOW. ALL I CAN DO IS PROTECT HER UNTIL WE HAVE MORE INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS, DOCTOR?

NOT FOR THE MOMENT, CAPTAIN.

WHILE ON THE KLINGON VESSEL...

ALL RIGHT VULCAN, EXAMINE THE EARTHLING

SPOCK REACHES OUT HIS HANDS TOWARD THE EARTHMAN, CONCENTRATES, AND .

ONE FALSE MOVE AND

LEGITIMATELY, CREWMAN I SIMPLY WISH TO ASCERTAIN THE CAUSE OF HIS AILMENT

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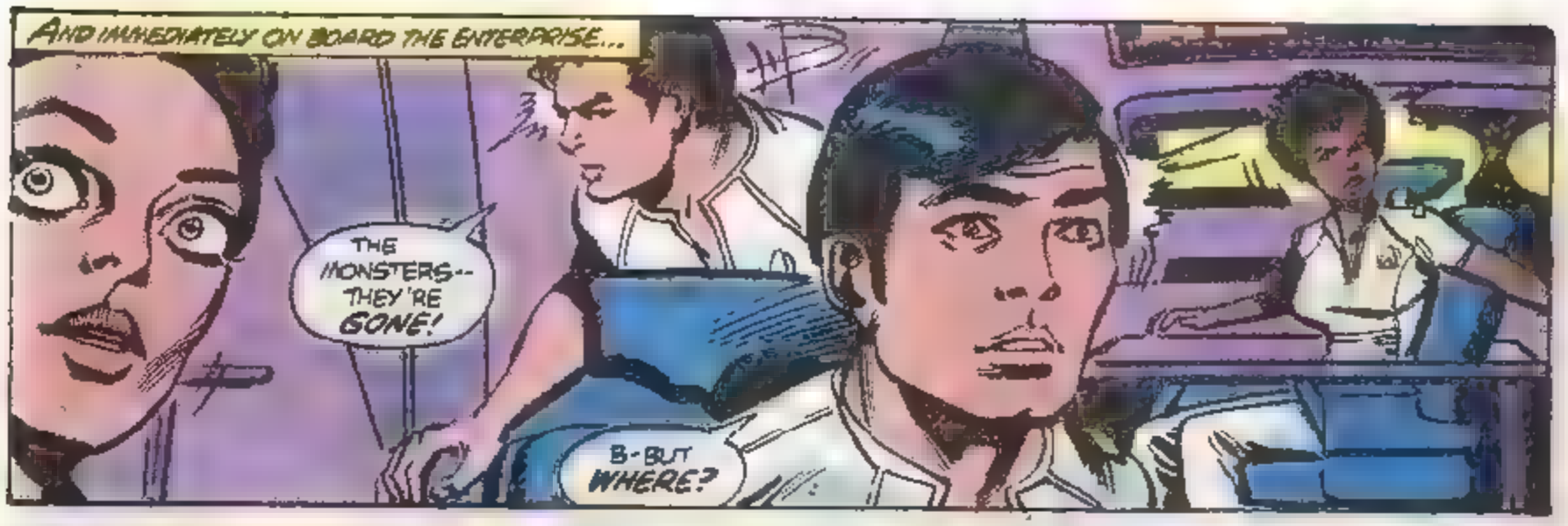

THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION CAN BE FOUND ABOARD THE KLINGON SHIP!
FOR HOURS NOW, THE EARTHMAN'S MIND HAS BEEN DRIVEN BY THE THOUGHT-ENHANCER TO CREATE EVER BIGGER, UGLIER, MORE FEROCIOUS MONSTERS...
...MUCH MORE HORRIFYING THAN THOSE WHICH STALKED THE SILVER SCREEN.
THE KLINGONS HAD COUNTED ON THIS... BUT THEY NEVER DREAMT THAT THEY THEMSELVES MIGHT FALL VICTIM TO THE MONSTERS' SAVAGERY!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR RECEPTOR? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KRYTAS?

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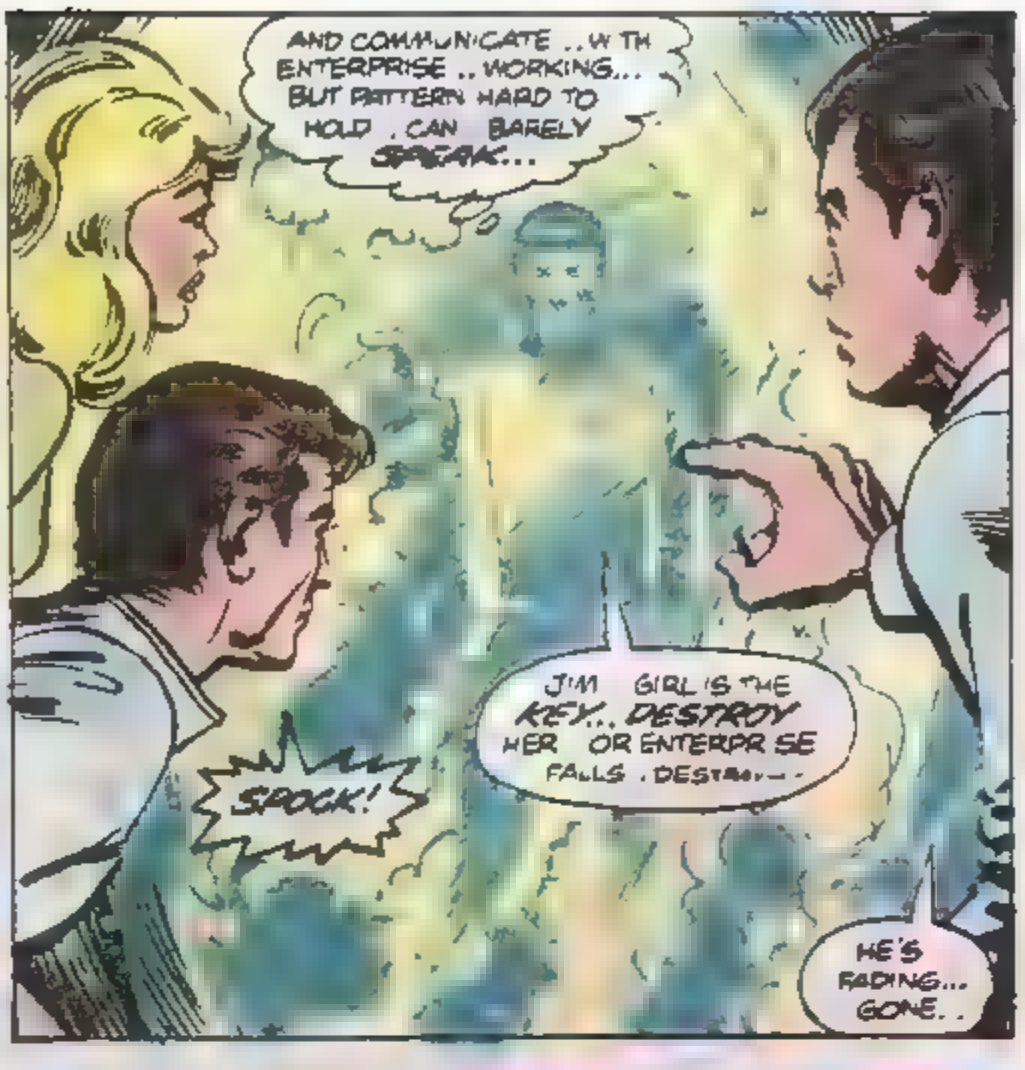
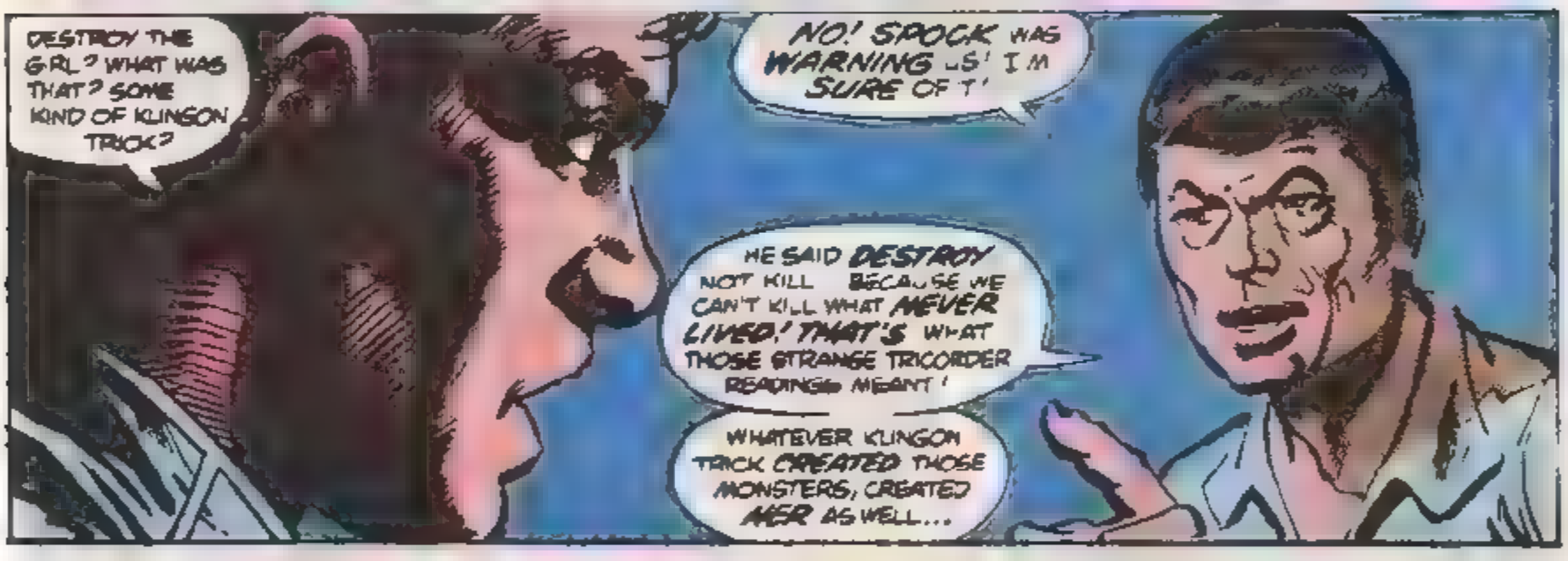
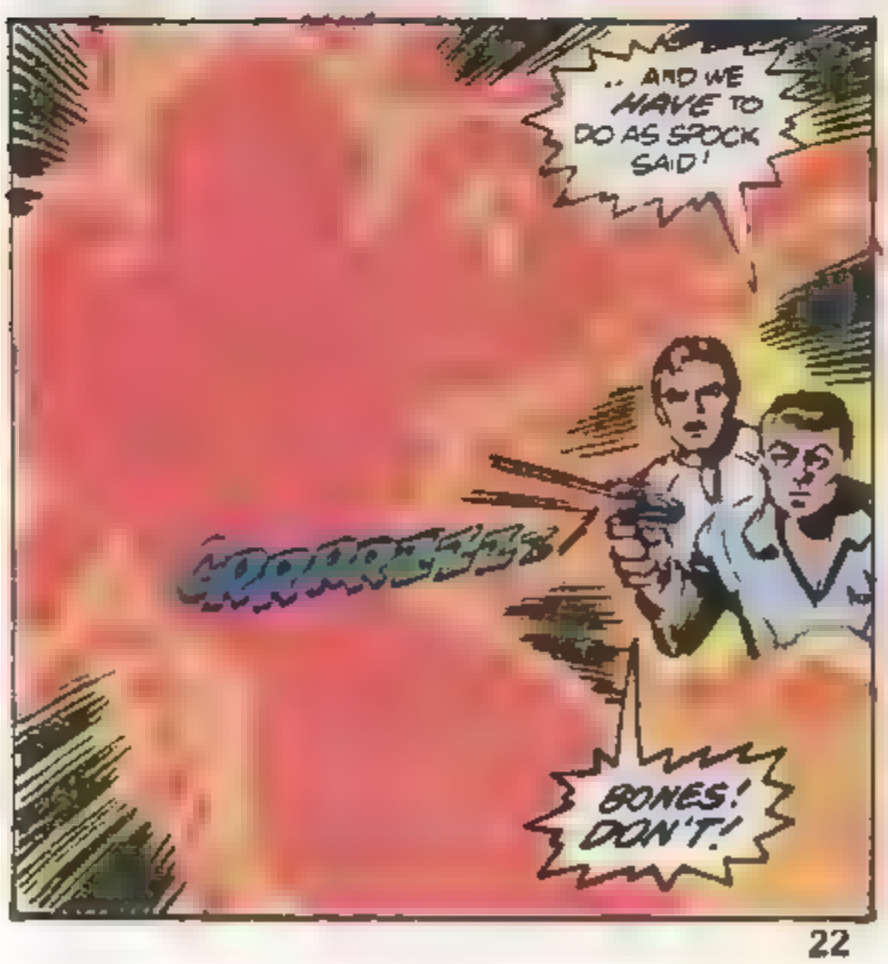
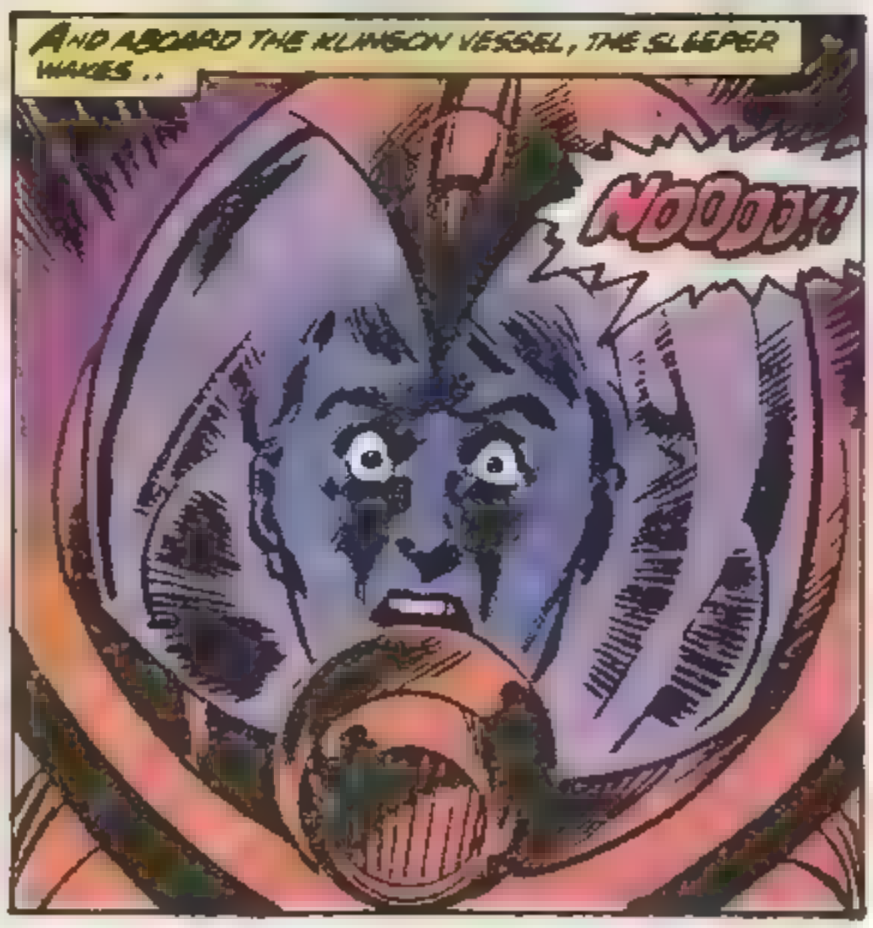
THIS DEVICE PROJECTS HIS ACTUALIZED THOUGHTS ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE! BY ACHIEVING MIND-MELD WITH HIM, I MAY BE ABLE TO ENTER HIS THOUGHTS...


AND COMMUNICATE ..W TH ENTERPRISE .. WORKING... BUT PATTERN HARD TO HOLD . CAN BARELY SPEAK...
SPOCK!
JIM GIRL IS THE KEY.. DESTROY HER OR ENTERPR SE FALLS . DESTR-
HE'S FADING... GONE..


DESTROY THE G RL? WHAT WAS THAT? SOME KIND OF KLINGON TRICK?
NO! SPOCK WAS WARNING US! I M SURE OF T'
HE SAID DESTROY NOT KILL BECAUSE WE CAN'T KILL WHAT NEVER LIVED! THAT'S WHAT THOSE STRANGE TRICORDER READINGS MEANT!
WHATEVER KLINGON TRICK CREATED THOSE MONSTERS, CREATED HER AS WELL...





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KA-WHOOM

I FEARED THAT MIGHT RESULT!

IF I RECALL THE SCHEMATICS OF KLINGON VESSELS. WE SHOULD BE APPROACHING..

.. THE TRANSPORTER ROOM! EXCELLENT!

WE-WE'RE SAFE, THEN?

UNLESS THE EXPLOSIONS CAUSE A TRANSPORTER MALFUNCTION.

WHILE ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE..

SOME DISTURBANCE ON THE KLINGON SHIP CAPTAIN-- THEIR SHIELDS ARE DOWN AND THEY SEEM TO BE IN TROUBLE!

READY A LANDING PARTY, MR. SULU, WE'RE GOING TO BOARD THAT VESSEL...

AND RESCUE MISTER--

SPOCK!

TAKE US HOME, MR SULU--EVEN IF WE HAVE TO CRAWL THERE!

YES, SIR! GLADLY!

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RAYTAG NOW LIES DEAD IN THE ENTERPRISE BRIG!

GABADAAAA

SECONDS AGO, HIS IMPLANTED RECEIVING DEVICE ABRUPTLY MAL-FUNCTIONED-- OVERLOADED BY A VIOLENT SURGE OF PSYCHIC PAIN!

AS IT BURNED OUT, IT CEASED TO OPERATE AS A RECEPTOR AND REFLECTED THE INCOMING SIGNALS BACK TO THE SOURCE OF THEIR TRANSMISSION, THE KLINGON CRUISER.

AND IN THE KLINGON BRIG...

THE GUARD IS DISTRACTED BY SCREAMS FROM THE CONTROL ROOM! A MOST OPPORTUNE MOMENT--

-- FOR A VULCAN NERVE PINCH!

YOUNG MAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

M-MY WIFE . DEAD .. KLINGONS KILLED HER .. THEN . B-BUT THAT WAS JUST A .. TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! W-WHERE AM

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. CAN YOU TRAVEL UN-ASSISTED?

I-I THINK SO!

THEN FOLLOW ME.

STARFLEET'S SCIENTISTS SHOULD FIND THIS DEVICE INTERESTING! AND IF I HAVE INTERPRETED ITS CIRCUITRY CORRECTLY...

. IT IS STILL OPERATING... AUTOMATICALLY MAINTAINING ALL THE MONSTER-CONSTRUCTS ALREADY CREATED FROM YOUR THOUGHTS!

THEN MY DREAMS WERE

REAL ENOUGH!

THAT MONSTER IS HOVERING OVER SOME VERY DELICATE MACHINERY.

IF A MISPLACED KLINGON SHOT SHOULD FUSE THE W RING...

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STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Marv & Dave:

To boldly go where no comic has gone before! (Thanks to you two and the other talents that have pulled together one of the best movie adaptations done by Marvel.) Marv, your script not only captured the mood and feeling of the movie, but the personalities of each character. Dave, I was thrilled to hear that you would be handling the art chores on STAR TREK, and I wasn't disappointed. Klaus, your inks were the perfect topping to an already-perfect magazine.

Where does this take the crew of the Enterprise now? Even though there is peace with the Klingons, hopefully, there can still be some conflict between the two, as with the Romulans. Perhaps now the Enterprise can again visit some of the planets explored during its original five-year mission. Well, wherever you take the Enterprise, I'll be there, for indeed, "The Human Adventure *IS* Just Beginning!"

Tony Sprague
Morro Bay, CA 93442

Thanks for the kind words, Tony, and your support! To answer your question, "Where does this take the crew of the Enterprise now?", our reply is: into more *all-new* star-spanning adventures than you can shake a phaser at! As reported in this space last issue, we do not have the rights to adapt any episodes of the *Star Trek* TV show. But that's no problem, since the Marvel Bullpen is bubbling over with ideas for this book, and adventures for the U.S.S. Enterprise and Company. And to tell you the truth, we wouldn't have it any other way — adapting TV episodes that our readers have engraved into their memories, and trying to please each and every one of you strikes us as the easiest way to get from the Bullpen to the Nuthouse (no, wiseguys, they're *not* the same place!). So until further notice, we'll be doing new stories, each and every month! (And by the way, Tony... what gave you the idea that the Federation had signed a peace treaty with the Klingons? Not after *this* issue, anyway!) —MWB

Dear Marvel:

I only have one question: After the movie adaptation, are you planning on continuing the *Star Trek* saga with original stories?

If you are — Yahoo!!! Make Mine Marvel!

Ralph Garver
Virginia Beach, VA 23456

See the above answer, Ralph, and "Yahoo" right back atcha! Welcome aboard! —MWB

May the Great Bird of the Galaxy Bless You Eternally:

After many long years, *Star Trek* is back! And better yet, Marvel has finally acquired the rights to do the comic! I know I'm stating the obvious, but (to coin a phrase) "What the heck?" Live long and prosper, keep on Trekkin', and MAKE MINE MARVEL!

Mitchell B. Craig
Lancaster, SC 29720

Sterling sentiments, Mitch, and ones with which we heartily agree. —MWB

Gentlemen:

I felt very, very sick after reading STAR TREK #1. Why? Because it was an exact, page-for-page reprint of MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL #15, published just a few months back! Admittedly, to start a STAR TREK series you had to adapt the movie as a basis; but why print it twice? Why indeed, unless your intention is to make money and to heck with the fans. If so, this is neither the Marvel I knew or want to know. If this is not the reason for this duplication, could you please explain the reason? I wouldn't mind so much if I didn't care about the series, but I do. I want to see STAR TREK become a success, and a new book needs a solid readership. If the fans are going to miss out on the first three issues because they've already read them, sales will not be too healthy and people will be less likely to start picking it up with issue four.

Suggestion time: Since it would not be too good an idea to adapt the TV series (although you'll doubtless get letters asking for just that), the next best thing would be to continue in the vein of the series. Try to keep the *Star Trek* spirit — that means concentrating on making believable characters and not relying on the fact that everyone will know them from television and the film. If you do this, you'll have my full support. Despite my (well-intentioned) criticism, I really do care about Marvel in general, and this book in particular.

Paul Hayward
Whaddon, Milton Keynes, Eng and

And we share your concerns and are always interested in hearing your thoughts and criticisms, Paul. Rest assured that everyone connected with STAR TREK — The Comic Book places the highest priority on keeping the characters in character. After all, without the character interplay, STAR TREK could easily become just another space opera — and we won't stand for that!

To answer your questions about the reprinting of our adaptation of *ST—TMP* as the first three issues of ST—TCB, the first answer (though not necessarily the most important) is economics: despite all the fun we have at Marvel have making comics, if we don't make money, we can't publish them. Buying the rights to *ST—TMP*, as well as other motion pictures like *Star Wars*, and *Battlestar Galactica* isn't cheap, and printing our adaptations of these films in the comic titles themselves helps to defray the cost of buying the rights.

The second reason is this, Paul: not all Marvel fans read each and every magazine we publish. Many fans who commented on STAR TREK #1 had no idea the film had ever been adapted in any other format! As you stated, it was necessary to start a STAR TREK series by adapting the film, so reprinting MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL #15 was not only a good idea, but a necessity!

Sorry for being so long-winded, Paul, but you frantic ones play straight with us, and we like to play straight with you! Now we'll let someone else use the soapbox... —MWB

Dear Marvel,

There's one passage in the STAR TREK Super Special which bothers me; it concerns McCoy's remark to Spock in the officer's lounge: "My God, Spock, even if you achieve perfect logic, you'll pay a price. It's given your planet peace, but no art, no music, no poetry..." This passage does not appear in Roddenberry's novel, nor in the movie, so — unless proven wrong — I will have to attribute it to editorial control at Marvel.

Orme Sells
Las Vegas, NV 89107

Although the line you quoted appears neither in the film nor the Great Bird of the Galaxy's novel, Orme, it *does* appear in the shooting script that was sent to Marvel. Apparently, it was edited out of the final film, along with other lines, like Spock's "A most logical choice, Captain." And that, as they say, is show biz. (Sorry if we misspelled your name, O.S., your signature was unclear.) —MWB

Dear Sirs:

I haven't seen an issue of STAR TREK yet, but my subscription is already in the mail, and congratulations. I have no doubt that Marvel will maintain the accuracy and the dignity that *Star Trek* deserves. But beware. Know that thousands of *Star Trek* fans will be watching you (myself included). Fans armed with technical guides, blueprints, and files filled with trivia. Our sensors are locked on to you, our phasers armed. Gather up your no-prizes, because if you make one mistake, we will bombard you with phaser fire (not to mention letters).

Go get 'em, I know it'll be great. J. Matthew Kennedy
Beavercreek OH 45385

Not to worry, J.M.K.: Dauntless Dave Cockrum is a *Star Trek* fan from 'way back, and promises to do his level best to maintain Federation technology. Should he slip up, though, we have no doubt you fans will let us know, in your own gentle way (about as gentle as a Klingon on shore leave!).

—MWB

NEXT ISSUE: A baffling *murder* aboard the Enterprise endangers interplanetary peace — and the career of Captain Kirk! Be here for: "The Enterprise Murder Case!" Until then — *Live Long and Prosper!*

—Mike W. Barr

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7477.9: THE KOLINAHR FILM ARCHIVES, THE KLINGON THOUGHT-ENHANCER, AND ROYTAS'S BODY HAVE ALL BEEN DELIVERED TO SPACE BASE 16.

THE KLINGON EFFORT TO TRAP THE ENTERPRISE FAILED, AND MR SPOCK AND DR MCCOY ARE SUGGESTED FOR COMMENDATIONS.

MY DEDUCTION WAS THE LOGICAL ONE, DOCTOR. I *KNEW* THAT THE YOUNG MAN HAD CREATED THE FEMALE CONSTRUCT IN THE IMAGE OF HIS *DEAD WIFE*...

THAT IS WHY SHE HAD TO BE *DESTROYED!*

WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, SPOCK, IS THAT YOU WERE SAVED BY THE BOY'S *LOVE* FOR HIS WIFE!

DON'T DENY IT-- YOUR LIFE WAS SAVED BY *EMOTIONS!*

I HYPOTHESIZED THAT IF THIS HAPPENED, HIS PAIN WOULD BE SO OVERWHELMING THAT IT WOULD SNAP HIM OUT OF HIS TRANCE.. SENDING A SURGE OF PSYCHIC PAIN INTO THE RECEPTOR.

I WAS NOT ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT THE MONSTERS WOULD THEN BE REFLECTED BACK TO THE KLINGON VESSEL, THOUGH IT SEEMED PROBABLE!

I WAS SORRY TO CAUSE THE YOUNG MAN *GRIEF*, BUT HIS MEMORY OF THE INCIDENT IS ALREADY FADING.. AS IF IT WERE, INDEED, ALL A *DREAM!*

REALLY, DOCTOR?

YOUR POINTY-EARED VULCAN HIDE SAVED BY PRIMITIVE HUMAN EMOTIONS--IT'S SOMEHOW FITTING!

TAKE US OUT OF ORBIT, MR SULU. WARP FACTOR ONE.

;SIGH;

BEFORE I TURN THEM BOTH OVER TO THE KLINGONS

THERE IS A RUSH OF COLOR, AS WARP SPEED IS ACHIEVED, THEN A DEAFENING THUNDER-CLAP..

..AND THE USS ENTERPRISE ONCE AGAIN TRAVELS THE FINAL FRONTIER!

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THIS MARVEL COMIC COULD BE WORTH $2500 TO YOU!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

STAR TREK®

TM

AMBASSADOR PHRAL WAS *ALIVE* WHEN HE BEAMED UP FROM THE PLANET...

...HE WAS *DEAD* WHEN HE REACHED THE ENTERPRISE!

IMPOSSIBLE!

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A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

MIKE W. BARR, SCRIPTS & CHARACTER DESIGN | DAVE COCKRUM & KLAUS JANSON VISUAL ENGINEERING TECHNICIANS 1ST CLASS | RICK PARKER RECORDER GAFF HUE-TECHNICIAN | LOUISE JONES CAPTAIN JIM SHOOTER FLEET ADMIRAL | 16TH ASSIGNED ★ CLASS

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7410.1
AT LAST THE ENTERPRISE HAS ESTABLISHED ORBIT IN THE CROWDED SKIES OVER THE PLANET XAVIID VI, AND WE CAN PROCEED WITH OUR MISSION... THE TRANSPORTATION OF AMBASSADOR SURAL TO THE PEACE TALKS AT WHICH HE WILL ADMIT HIS PLANET TO THE FEDERATION. INTERPLANETARY DIPLOMACY IS A DELICATE MATTER AND I HAVE TAKEN SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS TO INSURE THAT THERE ARE ABSOLUTELY NO SLIP-UPS

HOWEVER, A FREAK TRANSPORTER MALFUNCTION MAY HAVE RENDERED ALL MY PRECAUTIONS USELESS!

SCOTTY WHAT'S WRONG? THAT UNIT CHECKED OUT FINE AN HOUR AGO.

IT'S NOT THE UNIT'S FAULT CAPTAIN -- THE AMBASSADOR'S SIGNAL IS BREAKING UP! WE'RE LOSING HIM!

THE ENTERPRISE MURDER CASE!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG SUPPLEMENTAL: IF AMBASSADOR PHRAL WAS ALIVE WHEN HE LEFT THE PLANET AND DEAD WHEN HE REACHED THE ENTERPRISE, HE MUST HAVE BEEN STABBED WHILE IN TRANSIT YET A TRANSPORTER FUNCTIONS BY SEPARATING ITS SUBJECTS INTO THEIR COMPONENT ATOMS AND REASSEMBLING THEM ELSEWHERE!

MCCOY, I WANT A COMPLETE AUTOPSY ON HIM-- IT APPEARS THAT HE DIED OF A KNIFE WOUND THOUGH THAT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

SPOCK, A PROBLEM IN LOGIC LIKE THIS ONE SEEMS CUT OUT FOR YOU! YOU'RE INVESTIGATING THIS ON MY AUTHORITY! CLEAR?

YEESIR!

QUITE CLEAR CAPTAIN--

-- A MYSTERY OF THIS SORT IS WORTHY OF EARTH'S FICTIONAL DETECTIVE, SHERLOCK HOLMES-- IT IS A FASCINATING INTELLECTUAL EXERCISE!

CAPTAIN. A CALL FROM THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF THE PLANET!

I'LL TAKE IT ON THE BRIDGE, UHURA!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, GENTLEMEN--GET TO IT! I'VE A FEELING WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

SECONDS LATER..

WELL, HE DID DIE FROM THE KNIFE WOUND. THAT'S CLEAR, BUT-- ODD THIS MAN BEAMED UP JUST FIVE MINUTES AGO... BUT MY READINGS SAY HE'S BEEN DEAD AT LEAST *FIFTEEN* MINUTES!

THAT'S EVEN ODDER THAN JIM'S *CONDUCT!* WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S SNAPPING AT EVERYONE, SPOCK?

I HAVE NO IDEA, DOCTOR.. THOUGH I AM FORMING A *HYPOTHESIS!*

AND I, TOO, HAVE ENCOUNTERED A DISCREPANCY..

MR. SCOTT, IN ATTEMPTING TO VIEW THE COMPUTER TAPES OF THE AMBASSADOR'S BEAMUP, I FIND THEY HAVE BEEN *ERASED* BY SOME SORT OF ENERGY SURGE! HAVE YOU AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS?

NO, SPOCK, I DINNA' HAVE ANY REASON FOR IT-- I'LL HAVE SOME TAPES BEAMED UP FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE! I'LL PUT 'EM ON YOUR SCREEN AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVE.

MERE MOMENTS LATER, THE SCIENCE OFFICER'S EYES SCAN THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN. THEN HE BLOCKS AND WERE HE TO ALLOW HIMSELF THE EMOTION, HE MIGHT SMILE...

THIS TAPE PRESENTS YET *ANOTHER* DISCREPANCY.. AND LOGICALLY, THERE CAN BE BUT ONE EXPLANATION!

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RAND'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN! OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE IS PLAYIN' HAVOC WI' THE SIGNAL! IT'S NOT M' TRANSPORTER'S DOIN'!

MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE, MR. SCOTT?

WE CAN'T LOSE HIM, SCOTTY! AFTER YEARS OF NEGOTIATION, YANNAD VI HAS FINALLY AGREED TO JOIN THE FEDERATION!

IF HIS SIGNAL IS LOST, THE AMBASSADOR WILL DIE--AND THE DIPLOMATIC TIES WE'VE WORKED TO ESTABLISH WILL BE BROKEN!

DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO, MR. SCOTT! I WANT NO SLIP-UPS--

--NOT THIS TIME!

BUT BEFORE THE CREWMEN CAN QUESTION KIRK'S LAST WORDS

...DR LEONARD McCOY ENTERS--TO UNACCUSTOMED ABUSE...

?

ABOUT TIME, DOCTOR! I ORDERED YOU TO REPORT HERE IMMEDIATELY!

HIS SIGNAL IS COALESCING NOW, MR SCOTT!

AYE! LOOKS LIKE WE PULLED THIS ONE THROUGH, MR. SPOCK! HE'S SAFE AND--

THE WORDS CATCH IN SCOTTY'S THROAT AS THE AMBASSADOR TAKES A HALTING STEP FORWARD, THEN COLLAPSES--

--REVEALING AN INSTRUMENT OF UNCOMPREHENDED BUT OBVIOUSLY DEADLY DESIGN! FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS SILENCE... THEN...

AND THE STUNNED REPLY CRACKLES ACROSS SPACE..

UHURA, GET ME PLANET'S SURFACE!

KIRK TO ROYAL PALACE! THE AMBASSADOR IS DEAD--MURDERED! DETAIN HIS ASSAILANT!

PALACE TO ENTERPRISE! NO ONE HAS ASSAULTED AMBASSADOR PHRAL! PLEASE CLARIFY... DID YOU TRANSMIT "MURDERED"?

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MESSAGE FROM THE EMPEROR

ON BEHALF OF THE EMPIRE AND MYSELF, MAY I OFFER MY CONDOLENCES TO YOU ON THE DEATH OF YOUR UNCLE! ALL OUR RESOURCES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL TO FIND HIS KILLER.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN-- BUT THE AMBASSADOR WAS ALIVE WHEN HE LEFT OUR PALACE AND DEAD WHEN HE REACHED YOUR SHIP!

THERE CAN BE NO AGREEMENT AS TO WHAT HAS REACHED US IN YOUR FEDERATION MUST BE CONSIDERED NON BINDING UNTIL OUR UNCLE'S MURDER IS EXPLAINED. TO OUR SATISFACTION!

TO THAT END, YOU WILL PLEASE RETURN HIS BODY-- AT ONCE AND KNOW THIS CAPTAIN

OUR UNCLE'S DEATH HAS ENRAGED THE REBELS AMONG OUR POPULACE, WHO WISH US TO JOIN THE KLINGON EMPIRE! YOU WILL PLEASE RECALL YOUR CREWMEN ON SHORE LEAVE -- THEY MAY BE IN DANGER!

OUR MISTRUST OF YOU WILL BE EXPLAINED WHEN YOU LEARN THAT PHRAL WAS AN ANAGRAM OF OUR UNCLE'S GIVEN NAME!

-E WAS ONCE HEIR APPARENT OF OUR PLANET BUT CHANGED HIS NAME IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR LAWS WHEN HE COULD NOT ASCEND THE THRONE! HIS GIVEN NAME WAS PRINCE ARLPH!

I.. SEE! THANK YOU FOR YOUR CALL, YOUR MAJESTIES KIRK, OUT!

CAPTAIN YOU SEEMED SHOCKED WHEN HE MENTIONED THE NAME "ARLPH"... IS SOMETHING WRONG— CAN I --?

ATTENDING TO YOUR JOB WILL BE QUITE ENOUGH, UHURA! GET ME STARFLEET COMMAND BUT FIRST, RECALL ALL PARTIES ON SHORE LEAVE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

WHEW!

AND AT THAT MOMENT ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE...

SO I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE BEER, DRALCO, OR WAS I RIGHT?

THIS STUFF IS TERRIFIC, SULU! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A JUG BACK WITH ME!

RAH! THIS IS MOTHER'S MILK COMPARED TO GOOD RUSSIAN VODKA!

I TELL YOU, THOSE FEDERATION SCUM MURDERED AMBASSADOR PHRAL! ARE WE GONNA LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH IT?

NO! AN' WE HAVE LOTSA FRIENDS WHO THINK THE WAY WE DO!

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THE EARTHERS HAVE LEFT! YOU OKAY...? THAT CUT'S DEEP!

!!FWAAA

HEY, EARTHERS! WE DON'T LIKE BACK-STABBERS!

YEAH! AT LEAST WITH THE KLINGONS, YOU KNOW WHERE YOU STAND!

UH, OH...

EASY, DIFALCO, WE CAN TALK OUR WAY OUT OF TH.S...!

BUT THEN

HEY LEAVE THOSE FARTHERS ALONE! ANY FRIEND OF THE FEDERATION IS A FRIEND OF MINE!

OH, YEAH? WANNA FIGHT ABOUT IT, FED-LOVER?

STILL THINK WE CAN TALK OUR WAY OUT, SULU?

SULU'S ANSWER IS FOREVER LOST AS THE SMOKY TAVERN ERUPTS IN THAT PHENOMENON COMMON TO EVERY PLANET WHOSE INHABITANTS HAVE LEARNED TO FERMENT GRAIN

THE ROARK'OM BRAWL!

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THE "DEBATE" ON THE FATE OF THE EARTHERS TESTERS BACK AND FORTH, EACH SIDE TRYING TO PERSUADE THE OTHER, BUT PROVING ONLY ONE THING...

STRONG TEMPERS AND STRONG DRINK DON'T MIX!

HOW YOU DOING, SULU?

FINE, DIFALCO! I'VE FACED TOUGHER FOEMEN DUMMIES! HEY CHEKOV--YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME HELP!

HELP? OF COURSE NOT, SULU.. THE RUSSIANS *INVENTED* FENCING!

A SIGNAL FROM THE ENTERPRISE! EMERGENCY BEAM-UP!

AND I DIDN'T GET MORE THAN A *TASTE* OF THAT BEER!

BEEP BEEP

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"MY PHASER BLAST PUT PRINCE ARLPH INTO A COMA-- AND NO ONE KNEW HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE HIM TO RECOVER, OR IF HE EVER WOULD RECOVER

"I WAS EXONERATED BY STARFLEET. THEY TOLD ME IT WASN'T MY FAULT. WHETHER RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY DOESN'T MATTER

"BECAUSE I BLAMED MYSELF FOR SHOOTING THE PRINCE... AND I STILL DO, TO THIS DAY!

"WITH THE KING FOLD PRINCE ARLPH SHOULD HAVE ASCENDED THE THRONE BUT HIS COMPATRIOTS STATE MADE THAT IMPOSSIBLE. HIS YOUNGER BROTHER BECAME KING. AND HIS FIRST PROCLAMATION MADE THE FULL GIVEN QUILTER"

MY OLDER BROTHER HOVERS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH ALL THE FAULT OF THE ACCURSED FEDERATION!

THEY CLAIMED FRIENDSHIP, BUT BROUGHT DISASTER! I SWEAR THAT WHILE I LIVE WE SHALL NEVER JOIN THE FEDERATION!

"MANY YEARS LATER WHEN ARLPH, AMBASSADOR TO VULCAN, HEARD WHAT HE HAD BEEN HELD RESPONSIBLE

THE YOUNG WARRIOR, ARLPH-- HE TOOK MY THRONE FROM ME-- AND SOMEDAY HE SHALL PAY!

"THAT'S THE STORY, GENTLEMEN. IN ACCORDANCE WITH PLANETARY LAWS, ARLPH CHANGED HIS NAME AND ENTERED THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE... AS AMBASSADOR SAREK."

WHEN THE KING DIED, NEGOTIATIONS WERE REOPENED WITH HIS SON, PRINCE STORF. IT LOOKED AS THOUGH YANNIDO II WOULD... FINALLY JOIN THE FEDERATION.

UNTIL PHRAL'S MURDER! WHOEVER KILLED HIM IS TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK RESPONSIBLE, SABOTAGING THE TREATY AND DESTROYING MY CAREER WITH ONE BLOW...

AND I HAVE [illegible] AND THE KILLER IS!

BUT I HAVE [illegible]

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"THESE REBEL FORCES BACKED BY THE KLINGON EMPIRE WERE STAGING AN OPEN ASSAULT ON THE ROYAL PALACE. THEY BEHEADED THE HEAD OF KING GEROR AND EVEN THE FACT THAT THE RULERS HAD REQUESTED FEDERATION AID DIDN'T SLOW THEM DOWN!"

"BEFORE WE ARRIVED THE REBELS HAD INVADED THE ROYAL PALACE BEHEADED KING GEROR, AND TOOK THE KING'S SON, PRINCE ARLAN, HOSTAGE, IN CASE SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THEIR PLANS!"

THE 'REPUBLIC' ARRIVED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRAY AND SEVERAL LANDING PARTIES WERE SENT DOWN, ARMED AS A SHOW OF SUPPORT FOR KING GEROR."

"I COMMANDED ONE OF THE LANDING PARTIES — AND OUR ORDERS WERE TO FIND AND FREE THE KIDNAPPED PRINCE."

REMEMBER, MEN! OUR PRIMARY GOAL IS TO FREE THE PRINCE... AVOID ATTACKING REBELS UNLESS YOUR LIVES ARE THREATENED!

"THOSE WORDS HAUNT ME TO THIS DAY... BECAUSE WHEN WE ENCOUNTERED THE KIDNAPPERS, I MANAGED TO AVOID SHOOTING ANY OF THE REBELS..."

"BUT MY WARNING SHOT WENT WILD... RICOCHETED OFF A POLISHED SURFACE, STRIKING THE PRINCE -- THE VERY MAN I WAS SUPPOSED TO RESCUE!"

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7004.4. WE ARE BEAMING DOWN TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE, ATTEMPTING TO OBTAIN INFORMATION FROM "DR LOROC". OUR DISGUISES ARE SERVICEABLE..

...BUT NOT PERFECT!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS, JIM. ANYONE CAN TELL WE'RE NOT NATIVES, JUST BY LOOKIN' AT OUR HANDS! IF THIS PLAN OF YOURS GETS US ALL KILLED...

THEN I PROMISE NEVER TO DO IT AGAIN, BONES! NOW SHUT UP, AND LET'S GO!

THAT'S DR. LOROC'S CLINIC, UP AHEAD! GET READY TO DO A LITTLE ACTING, BONES... YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET SICK!

I'M ON A HOSTILE PLANET, WEARING A SEE-THROUGH "DISGUISE", AND A RIDICULOUS TAIL, AND YOU TELL ME TO ACT?! I AM SICK!

MOMENTS LATER..

OUR FRIEND IS SICK... HE NEEDS A DOCTOR!

THIS IS A ROUTINE CLINIC! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM SOMEWHERE--

--ELSEEEEEE..!

GOOD WORK, SPOCK!

SOMEDAY YOU'LL RUN INTO SOMEONE WITH NO NERVOUS SYSTEM, SPOCK! THEN WHAT GOOD'LL YOUR VULCAN NERVE PINCH DO?

I SHALL DEAL WITH THAT DIFFICULTY, DOCTOR, WHEN IT ARISES! FOR THE PRESENT, I SUGGEST WE FIND DR. LOROC'S OFFICE, WHICH SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE AROUND--

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DR McCOY'S READINGS INDICATE THAT THE MURDERED MAN WAS DEAD TEN MINUTES *BEFORE* BEAMING UP! HE *CANNOT* HAVE BEEN THE AMBASSADOR FOR EYE-WITNESSES REPORT THAT PHRAL WAS *ALIVE* AT THAT TIME!

I SUGGEST THAT THE VICTIM WAS A SURGICALLY ALTERED DUPLICATE..

...SUBSTITUTED *WHILE* THE BODY WAS BEAMING UP? BUT HOW? AND *WHY*?

AND WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

I HAVE A *THEORY* ABOUT THAT... AND *FURTHER* EVIDENCE THAT SUGGESTS THAT I AM CORRECT!

COMPARE THESE TWO TAPES!

OBSERVE—PHRAL WAS WEARING A RING WHEN HE LEFT THE PLANET'S SURFACE.. BUT THE BODY THAT BEAMED ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE WORE NO SUCH RING!

I HAVE LEARNED THAT *RING* WAS OF TREMENDOUS SENTIMENTAL WORTH TO PHRAL, THOUGH IT WAS VALUELESS

I SUSPECT THE *REAL* AMBASSADOR TOOK THE RING WITH HIM, A SINGLE MOMENTO OF HIS FORMER LIFE!

I CONCLUDE THAT THE AMBASSADOR SIMPLY *WISHES* EVERYONE TO BELIEVE HIM DEAD!

OUR ARRIVAL GAVE HIM THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO *VANISH*... AND *REVENGE* HIMSELF ON CAPTAIN KIRK! HE'S PROBABLY ON THE PLANET NOW UNDERGOING PLASTIC SURGERY!

OH, *FINE*! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PLASTIC SURGEONS ON YANNO VI, SPOCK! TO QUESTION THEM ALL WOULD TAKE *WEEKS*!

A REBEL SYMPATHIZER MENTIONED A "*DR LOROC*." COULD THERE BE A CONNECTION?

PHRAL MAY DESERVE HIS REVENGE ON ME... BUT I CAN'T ALLOW HIM TO DESTROY THE TREATY WITH THE FEDERATION!

GENTLEMEN, OUR COURSE OF ACTION IS CLEAR! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A HOUSE CALL ON DR. LOROC!

MR SULU, HAVE THE QUARTERMASTER PREPARE NATIVE GARB AND DISGUISES FOR THREE! SPOCK, DR McCOY, PREPARE TO BEAM DOWN!

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BACK ALREADY, JIM? DR. LOROC DIED OF A POINT-BLANK PHASER BLAST, ALL RIGHT. UNLESS YOU CAN—!

SAY, YOU'RE NOT JIM,

NO... AND YOU ARE NOT A NATIVE OF JANNIC IV

GLARAG! FIND HIS COMRADES - AND THROW THAT RIDICULOUS DISGUISE!

YOU ARE CORRECT, MY PRINCE--THIS AMATEURISH CAMOUFLAGE HIDES AN EARTHER!

WELL, THE MAKEUP WASN'T MY IDEA!

MINUTES LATER, WHEN KIRK, SPOCK, AND THE THREE SUSPECTS HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP...

IT IS FORTUNATE THAT WE HAD BEEN MONITORING THE ENTERPRISE, CAPTAIN, OR YOUR FORCED ENTRY AND MURDER OF DR. LOROC MIGHT HAVE GONE UNDETECTED...

THOUGH I AM SURE YOU WOULD HAVE PREVAILED IT THAT WAS

I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY REASONS FOR BEAMING DOWN TO THE PLANET YOUR HIGHNESS! IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO BELIEVE THEM--!

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I AM DR. LOROC! THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, YOU WILL LEAVE AT ONCE!

NOT SO FAST, DOCTOR--WE DEMAND TO SEE "AMBASSADOR AVRAL AT ONCE"!

FOOLS! I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU--

--BUT PERHAPS YOU WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO THE POLICE!

SUDDENLY...

AGGGHH!

GGGGGARRRZZZ

WHA--? A PHASER BLAST! BONES, DO WHAT YOU CAN--

--COME ON, SPOCK. THE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM THAT CORRIDOR!

SHE'S DEAD, JIM!

CAREENING DOWN A BLIND HALLWAY, KIRK AND SPOCK DISCOVER THREE PATIENTS CLUSTERED IN THE ROOM AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR..

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FOUND OUR MURDERER, SPOCK!

INDEED, CAPTAIN--BUT WHICH ONE?

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"...BUT THE AMBASSADOR HAD CONSIDERED THIS, AND HAD HIS HENCHMEN FIRE A SURGE OF ENERGY AT THE ENTERPRISE--

"--DESIGNED TO DISRUPT THE COMPUTER DURING THE SUBSTITUTION! THE COMPUTER TOOK IN NO INFORMATION...

"...SO NO TAPES WERE RECORDED! THE AMBASSADOR TOOK EVERY PRECAUTION AGAINST DISCOVERY!"

YOU SAY THAT THE AMBASSADOR A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, COMMITTED TWO MURDERS AND BETRAYED HIS HERITAGE? WHY?

THE POST OF AMBASSADOR IS PRESTIGIOUS BUT IT PAYS LITTLE... YET PHRAL HAD AMASSED CONSIDERABLE WEALTH--

HE SAW THIS AS A CHANCE TO DISAPPEAR WITH HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAINS AND NO ONE THE WISER!

"AMBASSADOR PHRAL USED THE RESOURCES OF THE REBELS BUT ACTUALLY HE SERVED NO 'CAUSE' BUT HIS OWN

"THE AMBASSADOR CHOSE A RATHER COMPLEX METHOD SINCE HE WISHED TO EMBROIL CAPTAIN JAMES T KIRK, WHOM HE HATED BITTERLY, IN AN INTERPLANETARY INCIDENT THAT WOULD DESTROY HIS CAREER.

"BUT HE HAD FAILED AND HE IS...

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IT IS NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE, CAPTAIN! YOU ARE DIRECTLY INVOLVED WITH THE MURDERS OF TWO OF MY SUBJECTS, ONE OF WHOM YOU WRONGED YEARS AGO... MY UNCLE!

YOU SAY THAT LOROC AND MY UNCLE WERE REBEL SYMPATHIZERS, YET THEIR RECORDS SHOW NOTHING AMISS! IMPROBABLE CAPTAIN!

NONETHELESS, TRUE!

ANY PUBLIC FIGURE INVOLVED WITH THE REBELS WOULD COVER HIS TRACKS CAREFULLY SO THE LACK OF PROOF MEANS NOTHING!

BESIDES, THERE IS AN EASIER WAY TO DISCOVER THE AMBASSADOR'S TRUE MOTIVES--

--AS THE AMBASSADOR! HE IS STILL ALIVE, BUT HIS APPEARANCE HAS BEEN ALTERED! HE MURDERED DR. LOROC, SO SHE COULD NOT EXPOSE HIM! HE IS ONE OF THOSE THREE MEN!

HERE, WORF'S CAPTAIN! WHERE'S YOUR PROOF?

WELL, I MR SPOCK ?

CERTAINLY, CAPTAIN. IT CAN INDEED BE PROVEN, YOUR HIGHNESS!

I HAVE MADE A TELEPATHIC SCAN OF THE SUSPECTS, AND NOW KNOW WHO THE AMBASSADOR IS, AND HOW THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED!

WHILE BEAMING UP TO THE ENTERPRISE, PHRAL'S SIGNAL WAS INTERRUPTED! THIS WAS NOT DUE TO A TRANSPORTER MALFUNCTION... THE AMBASSADOR WAS BEING INTERCEPTED! PHRAL WAS BEAMED ABOARD A REBEL SHIP DIRECTLY BELOW THE ENTERPRISE--

--AND THE CORPSE OF SOME UNFORTUNATE SURGICALLY ALTERED TO BE AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE AMBASSADOR, AND MURDERED TEN MINUTES BEFORE, WAS BEAMED ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE!

"SUCH DECEPTION WOULD HAVE BEEN EASILY DETECTED BY AN EXAMINATION OF THE COMPUTER TAPES

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..AND SOON THE SLEEPING MURDERER IS DRAGGED UNCEREMONIOUSLY AWAY... TO AWAKEN IN THE ROYAL PRISON!

MY THANKS, CAPTAIN!..AND MY APOLOGIES! WHEN THE REBELS LEARN HOW MY UNCLE JIGGED THEIR POLITICS AGAINST THEM, PERHAPS THEY'LL BE WILLING TO NEGOTIATE!

YANNID II IS A PROSPEROUS PLANET, CAPTAIN! NAME ANY REWARD, AND IT IS YOURS!

THE ONLY THING I WANT, YOUR HIGHNESS, IS TO SEE YANNID VI ENTER THE FEDERATION, IN FRIENDSHIP AND PEACE!

CAPTAIN, MY SISTER AND I SHALL SIGN THE TREATY PERSONALLY!

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7421.1! THE FEDERATION HAS ADDED A NEW MEMBER TO ITS ROSTER, AND I HAVE, AT LAST, MADE AMENDS FOR MY EARLIER VISIT TO YANNID II!

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARE RETURNING TO THEIR PLANET, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY HAVE THE FULL SUPPORT OF THE FEDERATION, BOTH IN PEACE, AND, SHOULD IT BECOME NECESSARY--IN WAR!

ALL IN ALL, GENTLEMEN, A GOOD DAY'S WORK! I THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICES AS CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR AND MEDICAL EXAMINER!

OUR PLEASURE, CAPTAIN!

HONOR

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NO! YOU'LL NOT TAKE ME-- NOT AFTER ALL MY PLANNING!

MY PHASER!

THE VULCAN HAS GREATER TELEPATHIC POWERS THAN REPUTED... EVERYTHING HE SAID WAS TRUE!

RELEASE MY SISTER! ...I COMMAND YOU!

STAY BACK, YOUR HIGHNESS! HE'S CAUSED TWO DEATHS, HE WON'T BALK AT A THIRD!

YOU PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS, STORF! I KNEW YOU'D BLAME MY "MURDER" ON EITHER THE REBEL FORCES OR THE FEDERATION...

AND THE REBELS ACTUALLY BELIEVED I'D GIVE THEM THE FUNDS I'D PILFERED FROM THE TREASURY! THEY'RE AS STUPID AS YOU ARE, STORF!

I'D RATHER HAVE ESCAPED CLEANLY-- BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR SIMPLY ESCAPING!

GIVE ME CLEAR PASSAGE, OR THE PRINCESS DIES!

HE HASN'T EVEN NOTICED ME, AND THAT'S JUST FINE...

'CAUSE THIS HYPO IS FILLED WITH THE MOST POTENT KNOCKOUT DRUG I'VE GOT!

WHA--AAAH!

THE DRUG DOES ITS JOB INSTANTLY...

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STAR TREK: THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Due to the far-famed Time Paradox between the dates our comics go on sale, and the dates our comics are due at the printer, we have, at the time of this writing, received no mail on Marvel's all-*new* issues of *Star Trek — The Comic Book*, even though this is the third new issue! (See why they call us Marvel *Madmen?*) Fortunately, our cargo hold is chock-full of letters about our movie adaptation, and we're continuing with the best of those.

Gentlemen:

I am very happy to say that I have enjoyed the two issues of STAR TREK that you have put out. I congratulate you for your courage in undertaking this great enterprise and hope you will not disappoint the more than one million "Star Trekkers" (not Trekkies *please!!*)

May you never find tribbles in
your Herb es Sandwiches!
Tinker Strother
(No address given)

Oh, absolutely, T.S.!! The Great Bird of the Galaxy forbid that we should use such an undignified term as "Trekkie" to refer to someone who uses such a class sign-off as "May you never find tribbles in your Herbies Sandwiches!" *Sheesh!!* (Beam me up, Scotty — it's been a long day!)

Dear Fellow Trekkers:

Now that you've got the movie adaptation out of your system, we can get down to some real TREK. I think Marvel and Trek were made for each other, and I'm expecting some good stuff. I'm also looking forward to some nice things from Marty Pasko after Marv's and Mike Barr's haunted house two-parter. I'm also sure that Dave will get to flex his artistic muscles with more time, so we'll get to see his quality work. (I can overlook the rush job on the first three issues, and I think Marv, Dave and Klaus deserve applause for doing a good job fast!)

My one suggestion is that you present continued stories — that's what Marvel does best. The episodic approach will not let you explore characterization, nor develop sub-plots, which will severely hurt the series. That kind of punchinello in storytelling may be in the spirit of TREK, but not when it compromises story quality.

My one question is what did you mean when you said you won't be able to use any characters or situations from the original series? You can't simply dismiss the entire series and base the comic on the movie! I sincerely hope you can get around this. I'm looking forward to the series with much anticipation. Live long and prosper.

Eric L. Watts
161 Louise Drive #3
Newport News, VA 23601

For better or worse, Eric, we don't have the rights to adapt *any* episodes of the TV show. But since ST—TMP contained all the basic elements of the series, stories won't be a problem, believe us.

Dear Editor:

I usually don't write to comics, but when I saw how Marvel took my favorite TV show and movie and turned them into comics form, I had to break my tradition. I've been following Dave Cockrum's art ever since he used to do a comic about a group of 30th Century youths for your Distinguished Competition, and I must say he's really matured as an artist. As a budding artist myself, I feel I can truthfully say his Kirk, Spock and McCoy were done excellently. In the past, I never really enjoyed Klaus Janson's inks, but he really outdid himself this time. I've enjoyed Marie Severin's art before, but she excels as a colorist. They coincided well with the movie, which is amazing, since she couldn't have possibly seen the movie while she was doing the book. Marv Wolfman, as always, did a fine job adapting the movie script.

You've got a reel (ha ha) winner on your hands, and if you treat it right it will soar to comic heights. I lost interest in STAR WARS because you kept changing artists. Please don't do that to this comic.

Live long and prosper.

Albert Descheene
11140 Califa St.
N. Hollywood, CA 91601

An occasional issue will feature a different artist, Al, but rest assured that we'll use only the best. And in response to your kind comments on Marie Severin's terrific hues, no, she didn't see the film before coloring the adaptation, but Paramount beamed up a whole ton of reference material including complete color schemes of all the sets and costumes. Who says this isn't the Marvel Age of coast-to-coast cooperation?

Dear Armadillos:

Two years ago at the Atlanta Comics & Fantasy Fair, when Stan Lee was guest speaker, I asked him if he was still trying to get the rights to *Star Trek* (based on a report in an earlier Bullpen Bulletin). Well, he's done it, and it's exactly what I expected from Marvel: perspective, detailed drawing and sustained continuity.

Here's hoping that the issues after the movie adaptation are as intelligent as was the film itself. Live long and prosper!

Christopher Cook
P.O. Box 456
Atlanta, GA 30301

So don't keep us in suspense, Chris — how are we doing? (By the way, the Great Bird of the Marvel Universe, Smilin' Stan, tosses an "Ahead warp factor one!" right back atcha!)

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ **MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #57** — *The Thing* and *Hyperion* square off!
- ☐ **SHOGUN WARRIORS #20** — Collector's item last issue! Guest stars the *FF!*
- ☐ **SPIDER-WOMAN #30** — The Web-Lady battles the Pyt
- ☐ **STAR TREK #8** — An outer-space murder mystery!
- ☐ **SPIDEY SUPER STORIES #46** — Easy to read Spidey thrillers!
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #156** — *The Gladiator!*
- ☐ **KING CONAN #3** — "Red Moon of Zembabwei!"
- ☐ **MARVEL SUPER HEROES #81** — (Reprints Hulk #140) *Enter Jarella.*
- ☐ **SPIDER-MAN #206** — Spidey faces the duel menace of Fraven!
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #248** — Machinesmith's robot army!
- ☐ **THOR #294** — The mortal Thor falls victim to Hogun's wiles!
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS #21** — When protons... the Planetoid!
- ☐ **GHOST RIDER #68** — Wild West vengeance! Swift and!
- ☐ **SUB-MARINER #9** — Guest stars Man Thing!
- ☐ **MARVEL FUN AND GAMES #13** — Mazes, puzzles, riddles and general nuttiness!
- ☐ **MARVEL SUPER ACTION #23** — (Reprints Avengers #87) *The Black Panther* fights alone!
- ☐ **AMAZING ADVENTURES #18** — (Reprinted from X-Men #5 and 47) Magneto's striking dual! fantastic! Plus: Iceman's origin!
- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #251** — From the fabulous 50's comes the *3-D Man!*
- ☐ **AVENGERS #198** — To save the Earth... Death-duel with *Red Ronin!*
- ☐ **CONAN #114** — "The Shadow of the Beast!"
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #118** — (Reprints Spidey #142) Showdown with Mysterio!
- ☐ **MARVEL'S GREATEST #82** — (Reprints FF #112) *The Thing* vs. *The Hulk!*
- ☐ **X-MEN #137** — The stunning *double-length* "Fate of the Phoenix!"
- ☐ **TALES TO ASTONISH #16** — (Reprints Sub-Mariner #10) Captain Barracuda's got the Serpent Crown!
- ☐ **ROM #10** — ROM vs the Air Force!
- ☐ **FANTASY MASTERPIECES #10** — (Reprints Silver Surfer #10 and Strange Tales #180) *The Surfer* & Starlin's *Warlock!* What more could you ask?
- ☐ **MAN THING #5** — Rampaging youths stalk the Man-Thing!
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #222** — "The Possession of Franklin Richards!"
- ☐ **TEAM-UP #87** — *Spider-Woman vs. The Hulk!*
- ☐ **IRON MAN #136** — Tony Stark takes on the Maggia!
- ☐ **PETER PARKER #16** — The coils of the *Cobra!*
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #87** — "Inquest!"
- ☐ **STAR WARS #31** — Beginning... *The Empire Strikes Back!*
- ☐ **MASTER OF KUNG FU #82** — Combat beneath Chinatown!
- ☐ **MARVEL SPOTLIGHT #6** — *Captain Marvel* — stranded on the planet of stopped-time!
- ☐ **BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #19** — Starbuck escapes Scavenge World... but to where!?
- ☐ **TWO-IN-ONE ANNUAL #5** — *The Thing* and *The Hulk* —together!
- ☐ **HULK ANNUAL #8** — A team of all-new super-battles challenges of Greenskin!
- ☐ **MARVEL TREASURY #27 - THE SENSATIONAL SPIDER-MAN** — A giant-sized re-presentation of the Wall-Crawler's most electrifying *team-ups!*

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **CRAZY #85** — The insanity rolls on with Teen-Hulk, Howard the Duck, "The Bleech Hole!" and lots more!
- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #56** — The Cimmerian must wrest his very soul from a sorcerer *soul-stealer!*
- ☐ **TOMB OF DRACULA #6** — Dracula in the days of the Civil War! Plus: *Lilith!*
- ☐ **THE HULK #22** — A crazed scientist plots nuclear war! Also: *Shanna Fortune* with exclusive painting by Howard Chaykin!

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AND AS THEY ENTER THE TURBO LIFT, THAT WILL TAKE THEM TO THE BRIDGE

BY THE WAY, SPOCK... YOU SAID YOU MADE A "TELEPATHIC SCAN" OF THE AMBASSADOR'S MIND.

I KNOW YOU CAN MIND MELD, BUT I HAD NO IDEA THAT I WAS A TELEPATH OF THAT MAGNITUDE!

I AM NOT DOCTOR. MY SUPPOSED "SCAN" OF THE KILLER'S MIND WAS SIMPLY A SERIES OF LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS MADE FROM THE KNOWN FACTS, PLUS [illegible] OF THE OTHER HUMAN EMOTIONS ALL BEINGS.

I BECAME CERTAIN THAT THE AMBASSADOR WAS NOT TRULY ALLIED WITH THE REBEL FORCES WHEN HE MURDERED THE REBEL DOCTOR, FEARING SHE WOULD EXPOSE HIM!

TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, YOU BLUFFED! THAT'S AMAZING SPOCK!

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR DOCTOR!

ONE MOMENT [illegible] STARING AT THE [illegible] APPROACHING [illegible] ALL MANKIND [illegible] THE NEXT [illegible] AND THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BECOMES A [illegible] ANOTHER [illegible] ALLIED A IN LIGHT - AS [illegible]

AND ON THE BRIDGE...

WELL I CAN'T SAY I'LL BE SORRY TO LEAVE YANNU VI, ALTHOUGH EVERYTHING DID WORK OUT FOR THE BEST -- EVENTUALLY! AHEAD WARP FACTOR ONE, MR SULU!

AYE AYE SIR

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A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

TOM DEFALCO / SCRIPT | MIKE NASSER / PENCILS | KLAUS JANSON / INKS | RAY BURZON / LETTERER | LOUISE JONES / CAPTAIN | JIM SHOOTER / FLEET ADMIRAL

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 3708.2: THE ENTERPRISE HAS JUST ENTERED THE ANDREA STAR SYSTEM--A VAST, UNEXPLORED REGION AT THE EDGE OF OUR GALAXY--ON A MISSION OF EXTREME URGENCY! AS THE RESULT OF RECENT NOVA ACTIVITY, VEGA RADIATION--AN EXTREMELY DESTRUCTIVE FORM OF MUTANT ENERGIES--HAS COALESCED INTO A MASSIVE CLOUD, AND HAS DRIFTED INTO THIS SECTOR!

THOUGH THE CLOUD WILL EVENTUALLY DISSIPATE, IT PRESENTLY ENDANGERS THE ANDREA SYSTEM. IF ANY OF ITS PLANETS ARE INHABITED THEY MUST BE EVACUATED IMMEDIATELY, OR THEIR INHABITANTS WILL DIE... HORRIBLY!

TOMORROW OR YESTERDAY

STAR TREK Vol. 1, No. 7, October 1980 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galton President Stan Lee Publisher Milton Schiffman, Vice-President Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 575 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK N.Y. 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Copyright © 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation, the trademark owner. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 20, 21, 24, 25, 28, 29, 32 covers 2, 3 & 4 only copyright © 1980 by Marvel Comics Group. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $6.00 for 12 issues. Canada, $7.00. Foreign $8.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Corner symbol is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

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JIM, YOU SEEM UNDULY DISTRESSED THE VEGA CLOUD *WILL* POISON ANDREA IV, BUT ITS INHABITANTS ARE FEW. WE CAN *EASILY* EVACUATE THEM ALL!

TRUE, THERE'LL BE NO LIFE-LOTTERIES LIKE THOSE ON ERCOLA VII...

...BUT, THESE PEOPLE WILL HAVE LOST THEIR *WORLD!* IMAGINE HOW THEY WILL *FEEL!*

CAPTAIN AT TIMES LIKE THIS I AM MOST THANKFUL THAT A VULCAN CANNOT!

ABOUT *TIME* YOU TWO GOT HERE

AT EASE, McCOY

CAPTAIN, I D'NNA THINK YOU SHOULD USE THE TRANSPORTER!

THE PLANET'S SURROUNDED BY AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF SOLAR ENERGY FIELD WHICH MAY AFFECT OUR BEAM EVERYTHING CHECKS POSITIVE BUT

BUT YOU *STILL* INTEND TO SCRAMBLE OUR MOLECULES AND BEAM US AROUND LIKE *RADIO MESSAGES!*

SIMMER DOWN, BONES! WE NEED THE TRANSPORTERS TO EVACUATE THE PLANET AND IF SCOTTY CAN'T KEEP THEM OPERATIONAL NO ONE CAN!

I'LL TRY, SIR!

FINE! NOW BEAM US DOWN!

ENERGIZE

I'M PROJECTING THEM ONE KILOMETER NORTH OF THE SETTLE...

MR SCOTT, THE SOLAR ENERGY IS DISRUPTING OUR SIGNAL AND OVERLOADING OUR CIRCUITRY!

CAP'N! NO!!!

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CAPTAIN KIRK, PRELIMINARY SCANS INDICATE THAT *ANDREA IV* DOES POSSES A POPULATION OF APPROXIMATELY 200 ALIEN BIPEDS HOWEVER, THE LIBRARY COMPUTER CANNOT IDENTIFY THE SPECIES

THEN WE'LL PREPARE FOR A ROUTINE *CLASS "M"* EVACUATION! ANY ADDITIONAL COMMENTS, MR. SPOCK?

THE INHABITANTS ARE CENTERED IN A *SINGLE* SETTLEMENT, AND APPEAR TO HAVE A VERY LIMITED TECHNOLOGY.

THEN THIS *COULD* BE THEIR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH SPACE TRAVEL!

LIEUTENENT SULU, WHAT IS THE STATUS ON THE VEGA CLOUD?

I HAVE IT ON THE MAIN VIEWER AT FULL MAGNIFICATION, SIR!

IT WILL REACH ANDREA IV IN ELEVEN HOURS AND TWENTY-THREE MINUTES!

WE SEEM TO BE SHORT ON TIME!

HAVE DR. McCOY AND ENSIGNS TODD AND ZORN OF SECURITY MEET ME IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM!

SULU, TAKE THE HELM UNTIL COMMANDER SCOTT RELIEVES YOU!

COME ALONG, SPOCK! ITS TIME TO CONVINCE A PRIMITIVE ALIEN COMMUNITY TO ABANDON ITS HOMEWORLD!

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SCOTTY, I'LL NEVER DOUBT YOUR INSTINCTS AGAIN. NOW TAKE THE BRIDGE AND KEEP US ABREAST OF DEVELOPMENTS HERE OUT.

CAPTAIN, I MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT A HOVERCRAFT HAS BEEN OBSERVING US FOR QUITE SOME TIME

LOOK! SHE'S COMING DOWN! GOING TO LAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!

Greetings from a savior-from-the-sky.

LONG MAY WE WAVE-LEN THIS GLORIOUS MOMENT!

CAPTAIN! HE... SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN EXPECTING US!

IS THIS TRUE?

Indeed! Those-who-have-steered beyond have adequately prepared us for your arrival! Now please join me.

THIS IS MOST FULFILLING CAPTAIN!

YES, UNLESS THESE ALIENS ARE FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN WE BELIEVE AND WERE MONITORING THE ENTERPRISE WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE!

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"WE... WE'RE LOSING THEM SIR!"

NOT BLOODY LIKELY, LIEUTENANT. I CAN *BEAT* THIS BY MANUALLY BOOSTIN' OUR MATTER TRANSMITTER!

WE'VE LOST TWO LIVES TO THIS BLASTED CONTRAPTION*...

*STAR TREK #1-L.

THIS THINGS GONNA BLOW UNLESS I CAN OVERRIDE THIS CIRCUITRY...

...AND GET THE EMERGENCY RELAYS TO KICK-IN WITH A FULL THRUST...!

"...I WON'T BE LOSIN' ANOTHER!"

THERE! IT'S *DONE!*

"EMERGE... NOW! QUICKLY BEFORE THE WHOLE BLAMED BOARD...

...BLOWS!

WHOM!

ARRGH! MY HANDS!

LANDING PARTY TO ENTERPRISE! SCOTTY, WE HAD A HAIRY MOMENT THERE!

HOW ARE THINGS AT YOUR END?

DUCKY, CAPTAIN! JUST DUCKY!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG SUPPLEMENTAL ENTRY: AS WE APPROACHED UNEXPECTED ALARM AS ALIENS AT OUR SUDDEN APPEARANCE WE HAD PRAISED MATERIALIZED SO VOID THEREBY WE COULD HAVE SAVED OUR SELVES THE TROUBLE.

THE ENTIRE PLANETARY POPULATION HAS GATHERED TO GREET US?

Most assuredly! From beyond the vale you have come to shield and protect us, thus we revel in your honor.

As you can observe we have anticipated this joyous event for quite some time...

...Quite some time indeed!

SPOCK! McCOY! THOSE MASSIVE MONUMENTS... THEY ARE MODELED AFTER US! BUT HOW...?

MOST PERPLEXING CAPTAIN. I AM AT A LOSS FOR A LOGICAL EXPLANATION.

DO YOU HAVE ICE WATER IN YOUR VEINS, VULCAN? NO LOGIC CAN EXPLAIN THAT!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL ENTRY: TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR THE INHABITANTS OF ANDREA II! THOUGH WE HARASS, CAJOLE AND PLEAD WE CANNOT SHAKE THEIR BLIND FAITH IN OUR ABILITY TO RESCUE THEM FROM THIS IMPENDING DISASTER!

A STARSHIP CAPTAIN IS GRANTED A BROAD LATITUDE OF RESPONSIBILITIES AND POWERS UNFORTUNATELY OMNIPOTENCE IS NOT ONE OF THEM!

JIM, WE MUST SAVE THESE POOR DEVILS!

BUT HOW, BONES? WE CAN'T SHANGHAI THEM ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE!

PERHAPS WE CAN APPROACH THE PROBLEM FROM ANOTHER ANGLE.

WE MAY BE ABLE TO PREMATURELY *DISPERSE* THE VEGA CLOUD USING THE SHIP'S PHASERS, BUT THE ATTACK WILL HAVE TO BE FROM A CLOSE PROXIMITY...

...AND IF IT FAILS *BOTH* THE *SHIP* AND THE *PLANET* WILL BE FORFEIT THE RISK IS CONSIDERABLE

THAT'S LIKE GAMBLING WITH THE LIVES OF MY CREW... BUT, I HAVE NO OTHER OPTIONS.

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE! BEAM US ABOARD, MR. SCOTT!

SORRY CAPTAIN, I CANNA OBLIGE YOU!

WHAT...???

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LATER... CAPTAIN TORN AND I HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO BEGIN AN ORDERLY EVACUATION!

EXPLAIN, TODD.

WE HAVE ADVISED THE NATIVES OF THE *DANGER* THE VEGA CLOUD REPRESENTS YET THEY APPEAR UNCONCERNED.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! ASIDE FROM ONE HOVERCRAFT, THEY POSSESS VIRTUALLY NO TOOLS OR MACHINES!

JIM, MY *MEDICAL* FINDINGS MAY SHED SOME LIGHT...

...THOUGH INDIGENOUS TO THIS PLANET, THIS ALIEN RACE IS *DETERIORATING*... *DYING*... WHICH EXPLAINS THEIR SMALL NUMBER AND MAY EXPLAIN THEIR *PREOCUMPTION* WITH THE METAPHYSICAL!

GENTLEMEN BOTH THE *STATUES* AND THE ALIENS *THEMSELVES* ARE QUITE INTRIGUING HOWEVER EVEN AS WE SPEAK THE VEGA-RADIATION DRAWS NEARER..

SPOCK'S RIGHT WE... HAVE TO CONVINCE THESE PEOPLE TO EVACUATE... AND QUICKLY! FAN OUT AND...

Do not trouble yourselves, We are in no danger

You are the protectors

You shall shield us from all harm

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AND ON THE PLANET...

I SHOULD BE OUT THERE!

STOP PUSHING, JIM! YOU CAN'T BE EVERY-WHERE!

CAPTAIN CONSIDERING THIS PLANET'S DISTANCE FROM ITS SUN, ITS AB-NORMALLY ACTIVE SOLAR ENERGY FIELD SEEMS ALL THE MORE CURIOUS!

MR. SPOCK, ARE YOU SUGGEST-ING A HIDDEN TECHNOLOGY... OR A LITTLE OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY?

PERHAPS... BOTH.

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 3708.4. UNLESS THE ENTERPRISE CAN DISPERSE THE CLOUD, FIVE AND A HALF HOURS OF LIFE REMAIN FOR ANDREA IX! YET USING A TRI-CORDER AS A DETECTOR, SPOCK AND I HAVE SET OUT TO DISCOVER WHY VAST QUANTITIES OF SOLAR ENERGY ARE DRAWN TO THIS PLANET...

CAPTAIN, LOOK!

I SEE IT. A VAST SOLAR COLLECTOR! IT MUST EXTEND A HUNDRED KILOMETERS IN DIAMETER!

ONE SUCH CONSTRUCT COULD EASILY HARNESS SUFFICIENT ENERGY TO POWER A HIGHLY-INDUSTRIALIZED, MEDIUM-SIZED PLANET...

IT IS MERELY ONE OF MANY SUCH ARTIFACTS LEFT BEHIND BY THOSE-WHO-HAVE ASCENDED-BEYOND!

THEN, THAT MEANS... EH?

McCOY TO KIRK! JIM, GET BACK HERE IMMEDIATELY! SOMETHING INCREDIBLE IS HAPPENING!

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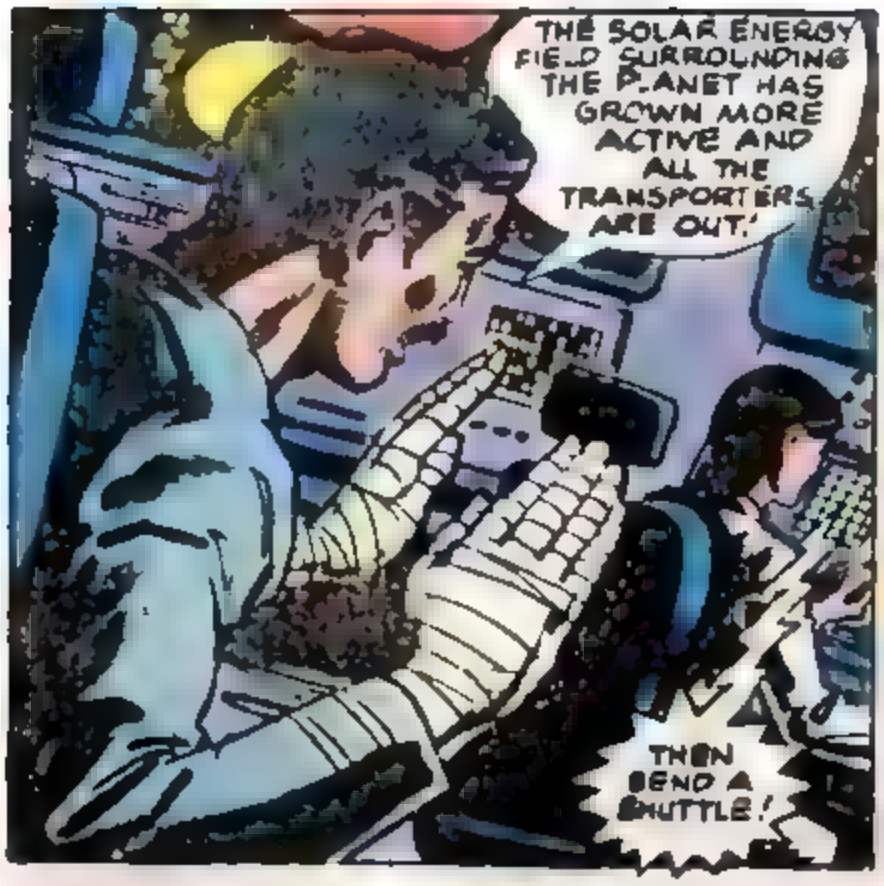
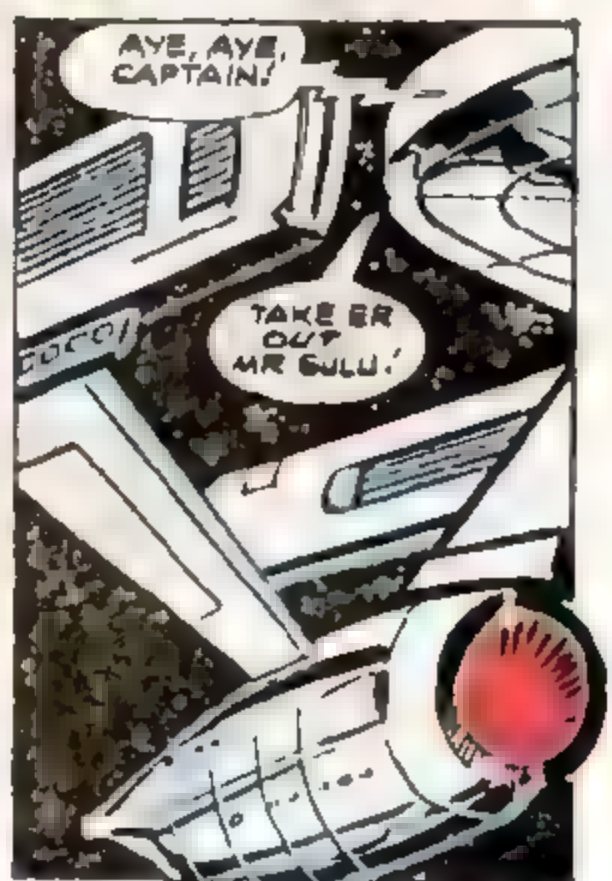

THE SOLAR ENERGY FIELD SURROUNDING THE PLANET HAS GROWN MORE ACTIVE AND ALL THE TRANSPORTERS ARE OUT.'
THEN SEND A SHUTTLE!



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FIRE!!!
BLOODY SHOCK-WAVES.. STRIKING THE SHIP!
LIEUTENANT JHURA, OPEN ALL CHANNELS!
I WANT A COMPLETE DAMAGE REPORT!
ALL DECKS REPORTING SIR. WE HAVE SUSTAINED NO CASUALTIES... BUT ENGINEERING REPORTS A PROBLEM WITH THE MATTER/ANTI-MATTER DRIVE!
BLAST! I SHOULD BE DOWN THERE WITH MY ENGINES! I'M NO SHIP'S CAPTAIN!
MR. SULU, WHAT'S THE STATUS ON THAT VEGA-CLOUD?

OUR ATTACK FAILED, SR.
THE VEGA-CLOUD IS STILL INTACT.
...AND ITS RADIATION IS SWEEPING ACROSS THE ENTERPRISE!
WITHOUT WARP-SPEED, WE CAN'T ESCAPE IT!

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CAP'AIN'S LOG STARDATE 3708.5. COMMANDER SCOTT RECORDIN'. THE M_TAYT ENERG ES OF A VEGA CLOUD CAN DESTROY A PLANET S ATMOSPHERE IN THE T_E IT TAKES A MAN TO DOWN A JIGGER OF WHISKEY!

I DONNA KNOW IF THE ENTERPR SE CAN SURVIVE SUCH RAD ATION...

MR SCOTT, THE CREW IS ON FULL ALERT AND...

...WE'RE LOCKED ON TARGET!

DON'T SECOND GUESS YOURSELF SCOTTY! YOU'LL BRING US HOME!

THAT I HOPE, UHURA THAT I HOPE.

THE CO-ORDINATES FOR DISPERSAL ARE VERY PRECISE! WE'LL HAVE ONE CHANCE AT 'EM!

SET THE SHIP'S PHASERS FOR PROX WITY EXPLOS ONS, MR SULU!

IF MR. SPOCK'S CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, WE'LL BE SCATTERING THAT CLOUD TO THE FURTHEST REACHES! IF NOT...

THE BARRAGE W LL COMMENCE MOMENTARILY MR SULU ON MY COMMAND?

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STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Editor:

After all these years, I've finally gotten my wish: Marvel's got the legendary *Star Trek!!!*

After seeing issues 1-3, however, all I could say was "decent". The artwork was a little uneven, but nice. I will say that the artwork is better than in your first issues of STAR WARS and BATTLESTAR GALACTICA (both have since improved ten-fold). Your script was slightly different than the version shown in the theatre, and it's too bad the movie's producers didn't follow your version more closely. While the movie was the best, it might have been even better if it was more like yours — the characters were better defined in the comic.

Doug C. Mappin
P.O. Box 517
Akron, IN 46910

Dear Sirs:

I have just bought issue #4 of STAR TREK, and am happy to see that you are starting original stories. However, I do have some negative comments.

In reference to a letter from Daniel Wolpe: Under no circumstances should any attempt be made to link the *Star Trek* and Marvel universes. The two universes are not related in any way, and to link them would require the establishment of certain continuity. An editorial reply to such a proposal in STAR WARS #33 said such continuity is in "the province of (the) creator." In this case, the creator is Gene Roddenberry, and he would never permit such stories. The vast majority of your readers will be *Star Trek* fans who will want "pure" *Trek*. (No crossovers from the Marvel universe, or other similar universes.)

Mike Gardiner
P.O. Box 1205
Southgate, MI 48195

Not to worry, Mike, as there are no plans to crossover the Enterprise crew with any other stars of the Marvel universe. It may be of interest to you, though, to know that each and every issue of Marvel's STAR TREK is carefully scrutinized by the Great Bird of the Galaxy (Gene Roddenberry, for you newcomers) himself.

Dear Trekkers:

As you may or may not recall, I was a bit disappointed with the STAR TREK Super Special/issues 1-3. However, STAR TREK #4 is (if you'll excuse the expression) light-years ahead of the previous effort. Admiral Fitzpatrick's office is exquisite — the plants are a very nice touch, somehow always overlooked in the antiseptic presentations of possible future life. Also, the aliens — Ambassador R'Kgg and Raytag M'Gora — are absolutely delightful in their designs. I can believe in these fellows as functional beings. Many congratulations to Dave Cockrum. The story, although it moved a bit quickly in places, relied on dialogue to tell the story *with* the drawings, rather than wordy captions, describing what the pictures already show

Steve Silvia
(Address Not On Letter)

Dear Editor:

The cover of STAR TREK #4 was atrocious. Spock was totally out of character. If it had been McCoy in Spock's place, it would have worked. The story is okay so far, but the artwork leaves much to be desired. The dialogue is okay too, except Spock is not a walking stopwatch. He does not state time periods unless asked to, or unless the information is essential in solving a problem. Also, he does not explain his nerve pinch when he uses it. (Imagine Kirk saying: "This punch to the jaw should stun your senses for a moment.")

Richard McHarald
14322 E. Villanova Place
Aurora, CO 80014

That *would* be a little silly, Richard, but a punch to the jaw is a gesture recognized by most of us. The Vulcan nerve pinch, on the other hand, is so subtle that it could easily be mistaken by our readers who are unfamiliar with the *Star Trek* mythos; thus the expository copy. And as for Spock being a "walking stopwatch"... let's just chalk that up to dramatic license, and we'll try to watch it in the future, okay?

Dear Marvel:

Now that Mike Barr has very neatly put to rest the ghosts, monsters, etc., which were haunting the Enterprise, I hope we'll be seeing no more 20th century Earth symbols floating around in space. Let's not forget that until *Star Trek*, man's "final frontier" was largely depicted on film as being populated by such Earth standards as Las Vegas chorus girls or medieval royalty. I think a flying haunted house probably belongs with the rest of these.

But the *Star Trek* characters in both issues #4 and #5 were well-handled and transferred well into comic book form. And it is this, I think, which will make STAR TREK — THE COMIC BOOK a success. Keep up the good work.

David Green
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Trekkers:

STAR TREK #5 ("The Haunting of the Enterprise") shows how well Marvel can handle the world of *Trek*. Spock's cool acceptance and analysis of his predicament with the Klingons, the perpetual argument between Spock and McCoy, Kirk's quick command thinking, and everything else that makes *Star Trek* the greatest hit of all time was present in this issue.

The artwork was flawless, as Dave's usually is, and all the characters were *in* character. If the rest of the series goes this smoothly, you've got it made. *Star Trek Lives!*

Mike Lansley
North Chatham, NY 12132

Not only *lives*, Mike, but lives long and prospers, if letters like yours are any indication! For the record, though, fully half of the credit for the "flawless" art of issue #5 should go to Kosmic *Klaus Janson*, who so expertly inked the Daring One's pencils. Also, Dapper *Denny O'Neil* deserves credit for co-plotting issue #5.

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #83** — The *Angel* and the Thing trapped in the Castle of Terror!
☐ **SPIDER-WOMAN #31** — Who is... the Hornet?!
☐ **STAR TREK #7** — Mutant avengers attack the *Enterprise!*
☐ **MACHINE MAN #17** — Madam Menace!
☐ **MARVEL SUPER HEROES #82** — (Reprints Hulk #141) Enter: Doc Samson!
☐ **SPIDER-MAN #208** — Kraven the Hunter strikes!
☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #250** — "Captain America For President!"
☐ **THOR #300** — *Double-sized* 300th anniversary spec acular!
☐ **MICRONAUTS #22** — "The Best Dam Burglar in the Whole Wide World!"
☐ **GHOST RIDER #49** — Curse of the Indian!
☐ **BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #20** — Baltar's hunt for Starbuck!
☐ **SHE-HULK #8** — The real charisma of... [illegible]
☐ **FUN AND GAMES #14** — All sorts of games to delight and excite you!
DR. STRANGE #43 — Strange and Clea battle to save Wong!
☐ **HULK #252** — Prisoner of Wotugod!
☐ **AVENGERS #206** — A *double-sized* surprise-filled 200th anniversary issue.
☐ **CONAN #115** — It must be Anniversary Month here at the House of Ideas. This *double-sized* spectacular marks *ten years of Conan's mag!* Guest-stars *Red Sonja!*
☐ **MARVEL TALES #128** — (Reprints Spider-Man #143) Spidey vs. the Cyclone!
☐ **MARVEL'S GREATEST #83** — The coming of the Over-Mind!
☐ **X-MEN #136** — An all-new retelling of the history of the X-Men!
☐ **TALES TO ASTONISH #11** — (Reprints Sub-Mariner #11) Namor on a rampage!
☐ **IRON #11** — Prisoner of the Dire Wraiths!
SGT. FURY #168 — (Reprints Captain Savage #11) The Howlers and the Leatherneck Raiders team up!
☐ **POWER MAN AND IRON FIST #86** — El Aguila and his bio-electric blasts!
☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #223** — The return of Salem's Seven!
☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #98** — Spidey and the *Black Widow* — together!
☐ **IRON MAN #128** — The vengeance-quest of Madame Masque and Spy-[illegible]!
☐ **PETER PARKER #47** — The Prowler!
☐ **DEFENDERS #88** — "Lord of the Whales!"
☐ **MARVEL SUPER-ACTION #24** — (Reprints Avengers #63) Introducing: the new Goliath!
☐ **AMAZING ADVENTURES #11** — (Reprints X-Men #s 6 and 46) "Sub-Mariner Joins the Evil Mutants!"
☐ **STAR WARS #48** — Part II of *The Empire Strikes Back!*
MASTER OF KUNG FU #83 — The bitter cut of Samada!
☐ **MARVEL PREMIERE #56** — Starring *Shamus Fortune*, guest starring the pre-Howler, pre-SHIELD Dum Dum Dugan!
FANTASY MASTERPIECES #11 — (Reprints Silver Surfer #11 and Strange Tales #151) The *Surfer* laments, "O, Bitter Victory!" while *Warlock* faces the madness of "1000 Clowns!"
WHAT IF #23 — "What If the Hulk's Girlfriend Jarella Lived?"

MARVEL ANNUALS

☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR ANNUAL #16** — The awesome return of *Doctor Doom!*
☐ **MICRONAUTS ANNUAL #2** — The Micros in all-out battle in Macy's toy department!

MARVEL MAGAZINES

☐ **CRAZY #84** — "The Empire Strikes Out!", "White Shallow!" Texas-Hulk, Obnoxio, and more such weirdness!
HOWARD THE DUCK #7 — Howard, Bev and the *Man-Thing* trapped on a giant *Monopoly board!* Pass *Street People!*
☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #50** — Conan's good-taken search for the evil wizard Zafra!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL ENTRY: A PNEUMATIC PLATFORM AWAITED US INSIDE THE BASE OF THE STATUES AND TOOK US AND THE ANDREAN DEEP WITHIN THE CORE OF THE PLANET. WE'D EXPECTED EVIDENCE OF A HIGHLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY, BUT NOT THIS...

THE PLANET'S CRUST MUST HAVE SHIELDED THIS MACHINERY FROM OUR SCANNERS!

THIS EQUIPMENT IS SO *COMPLEX*, IT COULD TAKE MONTHS TO LEARN TO OPERATE IT...MONTHS WE HAVEN'T GOT!

I AM GOING TO ATTEMPT TO MIND-MELD, CAPTAIN... TO JOIN *MY* CONSCIOUSNESS WITH THAT OF THE EVOLVING *ANDREAN*!

PERHAPS WITHIN HIS CONSCIOUSNESS, WE WILL FIND THE KEY TO THIS MYSTERY.

WE *MUST* FIND IT. IF THESE PEOPLE ARE TO SURVIVE!

I... HAD TO BREAK THE CONNECTION...

I WAS...FLOODED WITH INFORMATION... OVERWHELMED BY A VAST ARRAY OF CONCEPTS AND *EXPERIENCES*!

MY MIND IS FAR TOO PRIMITIVE TO COMMUNE WITH SUCH AN INTELLIGENCE!

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SCOTT, CHANNEL ALL AVAILABLE POWER INTO OUR DEFLECTOR SCREENS

CAN THEY WITHSTAND THE RADIATION, SIR?

I'LL HAVE A CHANCE FOR SURGICAL REPAIRS AND MORE POWER BESIDES.

"L. ANDREA JT"

JIM, SPOCK, COME QUICKLY...!

JIMMY JAY [illegible]

BONES, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

ONE OF THE ANDREANS, IS UNDERGOING A STARTLING TRANS-FORMATION!

MY MEDICAL SCANNING DICATES THAT HIS INTERNAL ORGANS ARE METAMORPHOSING... EVOLVING AT A FANTASTIC RATE!

HE STANDS ON THE VERGE.. ABOUT TO STEP BEYOND!

SPOCK, THAT MAY LEAD TO TIFFANY'S SOLAR RESERVES!

IF WE CAN TAP THEM, WE MAY BE ABLE TO AID THE ENTERPRISE, AND SAVE THE PLANET

TODD! ZORN! GUARD THIS ENTRANCE!

McCOY, SPOCK, COME WITH ME!

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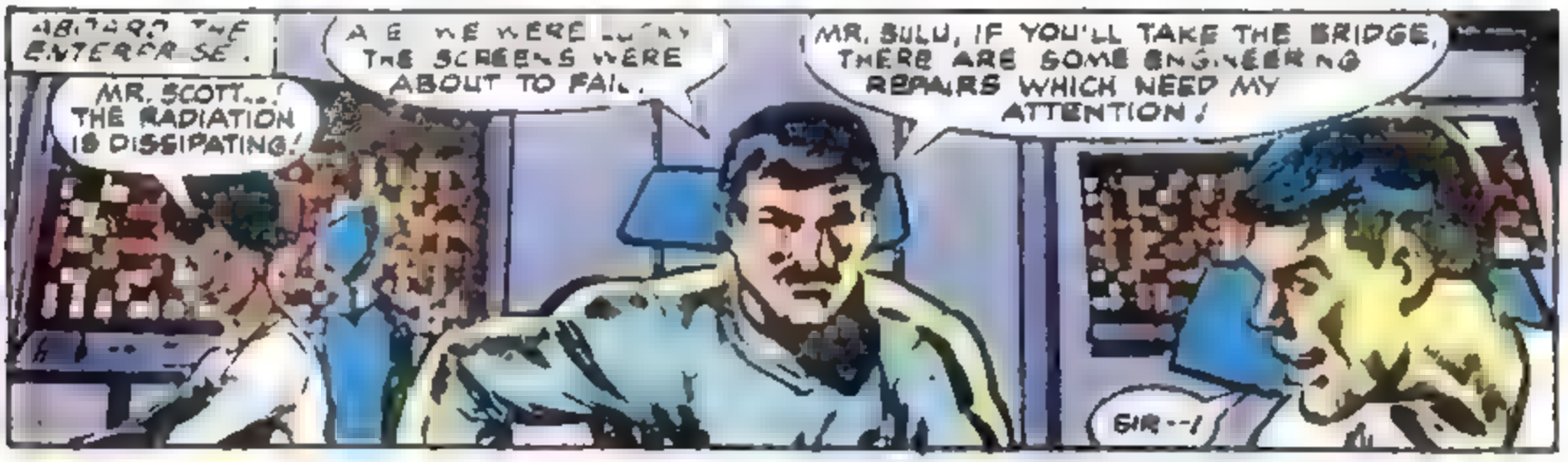
ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE.
MR. SCOTT...! THE RADIATION IS DISSIPATING!
AS WE WERE LUCKY THE SCREENS WERE ABOUT TO FAIL.
MR. SULU, IF YOU'LL TAKE THE BRIDGE, THERE ARE SOME ENGINEERING REPAIRS WHICH NEED MY ATTENTION!
SIR--!

WHILE ON THE PLANET
I'M FLABBERGASTED! A RACE THAT ACTUALLY TRANSCENDS TIME!
IT'S CERTAINLY SOMETHING TO SHOOT FOR! EH, SPOCK?
IS IT, CAPTAIN? I WONDER...?

THINK OF THOSE LISTLESS ANDREANS ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE
THEY LIVE ONLY TO STEP BEYOND. AND NOT ALL OF THEM MAKE IT! THEIR LIVES ARE ...WASTED!

ONE THING PUZZLES ME, SPOCK! DID OUR SCIENTIFIC BACKGROUND SAVE THIS PLANET...
...OR DID THE ANDREANS' VISION OF THE FUTURE GUIDE ALL OUR ACTIONS?

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DID...DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING?

AS WE SUSPECTED THE ANDREANS ARE A SPECIES IN A STATE OF EVOLUTIONARY FLUX

IN THEIR MOST ADVANCED STAGE-- AS THE GLOWING MASSES WHICH SURROUND US-- THEY ARE TEMPORALLY TRANSCENDENTAL! THEY EXPERIENCE ALL PERIODS OF TIME SIMULTANEOUSLY!

CENTURIES AGO, THEY EXPERIENCED THE VEGA-CLOUD... AND OUR ARRIVAL..

...AND SO, THEY PREPARED ACCORDINGLY! THEY BUILT THOSE STATUES SO THAT THEIR DESCENDANTS WOULD REMEMBER...

...AND THE SOLAR COLLECTORS TO DRAW VARIANT, LETHAL FORMS OF ENERGY FROM THEIR SUN!

"THEY KNEW THE ENTERPRISE WOULD FAIL! THEY SAW THE CLOUD EXCEED ALL MARGINS OF SAFETY AS IT NEARED THEIR ATMOSPHERE..

"...YET, THEY WERE UNCONCERNED..."

...FOR THEY KNEW THAT IN THIS EXACT MINUTE, AT THIS PRECISE SECOND, I WOULD PULL THIS LEVER...

"...CHANNELING EONS WORTH OF RESERVED ENERGY... INTO ONE FURIOUS BLAST THAT WOULD DISPERSE THE VEGA-CLOUD... VAPORIZING IT LIKE SO MUCH FLOTSAM!

"...YOU SEE...IN THEIR YESTERDAY, THE ANDREANS SEE OUR TOMORROW!"

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STAR TREK

TM

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A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAN LEE PRESENTS

STAR TREK

"CAPTAIN'S LOG— STARDATE [illegible]

"UPON ENTERING THE AGENA SYSTEM ON A HEADING FOR STARBASE 14, THE ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN INTERCEPTED BY A PAIR OF ALIEN CRAFT.

"OUR PRESENCE HERE HAS BEEN INTERPRETED AS AN ACT OF AGGRESSION.

"...AND THE ALIENS HAVE RETALIATED BY FIRING AT ME AND THE ENTERPRISE.

"MY CREW AND I ARE NOW EXPERIENCING THE AGONIZING EFFECTS OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN AGENAN WEAPON! ITS NATURE AND ULTIMATE EFFECT.. ARE AS YET UNKNOWN."

THE EXPANSIONIST SYNDROME!

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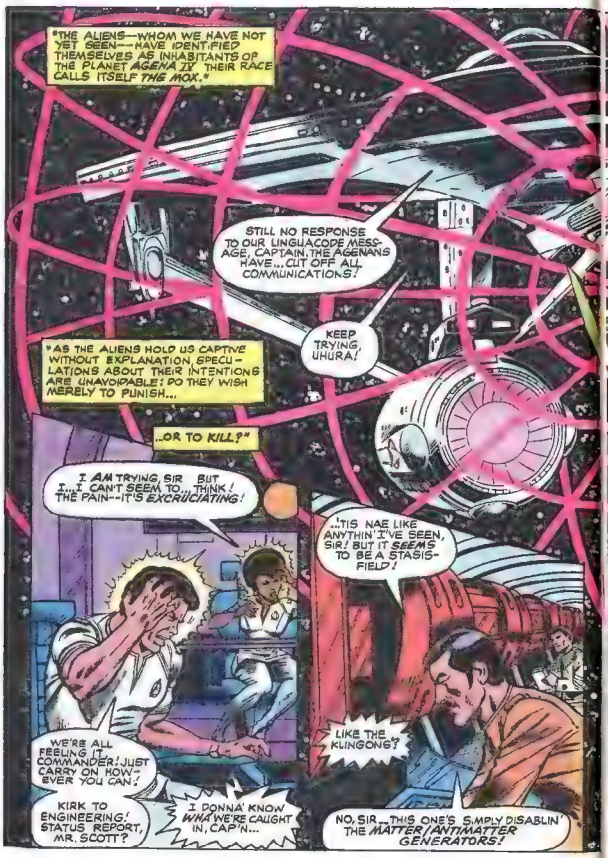
"THE ALIENS—WHOM WE HAVE NOT YET SEEN—HAVE IDENTIFIED THEMSELVES AS INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET AGENA IV. THEIR RACE CALLS ITSELF THE MOX."
STILL NO RESPONSE TO OUR LINGUACODE MESSAGE, CAPTAIN. THE AGENANS HAVE...CUT OFF ALL COMMUNICATIONS!
KEEP TRYING, UHURA!
"AS THE ALIENS HOLD US CAPTIVE WITHOUT EXPLANATION, SPECULATIONS ABOUT THEIR INTENTIONS ARE UNAVOIDABLE! DO THEY WISH MERELY TO PUNISH...
...OR TO KILL?"
I AM TRYING, SIR. BUT I...I CAN'T SEEM TO...THINK! THE PAIN—IT'S EXCRUCIATING!
...'TIS NAE LIKE ANYTHIN' I'VE SEEN, SIR! BUT IT SEEMS TO BE A STASIS-FIELD!
WE'RE ALL FEELING IT, COMMANDER! JUST CARRY ON HOWEVER YOU CAN!
LIKE THE KLINGONS?
KIRK TO ENGINEERING! STATUS REPORT, MR. SCOTT?
I DONNA' KNOW WHAT WE'RE CAUGHT IN, CAP'N...
NO, SIR...THIS ONE'S SIMPLY DISABLIN' THE MATTER/ANTIMATTER GENERATORS!

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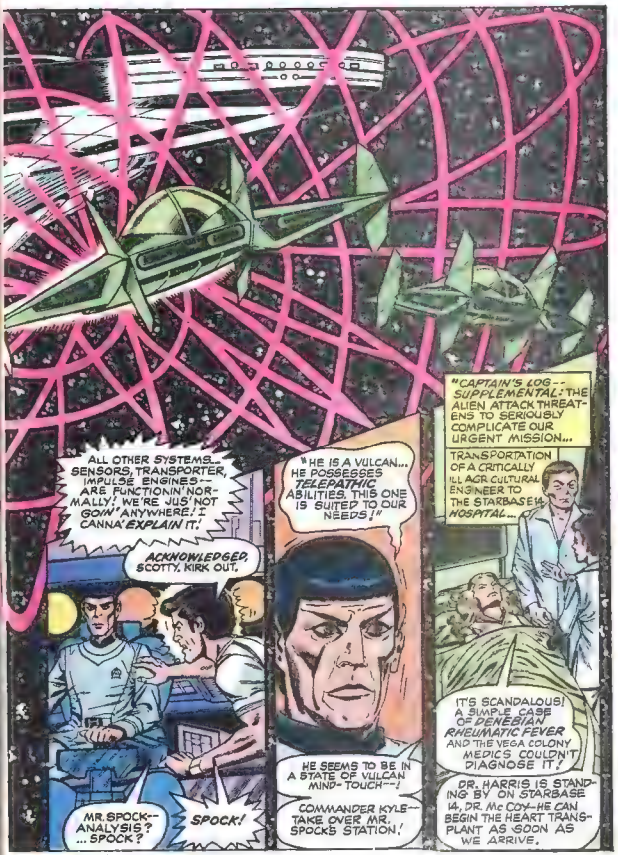
ALL OTHER SYSTEMS—SENSORS, TRANSPORTER, IMPULSE ENGINES—ARE FUNCTIONIN' NORMALLY! WE'RE JUS' NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE! I CANNA' EXPLAIN IT.'
ACKNOWLEDGED, SCOTTY. KIRK OUT.
"HE IS A VULCAN...HE POSSESSES TELEPATHIC ABILITIES. THIS ONE IS SUITED TO OUR NEEDS!"
"CAPTAIN'S LOG—SUPPLEMENTAL: THE ALIEN ATTACK THREATENS TO SERIOUSLY COMPLICATE OUR URGENT MISSION...
TRANSPORTATION OF A CRITICALLY ILL AGRICULTURAL ENGINEER TO THE STARBASE HOSPITAL...
IT'S SCANDALOUS! A SIMPLE CASE OF DENEBIAN RHEUMATIC FEVER AND THE VEGA COLONY MEDICS COULDN'T DIAGNOSE IT!
DR. HARRIS IS STANDING BY ON STARBASE 14, DR. Mc COY—HE CAN BEGIN THE HEART TRANSPLANT AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE.
HE SEEMS TO BE IN A STATE OF VULCAN MIND-TOUCH—!
COMMANDER KYLE—TAKE OVER MR. SPOCK'S STATION.
MR. SPOCK—ANALYSIS? ...SPOCK?
SPOCK!

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BUT ONLY IF WE CAN GET THERE WITHIN 24 HOURS CHRIST NE!

OTHERWISE THE PROGNOSIS IS HOPELESS!

BRIDGE TO SICKBAY, DR McCOY, REPORT TO THE BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY

WHAT'S GOIN ON UP HERE?

ARE WE UNDER ATTACK?

I'LL EXPLAIN THAT LATER, BONES!

RIGHT NOW, I NEED A DIAGNOSIS --WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?

CAPTAIN! SENSORS INDICATE AN ENERGY-PROBE--TYPE UNKNOWN --HAS PENETRATED THE SHIP!

BONES, COULD THAT BE WHAT'S CAUSING THIS PAIN?

POSSIBLY, TRICORDER READINGS SHOW AN UNUSUALLY HIGH LEVEL OF ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY IN YOUR BRAIN!

SOUNDS LIKE A MIND-SCAN OF SOME SORT!

JIM! LOOK!

SPOCK--HE'S DISAPPEARING!

IT'S THE ALIENS--THEY'VE TRANSPORTED HIM OFF THE BRIDGE...

KLAK

BUT THEY LEFT HIS COMMUNICATOR BEHIND!

YES--THE AGENANS MUST KNOW WE CAN'T BEAM HIM BACK WITHOUT THE CO-ORDINATES IT SUPPLIES!

CAPTAIN! ONE OF THE ALIEN SHIPS IS BREAKING FORMATION!

PICKING UP A LIFE-FORM READING ABOARD HER, CAPTAIN--VULCAN HUMANOID! THEY'VE CAPTURED MR. SPOCK, SIR!

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG--STARDATE 7523.6: THE ANDORIANS HAVE NOW THE EX-ENSIGN IN CUSTODY, BUT APPEAR TO HAVE DECIDED AGAINST TAKING FURTHER ACTION--FOR NOW

ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT SPOCK HAS BEEN TAKEN TO AGENA II, I AM LEADING A SEARCH PARTY THAT WILL SCOUR THE SURFACE FOR HIS EXACT WHEREABOUTS."

BE THANKFUL YOU ARE HERE, BONES--IN ONE PIECE!

AT LEAST THAT STATE FELD DIDN'T WEAR THE TRANSPORTER

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU NEEDED ME HERE, JIM--

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED ABOARD, JIM! I HAVE A PATIENT--

--WHOM DR CHAPEL CAN TEND JUST AS WELL! BUT IF SPOCK NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION...

I WANT THE BENEFIT OF YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH VULCAN PHYSIOLOGY!

NOW I...!

BLAM!

AARON!

BUT NOW!

IT'S ANDERSON! HE'S BEEN WOUNDED!

IT SOUNDED LIKE A PROJECTILE FIRED FROM AN O.D 20TH CENTURY FIREARM--

DIFALCO! GET DOWN!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

PHASERS, GENTLEMEN--

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WHERE ARE THEY HEADING?

CAN'T SAY, SIR--THEY'RE ALREADY OUT OF SENSOR-RANGE!

YET WE'RE STILL *TRAPPED*--SO THE REMAINING SHIP MUST BE GENERATING THE STASIS-FIELD!

MR. KYLE--HOW MANY *CREW* ABOARD THAT VESSEL?

UNKNOWN, SIR. UNLIKE THE FIRST SHIP, THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE *RESISTING* OUR SENSORS!

THEN WE HAVE NO CHOICE, MR. CHEKOV. LOCK ALL PHASERS ONTO THE REMAINING VESSEL!

PHASERS LOCKED ON TARGET, KEPTIN.

FIRE PHASERS!

NOT RESPONDING, SIR--PHASER BANKS DRAINED OF POWER!

PHOTON TORPEDOES *ALSO* NON-FUNCTIONAL.

ENGINEERIN' TO BRIDGE!

GO AHEAD, SCOTTY!

CAP'N, 'TIS WORSE THAN I FIGGERED! WHATEVER'S GOT US, HAS *NEUTRALIZED* OUR WEAPONRY--

--AN' *DRAINED* ALL POWER IN THE WARP ENGINES, TOO!

THE MATTER/ANTIMATTER SHIELDIN' IS *BREAKIN' DOWN*! WE'RE IN *RED-ZONE-PROXIMITY*!!

UNLESS WE FREE OURSELVES CAP'N, IN *FOUR HOURS*, WE'LL BLOW UP!

...BECAUSE THEY'VE LOCKED *ONTO* US WITH A *TRACTOR BEAM*--AND ARE PULLING US INTO AN *ORBIT* WITH THAT PLANET--

OUR ALIEN "*FRIENDS*" OBVIOUSLY *DON'T KNOW* THAT, SCOTTY...

--THE PLANET *AGENA IX*!

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WE'RE NOT WHO YOU SEEM TO *THINK* WE ARE!

WE COME IN PEACE...

BUT WE WON'T HESITATE TO DEFEND OURSELVES!

YOUR FRIENDS ARE MERELY *STUNNED*-- THEY'LL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS EVENTUALLY!

NOW DROP THAT DAGGER--OR YOU CAN *JOIN* THEM IN A LONG NAP!

ANDERSON WON'T BE SO LUCKY.

HE'S *DEAD* JIM.

AND THE *OTHERS*?

ONE INJURY: PHILLIPS-- ANDERSON'S PARTNER! HE WAS SHOT--BUT IT'S ONLY A FLESH-WOUND.

BUT WHY DID YOU ATTACK US?

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR ENEMIES THE *MOK*-- DISGUISED IN SOME CLEVER WAY TO RESEMBLE US...

SO THAT YOU COULD DECIEVE AND *DESTROY* US!

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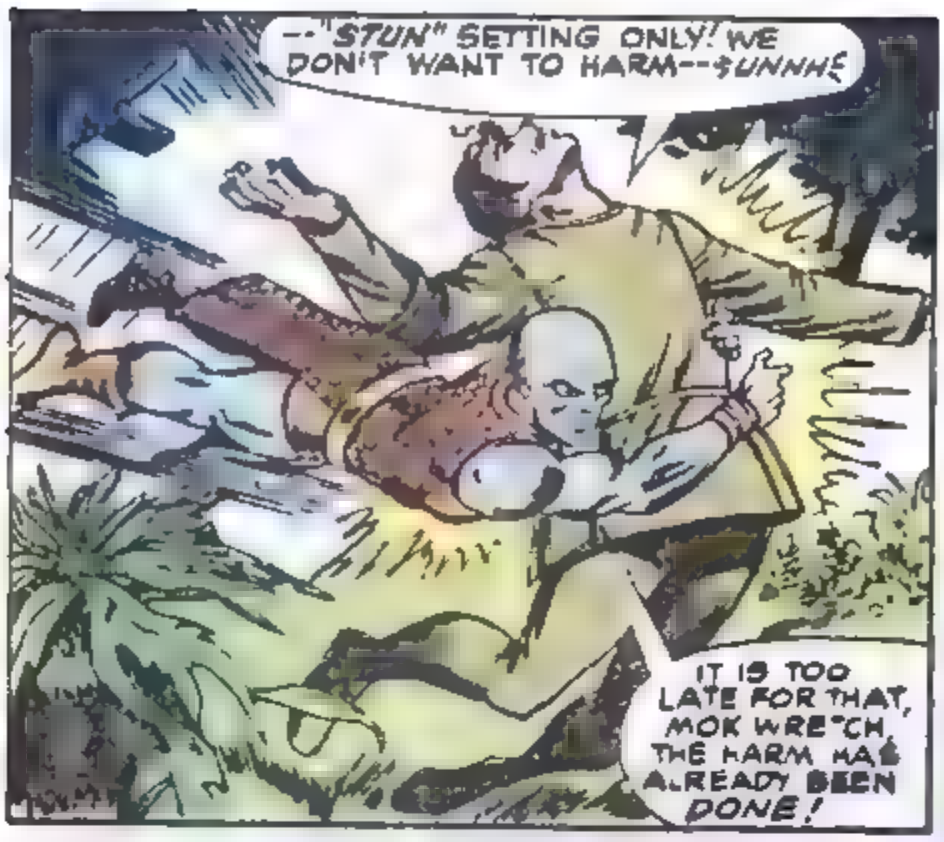

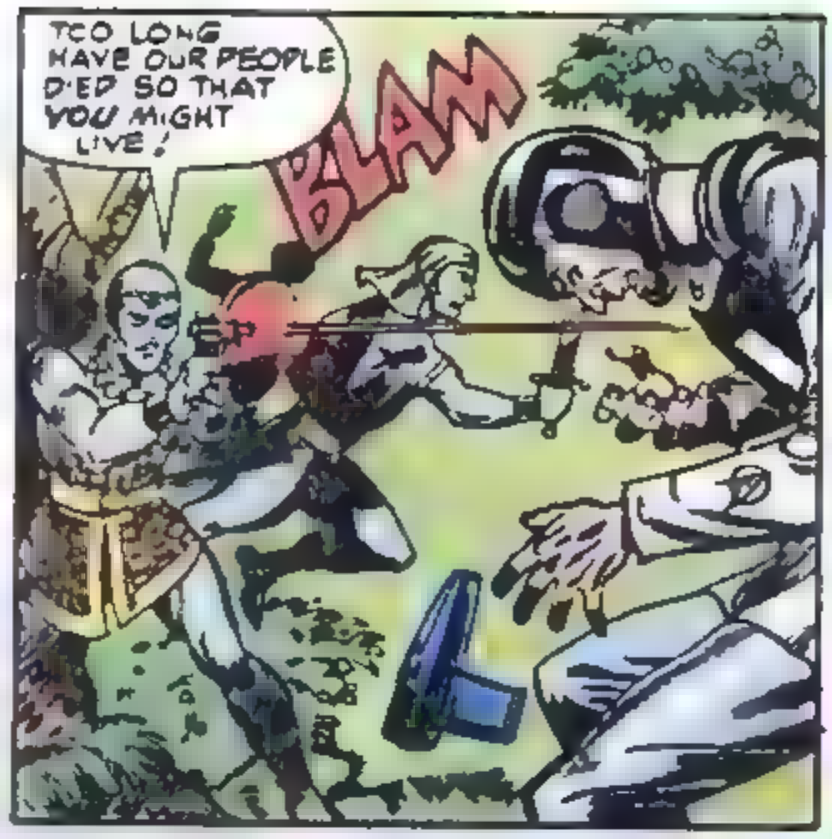

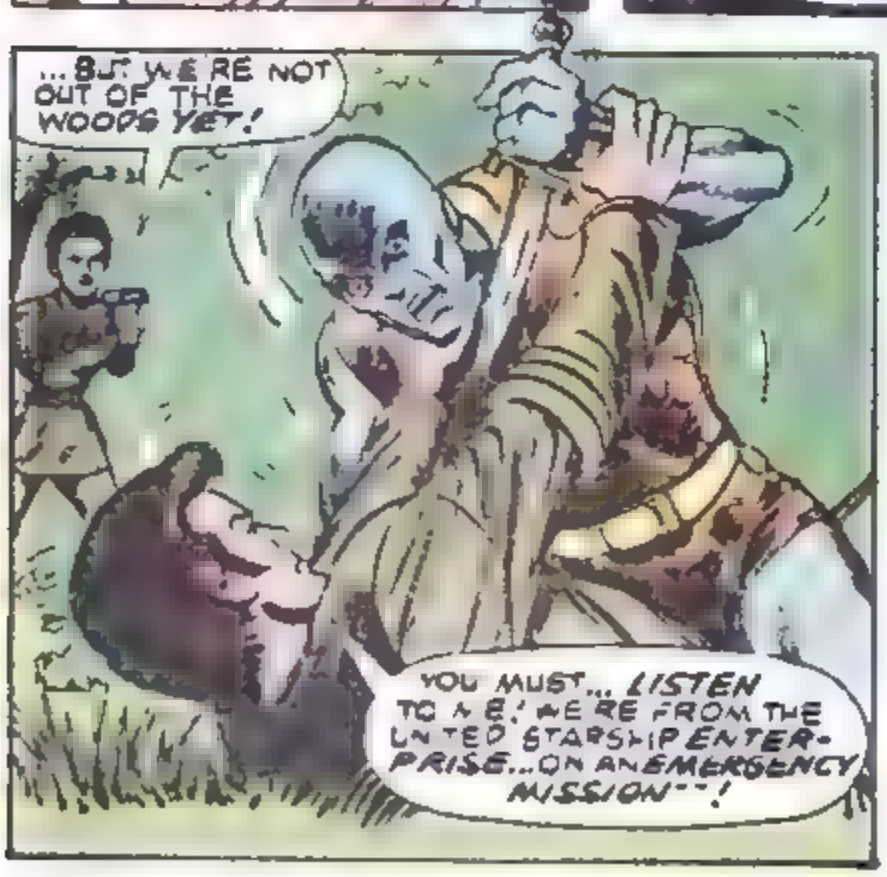

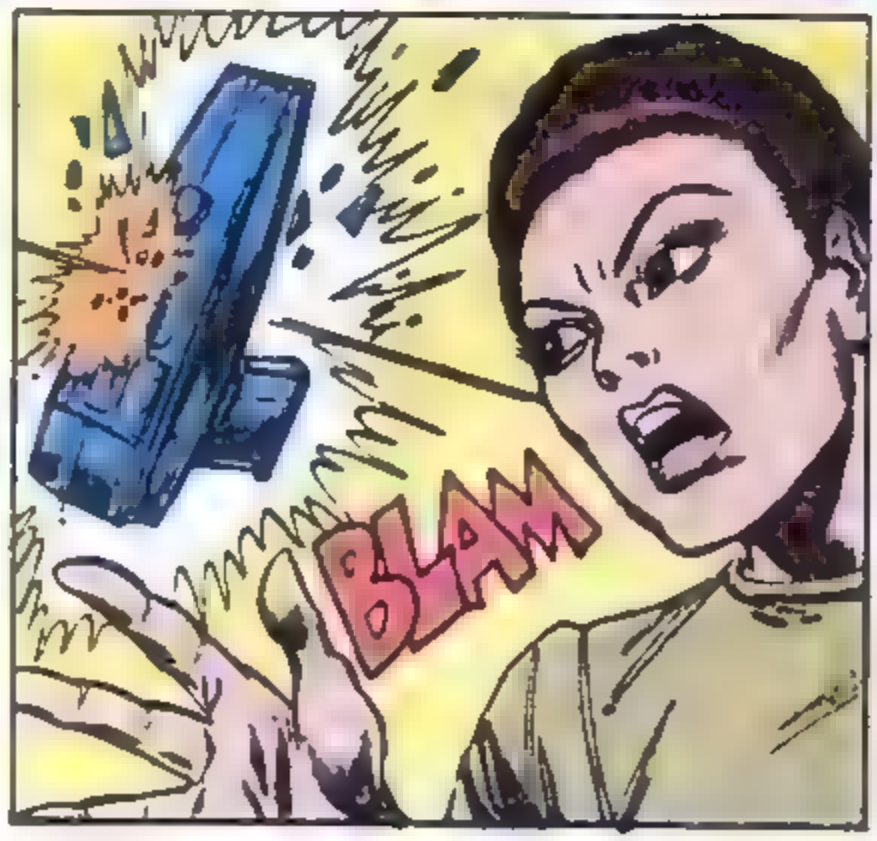

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"MEDICAL LOG-STARDATE 7523.6-- DR. CHRISTINE CHAPEL RECORDING: OUR CARDIAC PATIENT, PROFESSOR LENORE FOWLER, HAS AWAKENED. I AM CONTINUING TREATMENT WITH TRIDIGITALIS...

"...TO PREVENT CONGESTIVE HEART FAILURE BEFORE WE REACH STARBASE 14. PROGNOSIS, HOWEVER, IS POOR...

"...AS PROF. FOWLER IS A STUBBORN AND EXCITABLE INDIVIDUAL, SHE IS UNLIKELY TO REST QUIETLY...

WHY HAVEN'T WE REACHED THE STARBASE YET?

WE'RE EXPERIENCING A--ER--MINOR DELAY. NOTHING SERIOUS.

PLEASE, DOCTOR DON'T LIE TO ME!

THE SHIPS IN SOME SORT OF *TROUBLE*--AND I'M GOING TO *DIE* HERE--AREN'T I? LET ME SPEAK TO DR. McCOY!

I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR, BUT DR McCOY IS--AH--*NOT AVAILABLE* AT THE MOMENT.

NOW YOU MUST STAY CALM AND TRY TO REST--?!

I DON'T NEED MEDICATION...

...I NEED ANSWERS! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S DR. McCOY?

"MEDICAL LOG... SUPPLEMENTAL: ALTHOUGH I HAVE NOT WANTED TO ALARM PROF. FOWLER, I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO EXPLAIN TO HER THE *DETAILS* OF OUR CRISIS-SITUATION AS I HAVE LEARNED THEM FROM MY PERIODIC COMMUNICATIONS WITH DR. McCOY ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE..."

ANY PROGRESS WITH NEGATING THE *STATIS-FIELD*, SCOTTY?

NEGATIVE, CAP'N. WE CANNA' DESTROY THE SHIP THAT'S *CAUSIN'* IT!

SO IT SEEMS WE'LL HAVE TO TRACE SPOCK TO HIS CAPTORS.

. AND NEGOTIATE NOT ONLY *HIS* FREEDOM--BUT THE ENTERPRISE'S AS WELL!

AYE... UNLESS YE'D LIKE TO TRY BEAMIN' A *LANDIN' PARTY* ABOARD THE AGENAN SHIP...

...BUT I WOULDNA' RECOMMEND IT!

OUR SENSORS CANNA' *PENE-TRATE* THE BLOOMIN' THING--SO WE CANNA' KNOW WHA' WE'D BE SENDIN' THE PARTY *INTO*!

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"ORG"?

THAT IS WHAT MY PEOPLE CALL THEMSELVES... THE ORGS.

I AM AMONG THE FEW WHO HAVE EVER DARED TO ENTER THE CITY—AT ANY TIME!

YOU'RE COMING WITH US THEN... AS A GUIDE!

NO!...

...IF THE MOX CAPTURE AN ORG, IT IS SAID HIS FATE IS DEATH!

WE'LL TRY TO AVOID THAT.

WE'LL GIVE YOU A DISGUISE. PHILLIPS, I WANT YOUR HELMET... LT. CHEKOV YOUR FIELD JACKET, PLEASE!

"CAPTAIN'S LOG—SUPPLEMENTAL: WE HAVE LEFT CHEKOV AND PHILLIPS BEHIND AT THE ENCAMPMENT TO GUARD OUR ORG PRISONERS.

"AS LONG AS WE HOLD THEM, THEIR LEADER... WHO IS CALLED D'VID—WILL BE INDUCED TO COOPERATE..."

CAPTAIN, LOOK AT ALL THOSE ANIMALS! THE MEADOW IS FILLED WITH THEM!

THOSE ARE THE KAMAHR! THEY ARE THE GENTLEST OF CREATURES HARMING NO ONE... NOT EVEN THE DREAD MOX!

WHY DO YOU HATE THESE "MOX" SO MUCH?

IT WAS EVER THUS. WE KNOW LITTLE ABOUT THEM SAVE THAT THEY OPPRESS US... AND HAVE NO RIGHT TO...

...FOR THE MOX ARE NOT ALIVE. THEY ARE THINGS!

..."THIS IS THE TRUTH HANDED DOWN TO US BY OUR FATHERS AND THEIR FATHERS BEFORE THEM..."

THE MOX DWELL IN A STERILE WORLD—FILLED WITH THE UNNATURAL THINGS OUR ANCESTORS CAST OFF TO MAKE OUR LIVES BETTER!

WE ARE SUPERIOR TO THEM!

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COMMANDER SCOTT-- I'VE RUN A *SENSOR SWEEP* OF THE PLANET'S SURFACE AND I HAVE CO-ORDINATES FOR *MR. SPOCK!*

I MAKE H M AS 14 5 KILOMETERS FROM THE SEARCH PARTY S PRESENT CO-ORDINATES--ON A BEARING OF 4 *MARK 52*

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *WEIRD*, SIR.

THERE ARE NO OTHER LIFE-FORM READINGS WITHIN A 200-KILO-METER RADIUS!

THEN THE CREA-TURES WHO TOOK SPOCK *AREN'T* ALIVE IN THE USUAL SENSE--?!

WELL WHATEVER THEY ARE WE HAVE *LESS* THAN THREE HOURS TO FIND THEM--SO WE'D BETTER GET GOING. KIRK OUT.

WE'LL HAVE TO C-EAR A PATH IN MR SPOCK'S DRECTON PHASERS ON "*DEMATERIALIZE!*"

FIRE!

THERE--ACROSS THAT MEADOW... SOME SORT OF *CITADEL--!*

STILL TOO FAR AWAY FOR *TRI-CORDER* READINGS CAPTAIN--

--BUT *THAT* MUST BE WHERE WE'LL FIND MR. SPOCK!

NO--YOU *MUST* NOT! THAT IS THE CITY OF THE *MOK!* NO ORC DARES VENTURE THERE IN DAYLIGHT!

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..IT GENERATES ITS OWN *FORCE FIELD!*

YES. ONLY WHEN THEY *SLEEP* ARE THEY DEFENSELESS!

WE DIDN'T COME HERE FOR A LESSON IN *AGENAN ZOOLOGY.*

"WE'RE HERE TO FIND MY FIRST OFFICER.."

WE MOX ARE LOATH TO TAKE LIFE. OUR MAKERS *FORBADE IT!*

BUT DOWN THE CENTURIES WE HAVE REFINED OURSELVES.

..AND NOW OUR DESIRE FOR *SELF-PRESERVATION* IS STRONG! WE WILL KILL IF WE *MUST!*

I *CANNOT* DO WHAT YOU ASK.

TO USE VULCAN TELEPATHIC TECHNIQUES ON THE *KAMAHR* AS YOU REQUEST WOULD BE A VIOLATION OF THE FEDERATION'S PRIME DIRECTIVE!

I AM OBLIGED TO *REFUSE.*

THEN YOU WILL BE *DESTROYED!*

"CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 7523.7 WE HAVE REACHED THE MOX CITY...

ODD..THE NATIVES DON'T SEEM *DISTURBED* BY OUR PRESENCE.

IT'S SO CLEAN AND TRANQUIL...!

AND LOOK.. THE MOX AND KAMAHR CO-EXIST IN HARMONY! IT SEEMS LIKE A PERFECTLY BALANCED ECOLOGY!

JIM! THESE "MOX" ARE... HIGHLY-SOPHISTICATED *ROBOTS...!*

YES, OF COURSE! IT ISN'T "M-O-X" IT'S M-A-C-H-S... AS IN *MACHINES!*

AND THE "ORGS" MUST BE...

...*ORGANISMS!!*

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"AND YET THE MOX EXIST IN C[illegible] WHILE MY PEOPLE SUFFER! THE MOX CONTRIBUTE NOTHING TO THIS PLANET. THEY MERELY TAKE UP SPACE!

"AND BECAUSE THE ORGS... TEEMING MILLIONS SQUEEZED INTO A SMALL PARCEL OF LAND... ARE DEPRIVED OF THAT SPACE, THEY ARE DYING!

"THERE IS NO LAND ON WHICH TO GROW FOOD... AND SO WE STARVE! OUR WASTE INCREASES WITH OUR NUMBERS-AND WE BEFOUL OUR AIR AND WATER!

"THUS IT IS INEVITABLE THAT ORGS AND MOX WILL ONE DAY BATTLE... FOR ROOM TO BREATHE AND BREED!"

YOU'RE STARVING?

WHAT ABOUT THESE KAMAHR... AREN'T THEY EDIBLE? I NOTICE YOU WEAR THEIR HIDES

THE KAMAHR CANNOT BE CAUGHT IN SUFFICIENT QUANTITIES TO BE USEFUL AS FOOD.

THEY CAN BE HUNTED ONLY AT NIGHT, WHILE ASLEEP!

PERHAPS WE CAN FIND OUT HOW THEY AVOID CAPTURE...

DIFALCO... NO!

BLWHEEO

YOU KNOW THE PRIME DIRECTIVE EXPRESSLY FORBIDS INTERFERENCE WITH THE NATURAL ORDER OF PLANETARY ENVIRONMENTS!

I ONLY MEANT TO STUN IT CAPTAIN... AND TAKE IT AS A LAB-SPECIMEN.

JIM... DID YOU SEE THAT? THE CREATURE SHRUGGED OFF PHASER FIRE AS IF...

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TRICORDER READINGS SHOW MR SPOCK DEAD AHEAD, CAPTAIN --IN THAT BUILDING.

THIS IS THE HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER YOU TOLD US ABOUT, D'VID?

YES

I HAD NOT THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE SO LONG TO CROSS THE GREAT MEADOW, HOWEVER

THE SUN HANGS LOWER IN THE SKY THAN I HAD HOPED..

ALERT! ALERT!

ORG SPY IN OUR MIDST! ALERT!

RALLY! RALLY! DEFEND THE CHAMBER!!

IT'S A COUNCIL GUARD!

JIM, IT'S GOT DIFALCO!

PHASERS ON "DISRUPT"!

HE HAS RECOGNIZED ME AS AN ORG!

PHASERS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THEM, J.M.!

YOU MUST DISABLE THEIR CONTROL CENTER

--ON THEIR DORSAL SIDE! STRIKE THERE..

--LIKE SO!

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"MEDICAL LOG--SUPPLEMENTAL DR CHAPEL RECORDING. IT HAS BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE DR MCCOY'S LAST REPORT. I HAVE BEGUN TO GROW CONCERNED..."

MCCOY TO ENTERPRISE...

FINALLY! THANK HEAVEN--!

CHAPEL HERE. GO AHEAD, DOCTOR.

CHRISTINE, WE'VE FOUND SPOCK, HE'S UNHARMED. WE HAVEN'T GOT THE WHOLE STORY YET...

...BUT APPARENTLY, THESE MACHS HAVE DEVELOPED A MIND-PROBE...

...AND WITH IT, THEY LEARNED OF MY VULCAN TELEPATHIC SKILLS WHEN THEY PROBED THE BRIDGE CREW.

THEY FELT I COULD ASSIST THEM IN REPELLING THE IMPENDING INVASION.

FOR MANY YEARS NOW...

"...BANDS OF ORGS HAVE BEEN SNEAKING INTO THE MACH CITY AND WANTONLY DESTROYING ANY MACH THEY FOUND.

"ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS WAS EQUIPPED WITH A MIND-PROBE--AND IN ITS FLEETING ENCOUNTER WITH THE ORGS...

"...IT PROBED AN ORG MIND AND LEARNED OF THE INVASION! THAT DATA WAS STORED IN ITS MEMORY-BANKS--AND WHEN THE OTHER MACHS FOUND THEIR FALLEN COMRADE..."

...THEY LEARNED OF THE INVASION AS WELL!

THEY REALIZED THAT UNLESS THEY DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST THE ORGS, THEY WILL BE ANNIHILATED.

THE MACHS WILL KILL IN SELF-DEFENSE--BUT ONLY IF THEY MUST.

I WOULD HAVE BEEN PART OF THEIR PLAN TO HOLD OFF THE ORGS NON-VIOLENTLY.

"THE KAMAHR WERE THE KEY TO THAT PLAN!

YOU MEAN BY USING THE FORCE-FIELD THEY GENERATE--?

IT IS NOT MERELY A FORCE FIELD, JIM... THE KAMAHR ARE TELEKINETIC!

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IT WORKED--! APPARENTLY, D'VID, YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THESE "MACHS" THAN YOU'VE BEEN TELLING.

WHAT DID THE "GUARD" MEAN-- ABOUT YOU BEING AN *ORG SPY*-?

SOMEHOW, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FOREWARNED!

THEY KNOW ABOUT THE *INVASION*--!

INVASION ? WAIT A MINUTE! YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT--

VERY WELL I SHALL EXPLAIN.

I AND THE OTHERS YOU MET IN THE CLEARING WERE A RECONNAISSANCE TEAM...

...SURVEYING THE MACH CITY--PREPARATORY TO THE INVASION!

THUS MY CONCERN FOR THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR! YOU SEE THE ORGS WILL ATTACK *TONIGHT*--EVEN IF MY TEAM DOES NOT RETURN!

CAPTAIN--READINGS SHOW MR. SPOCK AHEAD 53.2 METERS...

...DIRECTLY BEYOND THAT DOOR

YOU MEAN YOU LED US HERE-- EVEN THOUGH YOU KNEW WE'D BE IN DANGER--?

STOW IT, BONES!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! YOU AND D'VID GO IN THROUGH THE MAIN ENTRANCE--DISTRACT THE MACHS! WE'LL BLAST OUR WAY IN FROM *BEHIND!*

HEY, YOU-- *UGLY!*

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!

NOW, JIM-- *FIRE!*

SPOCK--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HE'S HIS USUAL SELF, JIM-- RIGHT DOWN TO HIS SENSE OF GRATITUDE.

Y'KNOW, SPOCK, YOU MIGHT AT LEAST SAY "THANK YOU!"

REALLY, DOCTOR... FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

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THE ATTACK IS BEGINNING!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW--!

CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE I HAVE A SOLUTION--BOTH TO THE MACHS DILEMMA AND OUR OWN.

ALL RIGHT, SPOCK, LET'S HAVE IT...

SPOCK--?!

HE IS USING THE MIND-MELD TECHNIQUE ON THE KAMAHR.

MY MIND TO YOUR MIND...

MY THOUGHTS TO YOUR THOUGHTS...

LOOK--HE'S MANIPULATING THE COMBINED TELEKINETIC ENERGY OF A DOZEN KAMAHR...

...SENDING IT OUT INTO SPACE--

"--TO DESTROY THE MACH SHIP HOLDING THE ENTERPRISE!"

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THEN THE MACHS WANTED THE KAMAHR TO REPEL THE INVASION WITH THEIR MIND-OVER-MATTER POWER ?

PRECISELY. BUT THE MACHS COULD NOT COMMUNICATE WITH THE PRIMITIVE CREATURES--

SO THEY HOPED YOU WOULD *MIND-MELD* WITH THE KAMAHR--AND ACT AS THEIR "GO-BETWEEN"!

WHAT'S PROFESSOR FOWLER'S CONDITION, CHRISTINE ?

SHE'S STABLE, DR McCOY-- BUT SHE WON'T *REST*--!

I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN, McCOY OUT.

PROF. FOWLER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED-->*UNNH!*<

I CAN'T STAND FEELING SO HELPLESS--STANDING BY WHILE MILLIONS DESTROY THEMSELVES--!

SSST

IF I MUST *DIE*, LET ME DIE IN SERVICE TO THE *FEDERATION*--!

"*CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 1523.8*: ELSEWHERE IN THE CHAMBER, WE HAVE DISCOVERED A VAST *HALL OF RECORDS* WHOSE COMPUTERS DATA BANKS CONTAIN THE HISTORY OF THE AGENAN RACES .."

CAPTAIN, ACCORDING TO THESE READ-OUTS THE VESSEL HOLDING THE ENTERPRISE IS COMPLETELY "AUTOMATED"--

...IN THE SENSE THAT THERE ARE NO MACHS ABOARD HER !

THEN ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS *DESTROY* THAT SHIP SOMEHOW...

...SINCE WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT KILLING ANY MACHS!

"*KILLING*--? ..IM NOW CAN YOU KILL *MACHS*? THEY'RE MACHINES FOR GOD'S SAKE!

...AND AN ENTIRE CIVILIZATION MAY CROWD ITSELF TO DEATH... BECAUSE OF *THEM* !

IN A CONFLICT BETWEEN MAN AND MACHINE, IT'S OBVIOUS WHOSE SIDE *WE* SHOULD TAKE!

IS IT, BONES? WHO ARE WE TO DECIDE THE MACHS AREN'T "*ALIVE*"?

AFTER ALL, THEY'RE SENTIENT ..THEY REPRODUCE ..THEY POSSESS REASON...

THEY ALSO CARED FOR THEIR ENVIRONMENT FAR MORE RESPONSIBLY THAN THE ORGS!

AND IF WE LET THEM BE DESTROYED... HOW DO WE KNOW THAT'S NOT TANTAMOUNT TO *MURDER*!

EMINENTLY LOGICAL, CAPTAIN.

LOOK-- OUTSIDE--!

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IT'S FOWLER-- SHE KNOCKED OUT THE TRANSPORTER CHIEF AND THE TECHNICIAN WITH A STOLEN PHASER!

SHE MUST HAVE JAMMED THE CONTROLS--

SHE'S BEAMING OUT--!

--I CAN'T OVERRIDE--!

PULL HER OFF THE PLATFORM!

TOO LATE--!

JIM-- SOMEONE'S BEAMING DOWN FROM THE SHIP-!

A WOMAN--?!

PROFESSOR FOWLER--!

CAPTAIN--I CAN HELP YOU!

I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO DR. McCOY'S COMMUNICATIONS--

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE.. CONFLICT BETWEEN THE ORGS AND THE MACHS! GASP! ..AND I HAVE... THE SOLUTION--!

I CAN...END THE FIGHTING SO...

BONES... IS SHE--?

NO--NOT YET, BUT SHE WILL BE--SOON.

TRICORDER SHOWS MASSIVE VALVE DAMAGE-- IRREPARABLE. SHE NEEDS A TRANSPLANT, JIM-- IMMEDIATELY...

...AND YOU KNOW I DON'T HAVE THE FACILITIES FOR THAT KIND OF PROCEDURE ON THE ENTERPRISE!

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ENTERPRISE TO CAP'N KIRK! YE *DID* IT, SIR-- THE STASISFIELD IS GONE! BUT *HOW*?

JUST A LITTLE...TELEKINETIC TRICK, SCOTTY. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.

RIGHT NOW, I NEED SH P'S PHASERS ON *STUN*, WITH A ONE KILOMETER RADIUS-- TARGET-CENTER 97.2 METERS FROM THESE CO-ORDINATES--ON MY SIGNAL.

NOW, SCOTTY--

--*FIRE!*

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SAY CONGRATULATIONS JIM--YOU VE SAVED THE MACHS!

BUT YOU REALIZE, DON'T YOU, THAT BY LETTING SPOCK TURN THE KAMAHR AGAINST THAT SHIP... AND BY *INTERVENING* TO STOP THE ATTACK...

...YOU'VE VIOLATED THE *PRIME DIRECTIVE*?

I DON'T THINK SO, BONES--NOT IN THIS CASE.

BUT WE CAN DISCUSS THAT LATER. RIGHT NOW, MY *MAIN* CONCERN...

"...IS WHAT'S GOING ON ABOARD MY SHIP... --AND THE CONDITION OF YOUR *PATIENT*..."

PROFESSOR FOWLER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE-

I'M SORRY--BUT I *MUST* GET OFF THIS SHIP...

:UNNH!:

...AND THIS IS THE *ONLY* WAY I KNOW HOW!

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG--STARDATE 7527.9: WE ARE PREPARING TO LEAVE ORBIT AROUND AGENA IV. PROFESSOR FOWLER'S BEEN GRANTED PERMISSION BY STARFLEET COMMAND TO REMAIN BEHIND.

"SHE HAS FOUND A WAY TO RESOLVE THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE ORGS AND MACHS--AND IN THE PROCESS, SHE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SAVE HER OWN LIFE AS WELL..."

JIM, I STILL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU TOOK A CHANCE ON USING THE PHASER TO QUELL THAT ORG UPRISING!

IT'S SIMPLE, BONES--ONCE SPOCK USED THE MIND-MELD ON THE KAMAHR...

...YOU FIGURED HE KNEW SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T--?

AND I WAS RIGHT! THE MACHS RECORD-COMPUTERS SHOWED THAT NEITHER THE MACHS NOR THE ORGS WERE NATIVES OF AGENA IV!

THE ORGS ARE THE DESCENDENTS OF EARTH HUMANOIDS...

...WHO HAD SECRETLY FLED EARTH IN THE 1990'S--TO ESCAPE THE RAVAGES OF THE EUGENIC WARS!

THEIR DESCENDENTS EVOLVED INTO THE "ORGS"--ADAPTING TO THE ATMOSPHERIC AND GRAVITATIONAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EARTH AND AGENA IV!

THEY WERE DISTRUSTFUL OF TECHNOLOGY--SO THEY DISCARDED THEIR ROBOTS...

...WHICH "EVOLVED" INTO THE MACHS!

WE DID NOT VIOLATE THE PRIME DIRECTIVE BECAUSE IT MERELY FORBIDS INTERFERENCE WITH THE NATURAL ORDER OF PLANETARY ENVIRONMENTS--

BUT THE ONLY NATURAL INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET WERE THOSE KAMAHR--!

PRECISELY DOCTOR--AND MANIPULATING THEIR TELEKINETIC POWERS AS I DID POSED NO THREAT TO THE PLANET.

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RECEIVING A COMMUNICATION FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE, CAPTAIN -- IT'S PROFESSOR FOWLER.

PUT IT ON VISUAL, UHURA.

PROFESSOR-- HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

GRATEFUL TO BE ALIVE, CAPTAIN.

I HAVE THE MACHS TO THANK FOR THAT-- FOR THE MECHANICAL HEART THEY DESIGNED FOR ME...

.. AND DR McCOY FOR HIS SKILL IN IMPLANTING IT!

I HAVE GREAT HOPES FOR THE TRUCE WE NEGOTIATED BETWEEN THE ORGS AND MACHS, CAPTAIN.

IN A FEW WEEKS, I'LL BE WELL ENOUGH TO START INSTRUCTING THE ORGS IN HOW TO BUILD HYDROPONIC GARDENS...

...SO THEY CAN GROW FOOD-DESPITE THEIR BARREN LAND!

THEN WE'LL BEGIN A POPULATION-CONTROL PROGRAM..AND WITH THE MACHS' HELP THE CONSTRUCTION OF HIGH-RISE DWELLINGS!

I'M SURE I'LL FIND MY NEW ASSIGNMENT VERY REWARDING!

I'LL BET IT STICKS IN YOUR VULCAN CRAW THAT IT TOOK AN "IRRATIONAL HUMAN" TO SETTLE THE ASSYRIAN DISPUTE, EH, SPOCK?

DID IT, DOCTOR? PROFESSOR FOWLER COULD BE OF NO ASSISTANCE WITHOUT HER MACH-DESIGNED IMPLANT.

HE'S GOT YOU THERE, BONES.

OR, TO APPRAISE THE OUTCOME IN TERMINOLOGY YOU MIGHT FIND MORE ACCESSIBLE, DOCTOR...

...IT APPEARS THAT IN THIS INSTANCE, THE "COLD," LOGICAL MACHINES HAD MORE OF A "HEART" THAN THE HUMANS!

LORD HELP US, JIM, HE'S DEVELOPING A SENSE OF HUMOR--!

ENOUGH, GENTLEMEN! TAKE US OUT OF ORBIT, MR. SULU..

NEXT: THE ENTERPRISE IS ATTACKED BY ANOTHER STARSHIP--BUT THERE IS NO CREW ABOARD HER! BE HERE AS A MYSTERIOUS ALIEN ENTITY CONDUCTS AN...
"EXPERIMENT IN VENGEANCE"

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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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STAR TREK®

KIRK, SPOCK, THE ENTERPRISE

U.S.S. ENDEAVOR

TRAPPED IN A WEB OF GHOSTLY VENGEANCE!

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Stan Lee PRESENTS

A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

"CAPTAIN'S LOG · STARDATE 7641.8 EN ROUTE TO R&R ON STARBASE 8, THE ENTERPRISE HAS ENCOUNTERED THE FEDERATION STARSHIP ENDEAVOR...

"...ADRIFT ONE HALF-PARSEC FROM HER LAST REPORTED POSITION HERE IN THE THETA ERIDANI SYSTEM!

SINCE SHE WAS OFFICIALLY LISTED AS MISSING IN ACTION ROUGHLY 22 SOLAR YEARS AGO, THE ENDEAVOR'S FATE HAS BEEN AMONG THE MOST BAFFLING MYSTERIES IN STARFLEET ANNALS..."

APPROACHING TO WITHIN SENSOR-RANGE, CAPTAIN.

IMPULSE POWER ONLY, MR SULU.

EXPERIMENT IN VENGEANCE!

MARTIN PASKO writer · DAVE COCKRUM & FRANK SPRINGER artists · COSTANZA letterer · CARL GAFFORD colorist · LOUISE JONES editor · JIM SHOOTER editor-in chief

STAR TREK™ Vol. 1, No. 6, December, 1980 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP. James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Copyright © 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation, the trademark owner. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 9, 13, 21, 24, 25, 29, 31, and 32 only, and covers 2, 3 & 4 only, copyright © 1980 by Marvel Comics Group. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $8.00 for 12 issues. Canada $7.00. Foreign $8.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Comer symbol is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

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NEGATIVE DAMAGE REPORT, KEPTIN!

MOST UNUSUAL-- I AM GETTING NO LIFE-FORM READINGS FROM ENDEAVOR. THERE IS NO LIVING BEING ABOARD!

THEN HOW IS SHE MANEUVERING?

UNKNOWN, SIR

I KNEW THERE'D BE A EXPLANATION FOR A STARSHIP FLYING ON A SISTER VESSEL-- BUT I WAS HOPING FOR ONE THAT MADE SENSE!

SHE'S COMING IN AGAIN SIR-- 200 THOUSAND KILOMETERS DISTANT!

MAINTAIN PRESENT HEADING AND SPEED!

LET ENDEAVOR THINK WE'VE LOST WARP POWER-- THEN SHE'LL COME IN CLOSE TO FINISH US OFF!

BUT STAND BY TO CUT IN WARP DRIVE AS SHE PASSES-- ON MY SIGNAL!

MR. CHEKOV, ARM PHOTON TORPEDOES!

1,000 KILOMETERS AND CLOSING, CAPTAIN!

YOU'LL PIVOT AT WARP TWO, MR SULU-- AND BRING ALL TORPEDOES TO BEAR!

AYE-AYE, SIR! 150 KILOMETERS.. 75. .40.

WARP IN, MR. CHEKOV-- FULL POWER TO THE SHIELDS!

FIRE PHOTON TORPEDOES!

TORPEDOES AWAY, KEPTIN!

DIRECT HIT AMIDSHIP BY PHOTON TORPEDO!

ENDEAVOR'S SHIELDS OBLITERATED... IMPULSE ENGINES DEAD..

SECURE FROM ' GENERAL QUARTERS!

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"I AM HOPEFUL THAT WE WILL BE ABLE TO SOLVE THAT MYSTERY ONCE AND FOR ALL..."

DIFALCO, BRING US IN TO 25,000 KILOMETERS DISTANCE.

MR SPOCK, STAND BY TO COMMENCE FULL SENSOR-SCAN ONCE WE RE WITHIN RANGE.

ZOOLOGIST *KAREN HESTER-JONES* REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR

I TRUST THE CAPTAIN WILL FIND MY RESEARCH ON THE MATING HABITS OF THE PSIONIC PRIMATES OF TAU CETI IV SATISFACTORY.

THANK YOU, KAR-- AH- LT HESTER AND WELCOME ABOARD.

THANK YOU... *CAPTAIN.* BUT-- BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR-- THAT'S LT HESTER-*JONES.*

OF COURSE I'D FORGOTTEN. IT HAS BEEN... A LONG TIME, HASN'T IT?

WELL, LIEUTENANT, YOU WILL ASSIST MR. SPOCK IN ENTERING THIS DATA INTO THE LIBRARY COMPU--?

CAPTAIN! THE ENDEAVOR-- SHE'S PIVOTED TOWARD US AND IS APPROACHING ON AN INTER-CEPT COURSE-- WARP ONE!

THEN SHE'S *NOT* DEAD!

BUT WHY DIDN'T SHE RESPOND WHEN WE HAILED HER, SIR?

IT'S AS IF SHE WERE "*PLAYING POSSUM*"-- WAITING TO AMBUSH US! MR CHEKOV-- SOUND *RED ALERT!*

RED ALERT! RED ALERT! ALL HANDS-- BATTLE STATIONS!

INCOMING FIRE-- AHEAD 47 MARK 2!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! FORCEFIELDS AND DEFLECTORS-- EMERGENCY FULL!

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PARTY OUTFITTED IN ENVIRONMENT SUITS TO CONDUCT A

I DON'T BELIEVE IT- SHE REALLY IS A GHOST-- S-S-

REA..." DOCTOR "-ERE WAS LITTLE DOUBT SHIP'S SENSORS HAVE AN ERROR-FACTOR OF LESS THAN...

I MEANT IT'S

ALL THE INSTRUMENTS ARE STILL FUNCTIONING NORMALLY--

--EVEN THOUGH THE CREW HAS BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS

CAPTAIN--LOOK! A PHASER-BURN! SOMEONE OPENED FIRE UP HERE WITH A PHASER-PISTOL--

NO ANSWER START BURNING THE SHIP'S LOG THAT COULD BE SOMETHING

SPOCK, SULU... START CHECKING THE OTHER DECKS

JIM--THESE MEN HAVE BEEN DEAD AT LEAST 20 YEARS!

BUT IF THE ENTIRE CREW'S BEEN DEAD THAT LONG...

WHAT'S BEEN CONTROLLING THIS SHIP?

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I CAN HANDLE HIM, JIM--IF I CAN JUST GIVE HIM A SHOT OF QUADROTHORAZINE

OH THEN AGAIN MAYBE NOT.

ARRIVED IN THE PROVERBIAL KNICK OF TIME!

I SUGGEST YOU GET ON WITH IT DOCTOR EVEN I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD HIM MUCH LONGER.

HIS STRENGTH AT PRESENT APPEARS QUITE SUPER-HUMAN

THERE

GOOD GET HIM ON HIS FEET--WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

THESE CO-ORDINATES

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CAPTAIN's-- THE LAST SHIP'S LOG-ENTRY IS GARBLED AND INCOMPLETE..

BUT ACCORDING TO WHAT I CAN DECIPHER, IT SEEMS THE ENDEAVOR'S CREW... KILLED ITSELF OFF--!

AAAAH

AMAAR! BEHIND YOU--

TOO LATE --!

DROP THE PHASER, LIEUTENANT! NOW!!!

FORGET IT, JIM-- HE'S GONE BERSERK!

INCREDIBLE MY SHOT SHOULD'VE STUNNED AN ENTIRE ARMY--

--BUT HE'S STILL CONSCIOUS!

GAAH!

BONES! SIGNAL SPOCK AND SULU! I WANT THEM UP HERE--

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YES... AT FIRST! AFTER ALL, I JOINED THE SERVICE HOPING IT WOULD CURE ME OF A CERTAIN DASHING YOUNG STARSHIP CAPTAIN...

...NEVER DREAMING THAT IT WOULD LEAD ME TO THE VERY THING I WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE BITTEN MY TONGUE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT..

...TO KEEP FROM CRYING OUT YOUR NAME INSTEAD OF HIS!

I'VE THOUGHT OF YOU TOO-- OFTEN

AND INSIDE THE TURBO-LIFT...

BRIEFING ROOM

REALLY? YOU NEVER CONTACTED ME--

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE COME TO HATE ME AFTER... THE WAY I LEFT. AND NOW THAT YOU'RE MARRIED--

WAS MARRIED. BILL WOULDN'T RENEW FOR A SECOND TERM. HE SAID HE WAS TIRED OF COMPETING.

KAREN, I'LL ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOU AS A MEMBER OF MY CREW.

BUT YOUR PERSONAL LIFE-- EVERYTHING THAT'S GONE BEFORE--

--THAT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. YOU CAN'T HANG IT ON ME! I CAN'T GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT. I'M SORRY.

I GAVE YOU THREE YEARS, JIM. THEY WERE GOOD YEARS-- WHAT LITTLE OF THEM YOU COULD SPEND WITH ME

BUT WHEN YOU STOPPED COMING BACK, I WASTED TWICE THAT MANY YEARS LYING TO A HUSBAND I DIDN'T LOVE

DON'T YOU THINK YOU OWE ME SOMETHING?

DON'T YOU CARE ANYMORE? AT ALL?

OF COURSE I DO. I CARE A GREAT DEAL AND THAT'S EXACTLY THE PROBLEM!

...LIEUTENANT

THE TURBO-LIFT DOORS SLIDE OPEN, AND KIRK AND THE LIEUTENANT JOIN THE OTHER OFFICERS IN THE ENTERPRISE'S BRIEFING ROOM

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AND IN THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM

CAPTAIN, WHAT HAPPENED OVER THERE?

NOT NOW, RAND-- WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS.

KIRK TO BRIDGE

MR CHEKOV, I WANT A SECURITY DETAIL TO THE MEDICAL COMPLEX ON THE DOUBLE!

LT THERAS WILL BE KEPT UNDER RESTRAINT IN SICK BAY... I WANT A 24-HOUR GUARD POSTED ON HIM!

ACKNOWLEDGED, KEPTIN

CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 7641.4: I HAVE NOTED WITH SOME UNEASINESS THE COMPLETE--AND SPONTANEOUS--SHUT-DOWN OF THE ENDEAVOR JUST AS OUR BOARDING-PARTY BEAMED OFF HER...

"I HAVE THE VAGUE FEELING THAT THIS IS SIGNIFICANT...

AS PERHAPS A HARBINGER OF SOME DANGER TO COME-- BUT I CANNOT SAY WHAT OR WHY--

COME.

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CAPTAIN?

COMPUTER OFF.

LIEUTENANT, I'VE SCHEDULED AN OFFICERS' BRIEFING TO COMMENCE IN FIVE MINUTES

I WANT YOU THERE, TOO. I GOING TO NEED YOUR INPUT.

OH IS THAT ALL? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME YOU'RE SHIPPING ME OUT.

FRANKLY, I DID CONSIDER IT.

SURELY YOU FOUND IT AWKWARD BEING ASSIGNED TO MY SHIP--

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MR SPOCK — A REVIEW OF THE SHIP'S LOG AND MEDICAL LOG TAPES WE TOOK FROM THE ENDEAVOR?

AFFIRMATIVE, SIR.

SOLAR YEARS AGO ENDEAVOR RESPONDED TO A DISTRESS CALL...

FROM A JANET HESTER ON THE CLASS-M PLANETOID MYCENA -- A MOON OF THETA ERIDANI II.

WHAT WAS SHE DOING THERE?

UNKNOWN, CAPTAIN -- THE LOG DOES NOT SAY

WAS SHE ANY RELATION TO J. HESTER, JONES?

MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER WAS NAMED JANET HESTER -- BUT SHE COULDN'T HAVE SENT THAT DISTRESS CALL.

-- SHE DIED IN 239 -- AT THE AGE OF 36.

THIS IS THE JANET HESTER THE ENDEAVOR FOUND ON MYCENA

THEIR MEDICAL COMPUTER CONFIRMED HER IDENTITY: JANET HESTER... AGE 69!

NOTHING IS KNOWN OF HER WHEREABOUTS IN THE 53 YEARS BETWEEN 239 AND 292, THE YEAR SHE WAS FOUND

SHORTLY AFTER ENDEAVOR BEAMED MS HESTER ABOARD, SOME CREW-PERSONS BEGAN TO MANIFEST SIGNS OF DEMENTIA

BEGINNING WITH A TWO-MAN SECURITY DETAIL THAT WENT BERSERK -- AND KILLED 27 CREW-PERSONS AT RANDOM!

EITHER WITH PHASERS OR BY BRUTE FORCE

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 7640.2 ... WE HAVE ACHIEVED STANDARD ORBIT AROUND MYCENA..."

"... AND I HAVE JOINED A LANDING PARTY NOW EXPLORING THE PLANETOID'S SURFACE..."

CAPTAIN, TRICORDER READINGS INDICATE TUNNELS IN THE HILLSIDES BRACKETING US

THEY LEAD TO A LARGE CHAMBER 3 KILOMETERS BENEATH THE SURFACE

THANK YOU, MR SPOCK. SULU AND I WILL EXPLORE ONE -- YOU AND BONES TAKE THE OTHERS.

HII -

LATER AS SPOCK AND MCCOY SCOUT THE AREA

SPOCK -- DO YOU FEEL SOMETHING? LIKE THE GROUND SHAKING?

AH CANCEL THAT -- IT IS NOT THE GROUND WE'VE BEEN STEPPING ON ONE OF THE NATIVES!

I NEED PHASERS ON STUN DOCTOR

IT'S NOT WORKING SPOCK

FRIED?

EVEN PHASER FIRE ON "DEMATERIALIZE" IS HAVING NO EFFECT. AND MY TRICORDER DID NOT REGISTER THE CREATURE'S PRESENCE

FASCINATING -- A LIFE-FORM UNAFFECTED BY FEDERATION TECHNOLOGY!

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THIS MADNESS -- IT'S SIMILAR TO LT. THERAS'S CONDITION!

IT IS IDENTICAL, CAPTAIN! BUT ON THE ENDEAVOR, A TOTAL OF SIX CREWPERSONS WERE AFFLICTED

DA... AND THEY DISABLED THE TURBO-LIFTS, THEN SELECTIVELY CUT OFF LIFE-SUPPORT TO VARIOUS DECKS

VIT'IN A DAY, THE BERSERKERS HAD SLAIN MOST OFFICERS AND EFFECTIVELY SEIZED CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

CORRECT MR CHEKOV

"...AND WITHIN A WEEK, 296 OF THE CREW AND BEEN MURDERED...

"AND FOR EVERY ONE OF THE BERSERKERS KILLED IN THE ENSUING BATTLES, ONE MORE SANE CREW-PERSON CONTRACTED THE 'MADNESS DISEASE'!"

AYE... AN' THEN TH' SHIPS SYSTEMS BEGAN GOIN' HAYWIRE, TOO!

TH' SURVIVORS COULDNA' ESCAPED BY BEAMIN' OFF TH' SHIP. - TH' TRANSPORTER MYSTERIOUSLY REFUSED TO FUNCTION!

AND THAT IS WHERE THE LOG-ENTRIES CEASE.

THERE IS NO MENTION OF A SHUTTLECRAFT WE FOUND MISSING -- INDICATING THAT SOME PERSON OR PERSONS DID ESCAPE!

AND IF SO -- WHO? WAS THE ENTIRE CREW WIPED OUT -- BY VIOLENCE OR LIFE-SUPPORT FAILURE? AND WHY?

THOSE, GENTLEMEN, ARE THE QUESTIONS WE MUST ANSWER.

WE'VE JUST RECEIVED NEW ORDERS FROM STARFLEET COMMAND: WE'RE TO DIVERT TO MYCENA -- IMMEDIATELY!

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INTERESTING . THE *SOURCE* OF MY ENERGY-READINGS APPEARS TO BE THIS CONCEALED *CONTROL-PANEL*--

POSSIBLY A *DEFENSE-SYSTEM* OF SOME KIND.

SPOCK, HOW CAN YOU BE SO BLASTED *CALM* AT A TIME LIKE *THIS*?!

GAAARRAAR

INASMUCH AS OUR *PHASERS* HAVE PROVEN *INEFFECTIVE* AGAINST THE CREATURE, DOCTOR.

.. I HARDLY THINK *HYSTERIA* WOULD PROVIDE A *MORE EFFECTIVE* WEAPON.

EEAAT!

WELL, SPOCK, I SEE YOU'RE *ENDEARING* YOURSELF TO THE *INDIGENOUS LIFE-FORMS!*

OUR *PHASERS* WERE UNABLE TO REPEL THE CREATURE'S *ATTACK*, CAPTAIN

HOWEVER, *THIS* DEVICE HAS RENDERED IT *UNCONSCIOUS.*

WHAM

IF I HAVE CORRECTLY *TRANSLATED* THE ANCIENT *MYCENAN* INSCRIPTIONS, THEY CALLED IT A "*DEFENSE FIELD.*"

APPARENTLY, THE MYCENANS *DIED OUT* LONG AGO. MS. HESTER MUST HAVE SPENT A LOT OF TIME HERE, UTTERLY ALONE.

NOT *NECESSARILY*, SPOCK--

CAPTAIN! SOME OF THIS MACHINERY IS OF *EARTH*-DESIGN--!

I *NOTED* THAT, COMMANDER. THE MYCENAN INSTRUMENTS HAVE BEEN *REPAIRED*--AND *REACTIVATED*--WITH *TRANSTATER*-BASED * EQUIPMENT.

* THE *TRANSTATER* IS THE BASIS OF ALMOST ALL *FEDERATION* TECHNOLOGY! --L.

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DOCTOR, I SUBMIT THIS IS ONE INSTANCE IN WHICH WE MIGHT FIND DISCRETION TO BE THE BETTER PART OF VALOR

GA-RAAAR

FOR ONCE, I AGREE WITH YOU!

ASIDE FROM OFFERING US SHELTER, THIS TUNNEL IS APPARENTLY THE SOURCE OF SOME UNUSUALLY HIGH ENERGY-READINGS -- TYPE UNKNOWN

IF IT'S SCIENTIFIC ODDITIES YOU LIKE, SPOCK, YOU'RE GONNA GET ONE HECKUVA BANG OUT OF THIS...

THAT THING'S SPINE IS JOINTED! IT CAN MAKE ITSELF COMPACT ENOUGH TO SQUEEZE IN HERE AFTER US! IN OTHER WORDS...

...WE'RE FINISHED!

SUDDENLY, FROM McCOY'S COMMUNICATOR...

KIRK TO McCOY!

AND NEARBY...

BONES! BONES! WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?! RESPOND!

CAPTAIN -- LOOK!

A BODY BENEATH THE ICE?!

HUMAN, SIR--AND DEAD FOR QUITE SOME TIME BUT PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY DEEP-FREEZE!

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TOO BAD *QUADRO-THORAZINE* HADN'T BEEN DEVELOPED YET WHEN THE *ENDEAVOR* WAS HIT WITH THIS THING...

.. BUT AT LEAST *WE* WON'T BE *DEVASTATED* BY IT LIKE THEY WERE!

SCOTTY-- BEAM DR McCOY UP! I'M SURE DR CHAPEL CAN USE THE HELP.

... AND BEAM LT. HESTER-JONES DOWN IMMEDIATELY *WITH* HER EQUIPMENT! TELL HER I HAVE A *SPECIMEN* SHE SHOULD ANALYZE!

AND SEND DOWN *TWO PORTABLE ANTI-GRAVS* WITH HER-- THERE MAY HAVE TO BE MOVED.

"SHIP'S LOG-- COMMANDER MONTGOMERY SCOTT RECORDIN'. LT HESTER-JONES IS BEIN' ESCORTED TO THE TRANS-PORTER BY SECURITY...

"... TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER OUT-BREAKS O' THE SO CALLED 'ENDEAVOR PLAGUE' FROM INTERFERIN' WITH HER BEAM-DOWN."

ENERGIZE.

ARROGH! IT'S HER! HESTER!

IT IS *HER* WE WANT! SHE MUST BE *STOPPED!*

"DR McCOY HAS RETURNED TO TH' ENTERPRISE TO ASSIST IN THE TREATMENT OF TH' 'PLAGUE'-- FOR WE'RE FEARIN' IT MAY SOON REACH EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS..."

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THERE'S *NO RECORD* OF A FEDERATION *RESEARCH-INSTALLATION* ON MYCENA.

INDEED, CAPTAIN THE ONLY LOGICAL CONCLUSION IS THAT *THIS ONE* WAS *TOP-SECRET*... OR *ILLEGAL*.

WHAT THE DEVIL IS *THIS*? IT *LOOKS* LIKE AN EARLY-MODEL *TRANSPORTER CHAMBER!*

IT'S DOCTOR--AS THIS *RECORD-TAPE* WOULD CORROBORATE.

WHAT SURVIVES OF THE *ENDEAVOR'S* LOGS CANNOT *CONFIRM* MY SUPPOSITION...

REPORT ON THE HESTER PROJECT

THE DISCORPORATION AND RECONSTITUTION OF LIVING MATTER

BUT OBVIOUSLY, IT WAS *DR.* JANET HESTER WHO WORKED HERE.

SO IT *SEEMS*, SPOCK. *KIRK TO ENTERPRISE*... COME IN, ENTERPRISE.

SKWAAAAK! SPUTTER!

ENTERPRISE--: KRAKLE!:-- WHAT'S GOING ON ; ZEET!: UP THERE?!

AIEEEEEE

SECURITY--RESTRAIN HER!

COMMUNICATIONS RESTORED, MR. SCOTT--I HAVE THE CAPTAIN...

SCOTT HERE, CAP'N! SORRY ABOOT THE INTERFERENCE--WE'RE HAVIN' A WEE *BI' O' TROUBLE!*

IT'S THE *MADNESS*--IT'S *SPREADIN'!*

IT JUST STRUCK UHURA, SIR--SHE'S THE *FOURTH VICTIM!*

I'D BE *WORRYIN'*--ONLY *DR CHAPEL* ASSURES ME SHE CAN *HANDLE* IT!

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AND IN THE CAVERN

MR. SULU-- FINISH DIGGING OUT THAT *BODY* IN THE *TUNNEL*

THEN USE THESE *ANTI-GRAVS* TO CARRY IT BACK *IN HERE*. I'LL WANT IT BEAMED ABOARD THE SHIP FOR *ANALYSIS*

LT HESTER, COME WITH ME I WANT *TISSUE-SAMPLES*...

OF *THIS* NATIVE CREATURE THERE'S A SMALL CHANCE WE'LL FIND THE *ORIGIN* OF THE "*ENDEAVOR PLAGUE*" IN THE SAMPLES.

BESIDES, *STARFLEET* WILL WANT TO KNOW WHAT KIND OF CREATURE CAN ESCAPE DETECTION BY *TRICORDER* AND WITHSTAND A *PHASER*!

ONE MORE THING, LEUTENANT YOUR *GREAT-GRANDMOTHER* HOW WAS SHE SUPPOSED TO HAVE *DIED*?

SHE WAS *LOST IN SPACE*, SIR--

--WHILE BEING *TRANSFERRED* TO STARBASE 14 FROM HER ASSIGNMENT AT THE *DENEVA RESEARCH STATION*!

THEN SHE *WAS* "DR HESTER"-- CO-ORDINATOR OF THE *DENEVA RESEARCH TEAM* THAT *INVENTED THE TRANSPORTER*"

WHY, *YESSIR*-- I THOUGHT YOU *KNEW*--!

IT'S *ALL HERE* IN THE *RECORDS*, JIM.

HESTER AND HER *SIX* COLLEAGUES WERE CONTINUING THEIR TRANS-PORTER-EXPERIMENTS *HERE ON MYCENA*!

BUT THE *FEDERATION COUNCIL* ORDERED THOSE EXPERIMENTS TO BE *DISCONTINUED*...

...WHILE THE RESEARCH-TEAM WAS *STILL ON DENEVA*!

MCCOY TO CAPTAIN! JIM--

--I'VE RUN A *COMPLETE SCAN* ON THE CREW *AFFECTED BY* THE "*PLAGUE*".

... AND THERE'S NO *PHYSICAL* DISORDER IMPAIRING THEIR *NERVOUS SYSTEMS*! MAYBE *I'M* CRAZY..

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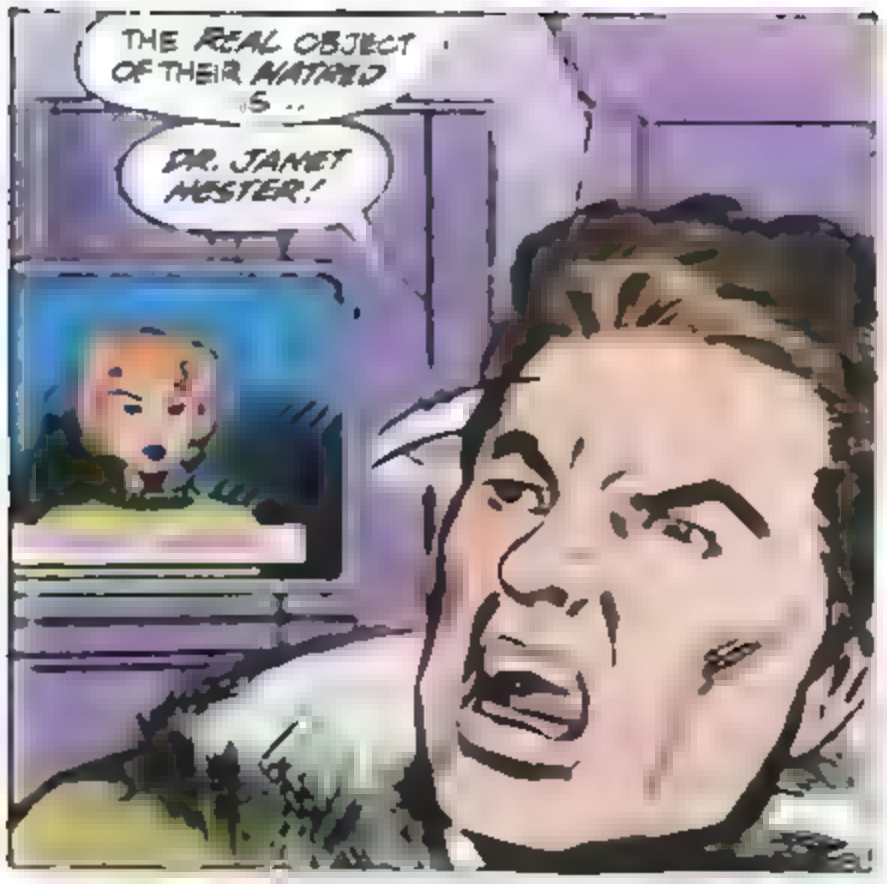
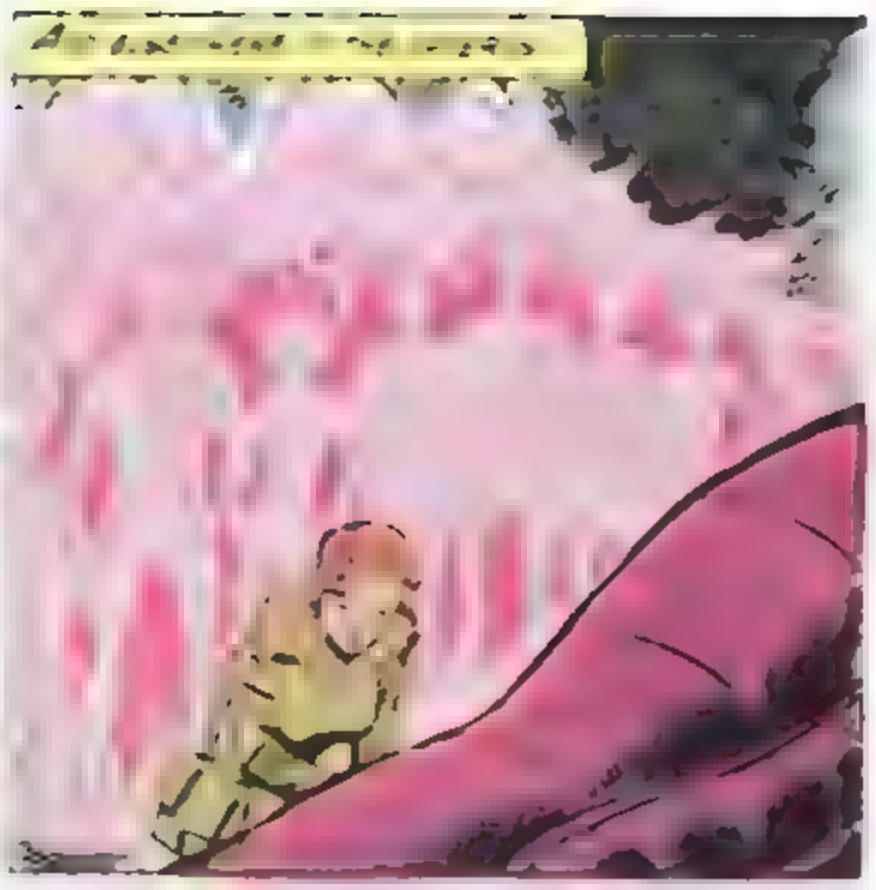
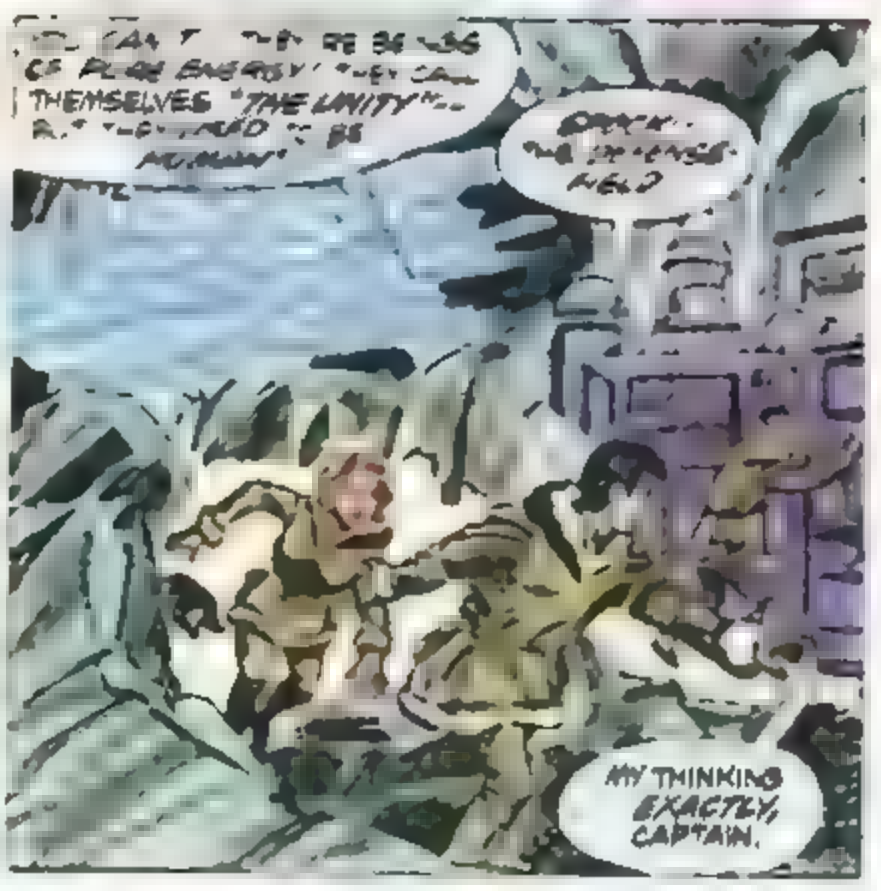




I'M GOING TO DISLODGE SOME MATERIAL FROM THE CEILING... TRY TO FORM A WALL BETWEEN THEM AND US!
BUT IN A MOMENT, THEY'LL BE
WHO?! I DON'T SEE ANYONE.



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BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT ISN'T A DISEASE AT ALL -- BUT A FORM OF.. "POSSESSION."

YOU MEAN AS IN.. DEMONIC POSSESSION?

SORT OF. THE AFFECTED CREW-PERSONS ARE CHANTING IN UNISON--

-- CAN YOU HEAR IT?

I SEEK HESTER ME SEEK HESTER THE UNITY SEEKS HESTER.

IT'S AS IF THEY'RE ALL OF ONE MIND-- ALL CONTROLLED BY A SINGLE ALIEN CONSCIOUSNESS--!

;SKYAAAWKK-- KRAAKLE-- SKREEEEK!

BONES! BONES!.. PROBABLY ANOTHER DIS-- TURBANCE -- INTERFERING WITH COMMUNICATIONS--!

I'LL KEEP TRYING TO RAISE THE SHIP, SPOCK-- YOU GO TELL SULU TO HURRY UP WITH THAT EXCAVATION

IN THE SICK BAY..

JIM! THE "POSSESSED" CREWPERSONS-- THEY'VE ESCAPED!

THERE WAS A SIXTH CASE-- AND THE NEW ONE BROKE IN HERE AND ATTACKED ME THEN RELEASED THE OTHERS--!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE TRANSPORTER, JIM-- AND THEY'LL DESTROY ANYTHING OR ANYONE THAT GETS IN THEIR WAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT THEY WANT THAT LIEUTENANT YOU'VE GOT DOWN THERE!

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HESTER!!

I UNDERSTAND, BONES-- ONLY YOU'RE MAKING THE SAME MISTAKE THEY ARE:.

IT'S NOT THE LIEUTENANT THEY WANT--!

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BECOMING A SINGLE ENTITY, OUR CONSCIOUSNESSES MERGED TO BORN AND MIND!

THE UNITY WAS BORN -- AND WE SOUGHT OUT OUR MURDERER, JANET HESTER -- FOR OUR VENGEANCE!

BUT THE ENDEAVOR'S OFFICERS KNEW NO HESTER WAS

AND THEY ARRESTED HER FOR VIOLATING THE FEDERATION BAN ON HER EXPERIMENTS. JUST AS WE BEGAN TO INVADE THE ENDEAVOR SHE ESCAPED.

THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE SHUTTLECRAFT WAS MISSING -- HESTER STOLE IT!

AND WE WERE TOO LATE TO STOP HER! BUT WE DISCOVERED WE COULD INHABIT THE ENDEAVOR'S COMPUTERS

AND TAKE CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

"WE ALSO DISCOVERED WE COULD 'POSSESS' THE BODIES OF THE CREW -- AND TURN THEM AGAINST ONE ANOTHER!"

"WE KILLED THEM ALL. THEN WE LEARNED THE ENDEAVOR HAD SEARCHED FOR HESTER IN VAIN -- UNTIL NOW!"

AND WHEN WE FOUND THE ENDEAVOR WITH YOU CONTROLLING IT -- YOU TRIED TO TAKE OVER THE ENTERPRISE, TOO! WHY?

SELF-PRESERVATION! YOU WOULD HAVE REPORTED WHAT YOU FOUND TO STARFLEET!

HE COULD NOT PERMIT THAT --

--UNTIL WE HAD FOUND HESTER! BUT NOW WE HAVE -- AND SOON, WE SHALL HAVE OUR JUSTICE!

YOU'RE WRONG -- THIS ISN'T JANET HESTER!

BUT I CAN GIVE HESTER TO YOU!

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IT WAS A BIG GAMBLE, BUT IT PAYED OFF--THAT'S HOW WE MET

LIEUTENANT MOE DEAFIN RESEARCH TEAM #6 -- YOUR GREAT GRAND-MOTHER'S COLLEAGUES --

--OR WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM

ON GENEVA, JANET HESTER HAD SUCCESSFULLY TELEPORTED SINGLE-CELLED ORGANISMS

BUT THE FEDERATION COUNCIL DENIED HER PERMISSION TO EXPERIMENT ON HIGHER LIFE-FORMS--

--AND TERMINATED THE RESEARCH-PROJECT!

YES - WE WERE EN ROUTE THERE WHEN WE BOARDED THE TRANSPORT-VESSEL -- AND CAME TO ANYCHAR!

HERE WE CONTINUED THE RESEARCH IN SECRET -- AND HESTER ACHIEVED HER DREAM

THE TELEPORTATION OF HUMAN BEINGS!

"EACH OF US WAS A VOLUNTEER FOR THE TRANSPORTING -- A HUMAN GUINEA PIG! BUT HESTER'S EXPERIMENTAL TRANSPORTER FAILED TO REGROUP OUR ATOMS

WE'VE LOST ANOTHER ONE--'

AND ONE BY ONE WE WERE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THIS ENTITY

BUT THE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES OF OUR BRAINS -- OUR CONSCIOUSNESSES -LIVED ON!

WHEN OUR BODIES WERE LATER DESTROYED BY THE TRANSPORTER-BEAM, WE FLOATED IN SPACE -- AS SIX SEPARATE ENTITIES!

YEARS LATER, THE ENDEAVOR ENTERED THIS SYSTEM TO TAKE ABOARD THE LONE SURVIVOR OF THE EXPERIMENTS: JANET HESTER!

WE DISCOVERED WE WERE ABLE TO APPETERIATE THE HULL OF THE SHIP AND BOARD THE ENDEAVOR, WE CAME TOGETHER

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KIRK TO ENTERPRISE! SCOTTY-- WE NEED TWO TRANSPORTERS. WE'VE GOT 10 TO BEAM UP ON MY SIGNAL!

STANDIN' BY, CAP'N!

NCC-1705-2

U.S.S. ENDEAVOR

NCC-1705-2

SPOCK! SULU! BRING IN... DR. NESTER!

FROM THE TUNNEL, SPOCK AND SULU ENTER, BEARING THE ENDEAVOR SHUTTLECRAFT WHICH RIDES ON ITS ANTI-GRAVS.

MR SPOCK-- DISENGAGE THE DEFENSE-FIELD!

AT LAST! SHE IS MINE-- SHE IS OURS!!

QUICKLY, MR SULU-- PHASERS ON OVERLOAD! WE'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS PLACE TO HADES!

NOW, SCOTTY--

--ENERGIZE!!

BWA-- DOOM!

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STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

WRITER MALFUNCTION! WRITER MALFUNCTION!

In the letter column of STAR TREK #5, I replied to a letter with the comment: "What gives you the idea that the Federation has signed a peace treaty with the Klingons?" In no time at all, a cargo hold-full of letters came in, stating that there is, indeed, such a treaty, as established in the TV episode, "Errand of Mercy." Since I've seen the TV episode in question a number of times, my memory tape was apparently erased when I wrote the offending sentence, and my face is redder than the sands of Mars! Anyway, the following crewmen are recommended for Star Fleet Citation for Research:

Becky Bockoven, Dave Davis, Mike Gardiner, Bob Johnson, Andrew Lanbacher, Ara Ashleigh Parker and Daniel Wolpe.

I'd stay and chat longer, but Captain Louise Jones says my next dish of crow is fresh from the food processors, and I'd better eat it while it's good and hot. Live long and prosper...

Mike W Barr

Gentlemen

I have just finished reading STAR TREK #5. Needless to say I'm close to a state of perfect bliss. After reading ST #4, I was very disappointed with the artwork. There was, however, a remarkable improvement in issue #5. It must be true, then, "Familiarity breeds... *content!*" I'm sure Dave, Klaus and Carl will only improve with each issue. A special thanks must go to Mike Barr for his attention to details. Example: The Enterprise dropped the Klingon thought enhancer, Raytag's body and the archivist off on Starbase 16, which happens to be the closest starbase.

Keep up the "fascinating" work, fellows. And, as always, Make Mine Marvel!!

C.S. Abbott
Computer System Services
1851 Biscayne Blvd.
Chattanooga, TN 37412

We'll do our best to maintain the quality, C.S., but I have to transfer your compliment about the use of Starbase 16 to Dauntless *Dave Cockrum*, whose idea it was.

—MWB

Dear Marvel

STAR TREK #5 was, without a doubt, the best issue yet! Cockrum's art is rapidly improving and Mike Barr seems well-suited to the book. I especially enjoyed the use of zip-a-tone and spacey coloring on pages 2, 17, and just about everywhere else. This process is not used nearly enough in other comics. Yours till the Klingons start buying toupees!

Graham Touchie
107 Walsh St
Moncton, NB
E1C-6W9

Penciller *Dave Cockrum* and inker *Klaus Janson* are responsible for the large number of *color holds* used in the STAR TREK comic. Color holds occur when the black plate that normally "holds" the color is removed. (That's why comic book characters always have a black line around them.) The result is the effect used for the transporter and phasers — it's extra work, but it looks terrific, and it's much appreciated.

—MWB

Marvel Men:

I'm afraid it's No-Prize time! In issue 5, page 30, last frame the caption reads, "There is a rush of color, as warp speed is achieved, then a deafening thunderclap..." The mistake? There is no sound in space — because there is no air!

Aside from the error, the issue was great. Mike Barr's story was original (I hope they stay that way) and interesting. Dave Cockrum and Klaus Janson's art has been surprisingly good, though I'd love to see Dave and Terry Austin team up for an issue!

Joe Sake
2856 Anzar Rd
Aromas, CA 95004

Sorry, Joe — and to *Jeremy Elliot*, of Berkeley, CA, who pointed out the same "mistake" — but that's *not* an error! Yes, we know that there's no sound in space, technically, but we included the caption for the same reason they put the "deafening thunderclap" in the movie... dramatic license. Having lived our lives in an atmosphere, we are conditioned to hearing loud noises when something big takes off, and we decided not to discard a good thing. (This is the same reason that sound effects were added to the opening titles of the *Star Trek* TV show.) So, even though "In space, no one can hear you scream," that's not always true in movies — or comic book stories — that are supposed to take place in space!

—MWB

Dear Mike, Dave, and Klaus:

It may have taken me a long time to develop a taste for the sophisticated s-f series *Star Trek*, but this is a good sign to me, since — in many cases — instant gratification has usually resulted in short-term enjoyment. Clearly, the appeal of STAR TREK — THE COMIC BOOK provides enough impetus to carry this series into the 23rd Century, and beyond.

Until the Enterprise meets the ***Seaview*...**

Jeffrey Lowndes
809 Sunset St
Scranton, PA 18509

Well, since we've got no plans to adapt the series *Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea* — much less do a *Star Trek* crossover — it looks like you're a prisoner, Jeff! We hope your sentence in our "brig" is a long and happy one!

—MWB

Gentlemen:

In regards to your statements about adapting the TV episodes (origina or animated), it seems some of us are being misunderstood. I know most of the letters you guys get aren't printed, and a lot may actually be asking for adaptations, but the letters you printed thus far are asking for *extensions*, or *sequels* — not adaptations — of the series. Several of us *Star Trek* fans would like to know things like: did the Federation ever straighten out that little hassle with the Gorns? How is the colony on Janus VI doing? What new swindles has Harry Mudd cooked up?

These are the kind of stories we'd like to see... and they would be all new. Think about it.

Kenneth Blackledge
(no address given)

About all we *can* do is think about it, Ken. We've received a lot of letters like yours, so we'd better state our policy again. Marvel has the rights to do *Star Trek* comics utilizing only the concepts *and characters* from the movie. That means not only can we not do adaptations, but we can't even do sequels, since a sequel to a TV episode would, by its very nature, utilize at least the basic concepts of the TV episodes it was sequelling. So it is, it's a big universe out there, and there are lots of concepts that we haven't even touched on yet. We just hope we can live up to the challenge!

—MWB

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST!

- ☐ **TWO-IN-ONE #78** — The Thing vs. Lee [illegible]!
- ☐ **MOON KNIGHT #2** — The Scythe of the [illegible]!
- ☐ **SPIDER-WOMAN #33** — Fear stalks 'Frisco!
- ☐ **STAR TREK #8** — "Plague of Madness!"
- ☐ **MACHINE MAN #18** — *Alpha Flight* strikes!
- ☐ **KING CONAN #4** — "Shadows In The Skull!"
- ☐ **SPIDER-MAN #211** — Face-to-face with *Sub-Mariner!*
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #262** — Batroc and Mr. Hyde! Plus: Cap's secret life!
- ☐ **THOR #353** — Lexus, the Geometric Man!
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS #24** — Victims of Computron, the Killer Computer!
- ☐ **GHOST RIDER #61** — Murder, kidnapping, the supernatural... and Ghost Rider!
- ☐ **HULK #254** — Hulk vs. the U-Foes!
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE #44** — Death-duel with the Shadowqueen!
- ☐ **SHE-HULK #11** — *Mantiss!*
- ☐ **AVENGERS #262** — Showdown with Ultron!
- ☐ **CONAN #117** — "Vengeance of the Sorcerer!"
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #122** — (Reprints Spidey #145) *Gwen Stacy Lives!*
- ☐ **MARVEL'S GREATEST #85** — (Reprints FF #115) Read — slave of the Over-Mind!
- ☐ **X-MEN #148** — The man-eating *Wendigo* strikes!
- ☐ **FANTASY MASTERPIECES #13** — (Reprints Silver Surfer #13 and Warlock #10) The Surfer faces the Doomsday Man while Warlock and *Thanos* team up!)
- ☐ **ROM #13** — The Plunderer! And beginning: *Saga of the Spaceknights!*
- ☐ **TALES TO ASTONISH #13** — (Reprints Sub-Mariner #13) Final battle for the Serpent Crown!
- ☐ **IRON MAN #141** — The malevolence of Force!
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #100** — Double-sized 100th issue! Featuring *Spider-Man, the FF, Storm,* and the *Black Panther!*
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #226** — Guest-starring *the Mighty Thor!*
- ☐ **POWER MAN AND IRON FIST #68** — Sabretooth and the Constrictor!
- ☐ **PETER PARKER #48** — Introducing: the Smuggler! Plus, a *White Tiger* mini-series begins!
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #88** — The Defenders plus *Barnabas!!*
- ☐ **SUPER ACTION #29** — (Reprints Avengers #65) "The Swordsmen Strikes!"
- ☐ **AMAZING ADVENTURES #13** — (Reprints all of X-Men #7) "The Blob joins the Evil Mutants!"
- ☐ **STAR WARS #42** — Part IV of *THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK!*
- ☐ **MASTER OF KUNG FU #86** — *Cultists, cyborgs, and spies!*
- ☐ **MARVEL PREMIERE #57** — Proudly we present... *Dr. Who!*
- ☐ **SGT. FURY #161** — (Reprints Sgt. Fury #64) "The Peacemonger!"
- ☐ **WHAT IF #24** — "What If Gwen Stacy Had Never Died!"
- ☐ **BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #22** — In pursuit of the Final Pirates!
- ☐ **SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #14** — Guest-stars *Dr. Strange* and *Storm!*

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **CRAZY #58** — Yock it up with "American Gigglers!"; "Dupes of Haggard!"; "Super Junkies!" featuring the Spaceknights, Tom-Hulk, Obnoxio and more!
- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #58** — The climax of the *Sword of Skelos* saga.
- ☐ **HOWARD THE DUCK #9** — Howard and Bev face the Grey Panther! Plus, *Marshall Rogers'* "Duck Man," a riotous spoof of our Distinguished Competitor's caped crusader!

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 7672.10: WE ARE PLOTTING IN AT STARBASE 8 FOR R&R. MY MEDICAL OFFICERS REPORT THAT THE SIX CREWMEN AFFECTED BY THE 'PLAGUE' ARE COMPLETELY RECOVERED."

IRONIC, ISN'T IT, SPOCK, HOW HESTER DIED?--

--BY CRASHING THE SHUTTLECRAFT IN THE VERY PLACE SHE WANTED TO BE RESCUED FROM

..WHERE SHE REMAINED ALL THE YEARS HER DISEMBODIED ASSISTANTS SEARCHED FOR HER!

INDEED I DON'T PROFESS TO COMPREHEND IT, CAPTAIN

...BUT IT SEEMS THE HATRED THEY FELT FOR HESTER WAS WHAT KEPT THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS "ALIVE"!

IT IS MOST ILLOGICAL-- BUT I CONFESS I AM UNABLE TO PROPOSE ANY OTHER EXPLANATION

WELL, IT'S ALL BEHIND US NOW, SPOCK. EVEN IF THE "UNITY" COULD DIG ITS WAY OUT OF THAT CAVE-IN

..WHY WOULD IT? IT'S GOTTEN WHAT IT WANTED.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--?

KAREN--YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO. YOU WERE RIGHT--I *DO* OWE YOU SOMETHING

NO. I *DID* WASTE NINE YEARS BECAUSE OF YOU, JIM--BUT THAT WAS MY DOING.

I WAS TOO WRAPPED UP IN MY ROMANTIC SELF-DELUSION TO SEE THE TRUTH. BILL COULDN'T COMPETE WITH YOU..

..AND *I* COULDN'T COMPETE WITH *YOUR COMMAND*. YOU DON'T OWE ME ANYTHING.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE. YOU'VE GIVEN ME BACK A LOT OF YEARS I MIGHT HAVE LOST.

THOSE YEARS I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE. GOODBYE, JIM..

GOODBYE, KAREN

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JAN # 10 50¢

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STAR TREK®

IN THIS ISSUE:

SPOCK: THE BARBARIAN!

PLUS: EXCLUSIVE EXCERPTS FROM THE STARFLEET FILES!

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Stan Lee PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7673.6. CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK RECORDING.

FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS NOW, THE ENTERPRISE HAS ORBITED THE PLANET, BARAK-7, A LUSH BLUE WORLD IN THE THORIAN-V STAR SYSTEM, FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCUMULATING DATA ON THE PROPERTIES OF ITS UNIQUE MAGNETIC FIELD...

. A FIELD SO POWERFUL THAT IT HAS SERIOUSLY DISRUPTED OUR COMMUNICATIONS FACILITIES AND RENDERED OUR TRANSPORTERS INOPERATIVE

DOMAIN OF THE DRAGON GOD!

MICHAEL FLEISHER — WRITER

LEO DURANONA, KLAUS JANSON — ARTISTS

RICK PARKER — LETTERER

CARL GAFFORD — COLORIST

LOUISE JONES — EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER — EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 10 January, 1981 Issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galton President Stan Lee, Publisher Milton Schirman Vice-President Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 575 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK N.Y. 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office.

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Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $6.00 for 12 issues Canada $7.00 Foreign $8.00. Printed in the U.S.A.

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A SHORT WHILE LATER, A GLEAMING CRAFT EXITS FROM THE STARSHIP'S SHUTTLE BAY AND ARCS GRACEFULLY TOWARD THE LUXURIANT BLUE SURFACE OF BARAK-7.

BUT AS IT CLEAVES THROUGH THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.

SPOCK! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE WE BEING BUFFETED AROUND LIKE THIS?

IT'S THE ENGINE FILTERS, DOCTOR!

THEY APPEAR TO HAVE BECOME CLOGGED! THE ENTIRE DRIVE MECHANISM'S BEGINNING TO OVERHEAT!

GOOD GRIEF, SPOCK! CAN WE REACH THE DESIGNATED SURVEY SECTOR?

LANDING *THERE* MAY BE THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS, DOCTOR! THE PRESSING ISSUE IS WHETHER WE CAN LAND *AT ALL!*

McCOY TO ENTERPRISE!

McCOY TO ENTERPRISE!

DO YOU READ ME?

IT'S NO USE, SPOCK. I CAN'T GET THROUGH.

WE HAVE LANDED. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?

YES, IF YOU CALL *THAT* A LANDING. I JUST HOPE THIS *CRAFT* IS STILL IN ONE PIECE!

KA-THUD!

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THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

WELL, SPOCK, BONES -- EVERYTHING WE COULD LEARN FROM SPACE ABOUT BARAK-7'S MAGNETIC FIELD HAS ALREADY BEEN ENTERED INTO THE COMPUTERS! ANY OTHER INFORMATION WILL HAVE TO COME FROM A MANNED SURVEY EXPEDITION!

YOU AND I CAN HANDLE THAT TOGETHER, MR. SPOCK!

I'M AFRAID THAT'S OUT, JIM! YOU'VE BARELY RECOVERED FROM THE FLU, REMEMBER?

I ONLY ALLOWED YOU OUT OF SICK BAY BECAUSE YOU SWORE YOU'D REST BETTER IN YOUR OWN QUARTERS.

BUT

BUT NOTHING! I COULD ACCOMPANY SPOCK ON THE SURVEY, JIM, WHILE YOU STAY HERE... QUIETLY!

THE DOCTOR IS BEING PERFECTLY SENSIBLE, CAPTAIN!

DR. MCCOY AND I CAN FLY TO THE SURFACE OF BARAK-7 IN A SHUTTLECRAFT, PERFORM THE NEEDED SURVEY, AND RETURN TO THE ENTERPRISE WITHIN SIX HOURS.

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! HAVE IT YOUR WAY BUT REMEMBER - MAGNETIC FIELD ACTIVITY STRONG TO MAKE COMMUNICATION FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE IMPOSSIBLE

I WANT YOU TO SURVEY ONLY THE UNINHABITED SECTOR I'VE DESIGNATED.

-- AND MAKE SURE YOU GET BACK HERE BY 1200 HOURS EXACTLY.

AYE AYE, CAPTAIN!

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UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, WE APPEAR TO BE RATHER FORTUNATE, DOCTOR. THE MAGNETIC DUST THAT PERMEATES THE ATMOSPHERE APPEARS TO BE THE CULPRIT

I'LL HAVE TO UNCLOG THESE FILTERS MANUALLY, BUT ONCE I DO, WE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING HER SPACE-WORTHY AGAIN

GOOD! WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, I'LL TRY TO GET A FIX ON EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE

SPOCK! PRIMITIVE TRIBESMEN! HUMANOIDS! THERE'S A MAN IN A SEDAN-CHAIR WHO MUST BE THEIR LEADER! AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS--

I'D SAY THEY'RE PREPARING TO ENGAGE IN A CEREMONY OF SOME-

HEY! THAT GIRL SHE SEEMS TO BE A PART OF IT AND SHE DOESN'T LOOK TOO PLEASED!

AND NO WONDER! THEY'RE GOING TO THROW HER INTO A POOL-CHURNING WITH HIDEOUS REPTILES.

YOU! COME!

NO! LET ME GO! I BEG YOU!

SILENCE! SLAVES SHOULD BE HONORED TO FEED THE CREATURES SACRED TO THE MIGHTY DRAGON GOD.

SPOCK! HURRY! A HELPLESS YOUNG GIRL IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED DOWN THERE! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HER.

WE CAN'T DO THAT, DOCTOR!

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THAT THE FEDERATION *PRIME DIRECTIVE* EXPRESSLY FORBIDS OUR INTERFERENCE IN THE AFFAIRS OF ALIEN CIVILIZATIONS

IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF EVERY CULTURE, DOCTOR, INCLUDING YOUR OWN, HUMAN SACRIFICE HAS PLAYED A...

BLAST IT, SPOCK, SPARE ME THE ANTHROPOLOGY LESSON, WILL YOU? THAT'S A *PERSON* DOWN THERE AND WE'VE GOT TO *HELP* HER!

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YOU MUST TAKE THE GIRL AND FLEE, WHILE I HOLD OFF THESE PRIMITIVES LONG AS MY PHASER REMAINS FUNCTIONAL!

TAKE THE GIRL AND RUN, DOCTOR! IN THAT OUR GREATEST HOPE OF SURVIVAL!

ALL RIGHT, SPOCK! BUT DON'T WORRY!

COME ON, LADY! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

MY PHASER! NOW, IT'S BECOME HOPELESSLY CLOGGED!

THE SHAMAN IS OURS! NOW HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM FAST!

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BUT BELOW THEM SUDDENLY THE SACRIFICIAL VICTIM MAKES A DESPERATE DARING BID FOR FREEDOM...

UNNFF!

SHE'S RUNNING RIGHT UP HERE SPOCK! PRIME DIRECTIVE OR NO PRIME DIRECTIVE, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ABOUT TO BE RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT!

SEIZE THE SACRIFICE IN THE NAME OF THE DRAGON GOD SHE MUST NOT ESCAPE US!

YOUR ASSUMPTION IS MORE THAN LOGICAL DOCTOR BUT

PLEASE STRANGERS! DO NOT LET THEM TAKE ME!

BEHOLD! ATOP THAT HILL!

ENEMIES OF THE DRAGON GOD COME TO STEAL AWAY OUR SACRIFICE!

WE MUST RECLAIM THE SACRIFICE OR FALL VICTIM TO THE DRAGON'S ALMIGHTY WRATH!

HERE THEY COME, SPOCK!

PHASERS ON STUN!

FIRE!

THEY DO NOT TOUCH US, YET OUR MEN FALL!

SURELY THESE TWO ARE MIGHTY SHAMANS!

SPOCK! MY PHASER'S SUDDENLY STOPPED FIRING! IT MUST BE CLOGGED WITH THE SAME MAGNETIC DUST THAT FOULED THE SHUTTLE ENGINE!

USE YOUR COMMUNICATOR, DOCTOR! SEE IF YOU CAN RAISE THE ENTERPRISE!

IT'S NO USE SPOCK! THEY CAN'T HEAR ME! I CAN'T GET THROUGH!

THEN I'M AFRAID THERE'S ONLY ONE LOGICAL COURSE OPEN TO US DOCTOR!

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LATER

YOU WILL WORK HERE ON RAGNOK'S MOUNTAIN WITH THE OTHER SLAVES-- FOREVER!

MOUNTAIN ... WE SKIMMED BY IN THE SHUTTLECRAFT JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO

IT IS LITTLE WONDER THAT SARPEIDON REMEMBERS ... AS ANY MOUNTAIN IN A MANNER DIFFERENT ... HE IS CONSTRUCTING A COLOSSAL ... MONUMENT TO HIMSELF!

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE ... THE ENTERPRISE STILL CRUISES IN ... ATTEMPTING TO RELAY ... THAT WE MAY BE DETAINED ... AS WE HAVE NOT RETURNED ... SOON THEIR MISSION TO THE ... PLANET'S SURFACE

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE TO STARBASE 11, CAPT. CHAPEL, I AM RETURNING ... ON BOARD ... CASE AN EMERGENCY SITUATION

BLAST IT! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BACK BY NOW! WHERE CAN THEY BE?

WE CAN'T ANSWER THAT, CAPTAIN, BUT THE COMPUTERS HAVE PUT TOGETHER SOME DISTURBING FACTS!

THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE IS CHARGED WITH MINUTE MAGNETIC PARTICLES THAT COULD INTERFERE WITH THE SHUTTLECRAFT'S ENGINE!

WE'LL KEEP ALL COMMUNICATION CHANNELS OPEN, UHURA...

IF THEY DO MANAGE TO GET A MESSAGE THROUGH, DESPITE ALL THE INTERFERENCE, I WANT US TO RECEIVE IT!

AYE, SIR

BUT THE HIGH MAGNETIC-FIELD DENSITY IS MAKING COMMUNICATION IN EITHER DIRECTION IMPOSSIBLE

I DON'T LIKE THIS, UHURA! I WISH THEY'D GET BACK!

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MEANWHILE — ON THE RUGGED FOOTHILLS

WHERE THE HECK ARE WE GOING?

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

WE GO TO THE MOUNTAIN CAVES WHICH ARE THE DWELLING-PLACES OF MY TRIBE!

I AM SHOCKED THAT MY BROTHER AND HIS FOLLOWERS HAVE SWORN TO DESTROY THE EVIL RULER RAGNOK, FROM WHOSE MINIONS YOU HAVE RESCUED ME! AMONG THEM YOU WILL FIND SAFETY!

YOU GO AHEAD! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE... TRY TO RESCUE SPOCK!

NO! YOU MUST **NOT** GO BACK! YOU MUST COME WITH ME! MY PEOPLE ARE GOOD! NOT LIKE RAGNOK! WHEN I TELL THEM HOW YOU SAVED **ME**, THEY WILL HELP **YOU** SAVE YOUR FRIEND!

WHILE AT RAGNOK'S ENCAMPMENT...

HAIL, O MIGHTY RAGNOK! WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU ONE OF THE SHAMANS WHO CONSPIRED TO DISRUPT THE HOLY SACRIFICE! THROUGH MAGIC HE FELLED MANY OF OUR MEN, BUT THEN HIS MAGIC FAILED HIM AND WE TRIUMPHED!

SO YOU ARE A SHAMAN, EH STRANGER? AND YET A SHAMAN WHOSE MAGIC FAILS HIM IS A WEAK SHAMAN, INDEED!

STILL, IT WOULD BE UNWISE TO TEMPT THE WRATH OF THE RIVAL GODS BY SLAYING THEIR SHAMAN! IT IS BETTER TO MAKE YOU A SLAVE INSTEAD!

TAKE THE NEW SLAVE TO MY MOUNTAIN FARM! MAKE HIM WORK VERY HARD.

YES, GREAT RAGNOK!

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MEANWHILE, ON BARAK-7 THE BACK-BREAKING WORK ON THE MAMMOTH MONUMENT CONTINUES.

PUSH THAT BOULDER ASIDE, OLD MAN! AT ONCE!

BUT I CANNOT! I-IT IS FAR TOO HEAVY!

YOU *WILL* MOVE IT, OLD MAN... OR FEEL THE WEIGHT OF MY KILLING CLUB AGAINST YOUR SKULL!

WAIT!

HERE OLD MAN! AN ORDINARY STICK USED IN THIS MANNER WILL ENABLE EVEN A FRAIL MAN TO MOVE AN OBJECT MANY TIMES HIS OWN WEIGHT!

I-I HAVE HEARD IT MURMURED AMONG THE SLAVES THAT YOU ARE A *SHAMAN*...

...BUT YOU MUST BE MIGHTY INDEED TO MOVE THIS GREAT STONE IN THIS STRANGE NEW WAY! MAY THE GODS PRESERVE YOU, STRANGER!

WHAT IS THIS OLD MAN? DO YOU DARE TO DEFILE RAGNOL'S GREAT MONUMENT BY USING AN EVIL SHAMAN'S *MAGIC* TO DO YOUR WORK FOR YOU?

WHAK

UNNGH!

FOR THAT YOU SHALL FEEL THE—

UNNHHH!

AS THE BRUTAL OVERSEER RAISES HIS HEAVY CLUB TO STRIKE THE DEFENSELESS OLD MAN, SPOCK'S HAND DARTS FORTH TO INCAPACITATE HIM WITH A DISABLING VULCAN NERVE PINCH...

BUT NO SOONER HAS THE OVERSEER COLLAPSED, THAN *ANOTHER* BEHIND SPOCK RAISES HIS CLUB AND...

WHAK

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INDEED, A SHORT WHILE LATER

OOK! I-IT IS A SNAKE THAT *FLIES!*

THAK

TRULY IT IS A POWERFUL MAGIC!

IT MUST BE A MESSENGER FROM THE *DRAGON GOD* HIMSELF!

NO! IT IS NEITHER MAGIC NOR A MESSENGER FROM YOUR GOD! IT IS A WEAPON! A NEW WEAPON THAT CAN ENABLE THOSE WHO ARE FEW IN NUMBER TO TRIUMPH OVER A MUCH STRONGER ENEMY!

BAH! YOU ARE A FOOL! BEHOLD MY KILLING CLUB! IT CAN SMASH THE SKULL OF EVEN THE STRONGEST ENEMY! CAN YOUR PUNY WEAPON DO THAT?

NO... BUT MY WEAPON WORKS FROM A *DISTANCE!* WITH IT, A MAN CAN DESTROY MANY ENEMIES WITHOUT DRAWING CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE FELLED BY THEIR CLUBS!

SLOWLY, PATIENTLY, McCOY CONVINCES THE TRIBESMEN TO TRY HIS STAGGERINGLY NEW PLAN...

HE TEACHES THEM TO STRIP THE NEARBY SAPLINGS TO FORM ROW SHAFTS AND TO FASHION BOWSTRINGS FROM THEIR NATIVE HEMP.

.. THEN WORKS WITH THEM DOGGEDLY THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT SHOWING THEM HOW TO FASHION CRUDE ARROWS AND HOW TO SHOOT THEM..

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AS OTHER OVERSEERS OF THE MEGALOMANIACAL SCULPTURE PROJECT RUSH FORWARD WITH LENGTHS OF HEMP TO BIND THE HANDS AND FEET OF THE UNCONSCIOUS SPOCK, DR. McCOY AND N'SHULU ARRIVE AT THE LABYRINTHINE NETWORK OF CAVERNS WHICH IS THE SANCTUARY OF K'BARROW AND HIS FOLLOWERS...

LATER, N'SHULU NARRATING THE STORY OF HER DARING RESCUE BY McCOY AND SPOCK.

IF IT WERE NOT FOR THIS STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND MY BROTHER, EVEN NOW I WOULD LIE DEAD IN THE BELLY OF THE DRAGON GOD.

THEN WE OWE YOUR FRIEND MUCH THANKS N'SHULU, FOR BRINGING YOU SAFELY HOME TO US!

FOR TOO LONG HAVE RAGNOK AND HIS OVERSEERS RULED THE PEOPLE OF THIS VALLEY IN BRUTALITY AND BLOODSHED!

SOMEDAY, WHEN WE ARE STRONG WE WILL OVERTHROW HIM AND BRING PEACE AND HARMONY TO THIS LAND!

LATER, AS K'BARROW'S TRIBE GATHERS FOR THEIR EVENING MEAL...

I'M AFRAID THAT "SOMEDAY" ISN'T GOING TO BE SOON ENOUGH TO HELP SPOCK.

K'BARROW AND HIS FOLLOWERS MEAN WELL, BUT THERE ARE FAR TOO FEW OF THEM TO OVERTHROW RAGNOK AND HIS OVERSEERS

TO HAVE ANY HOPE OF RESCUING SPOCK, I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO GIVEN THE GODS IMMEDIATELY WITH THOSE SLUGNOGS AND THE HEMP I'VE SEEN GROWING IN THIS REGION, I COULD DO IT!

BUT HAVE I THE RIGHT TO INTERFERE IN THIS PRIMITIVE CULTURE... EVEN TO SAVE SPOCK'S LIFE?

DARN IT! HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO SAVE US! PRIME DIRECTIVE OR NO, I'VE GOT TO TRY

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ON BARAK 7 DAWN BREAKS LIKE ORANGE THUNDER AS RAGNOK AND HIS FOLLOWERS PAUSE AT THE START OF THE NEW DAY'S WORK TO PAY THEIR HOMAGE AT THE SHRINE OF THE SERPENT GOD

A MERE HANDFUL OF OVERSEERS HAS BEEN LEFT TO GUARD THE SLAVES IF I CAN MANAGE TO FREE MYSELF OF MY BONDS...

I MIGHT TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE!

SUDDENLY SPOCK'S THOUGHTS OF FREEDOM ARE INTERRUPTED BY A CACOPHONY OF SAVAGE WAR-CRIES

NOW, MEN OF K'BARROH... ATTACK!

SLAY THE MEN OF RAGNOK WITH OUR STICKS THAT FLY. SLAY THEM QUICKLY!

TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND UNABLE TO WIELD THEIR CLUBS EFFECTIVELY AGAINST THE ADVANCING BOWMEN RAGNOK'S FOLLOWERS FALL HELPLESSLY BENEATH A HAIL OF ARROWS.

BUT THEN SUDDENLY, AS THE BATTLE RAGES...

DOCTOR! BEHIND YOU!

SPOCK!

I'LL NEVER JOKE ABOUT YOUR VULCAN NERVE PINCH AGAIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

CERTAINLY, DOCTOR! AND NOW IF YOU'LL RELEASE ME FROM MY BONDS...?

WHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY..

THERE HE IS. THE EVIL ONE!

I AM K'BAARGH! FIGHT ME, FAT RAGNOK, IF YOU DARE!

WITH THAT SHOUTED CHALLENGE...

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7673.4. SPOCK AND McCOY ARE NOW SIX HOURS OVERDUE. THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MAY HAVE FALLEN VICTIM TO A SERIOUS ACCIDENT, OR EVEN HOSTILE ACTION BY INHABITANTS OF BARAK 7, CAN NO LONGER BE DISCOUNTED

ENGINEERING! THIS IS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKING! I WANT A SHUTTLECRAFT READIED FOR MY USE IMMEDIATELY!

AYE, CAP'N!

AND SCOTTY, I WANT THE ANTI-MAGNETIC DAMPER SCREENS MOUNTED ON THE ENGINE FILTERS TO ENSURE THAT SHE WON'T BE FOULED IN TRANSIT BY MAGNETIC DUST!

WILL DO, CAP'N! BUT THAT'LL MEAN YE CANNA HAVE THE SHUTTLE UNTIL 19 00 HOURS! IT'LL TAKE US THAT LONG TO INSTALL 'EM!

VERY WELL, MR SCOTT! JUST HAVE HER FLIGHT-READY AS FAST AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE!

THAT, I WILL, CAP'N! AN' DON'T YE BE WORRYIN ABOUT MR. SPOCK AND DR. McCOY...

THEY KNOW HOW TA LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES!

I HOPE SO, SCOTTY, I HOPE SO!

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--THE SCENE CHANGES ABRUPTLY FROM ONE OF BATTLE TO WILD JUBILATION..

RAGNOK IS **DEAD!** LONG LIVE OUR NEW RULER, MIGHTY K'BARRGH!

THE DRAGON GOD HAS CHOSEN **K'BARRGH** TO LEAD US!

YES! I WILL BE A GREAT LEADER, AND THE MAGIC **FLYING STICKS** WILL MAKE US A GREAT AND POWERFUL PEOPLE!

ALL'S WELL THAT END'S WELL, SPOCK! NOW LET'S GET THOSE FILTERS UNCLOGGED SO WE CAN GET HOME AND...

ALL'S **WELL,** DOCTOR? LISTEN TO THEM..!

NO MORE WILL THE IMAGE OF THE FAT AND UGLY RAGNOK TOWER OVER OUR BELOVED VALLEY!

TOMORROW, WE SHALL DESTROY THE TYRANT'S HATED LIKENESS--

-- SO THAT THE SLAVES MAY RESHAPE IT INTO A MONUMENT OF **MY** FACE.. THE FACE OF YOUR GLORIOUS AND POWERFUL NEW RULER!

AND NOW WE MUST SACRIFICE A SLAVE GIRL TO THE SERPENT GOD TO THANK HIM FOR THE WONDROUS VICTORY WHICH HE HAS GRANTED TO US.

YES, GREAT LEADER! THE WIFE OF RAGNOK! WE WILL SACRIFICE HER!

SEIZE HER! DRAG HER TO THE SERPENT PIT!

NO! SPARE ME! PLEASE!

GOOD HEAVENS, SPOCK! I'VE CREATED A MONSTER! **K'BARRGH** WILL RULE THESE POOR PEOPLE AS CRUELLY AND RUTHLESSLY AS RAGNOK!

A NOT ENTIRELY **UNPREDICTABLE** OUTCOME, DOCTOR!

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THE FIGHTING BECOMES LESS SPIRITED. THEN ALMOST TO A MAN, THEY STOP AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, THE CORPULENT BARBARIC SWASSERS FORWARD BRANDISHING HIS MASSIVE STONE-STUDDED BATTLE-AXE

SO! YOU WOULD RULE THIS VALLEY IN MY STEAD, EH, PUNY K'BARRGH?

ONE BLOW FROM MY WAR AXE AND YOUR BRAINS WILL SPILL TO THE GROUND TO FEED THE MAGGOTS AND VERMIN!

HAH! YOU BOAST TOO SOON, FAT RAGNOK! FOR NO MERE AXE CAN RIVAL WHAT I POSSESS -- MAGIC FLYING STICKS THAT CAN KILL FROM A DISTANCE!

GHAAA!

FSH.

YAAAH! FALL DOWN AND DIE, CRUEL TYRANT! FEEL THE POWER OF K'BARRGH'S MIGHTY NEW WEAPON!

AS RAGNOK TOPPLES TO THE GROUND, MORTALLY WOUNDED --

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PREDICTABLE OR NOT, IT'S DEAD **WRONG!** I'M **RESPONSIBLE** FOR THIS AND I INTEND TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

HEY, WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU ANYWAY, K'BARRSH? YOU OVERTHREW RAGNOK **BECAUSE** HE WAS CRUEL AND BARBARIC! YET NOW YOU'RE ACTING JUST LIKE **HIM!**

WHEN A NEW LEADER TAKES OVER THE TRIBE, THE DRAGON GOD MUST BE APPEASED WITH A SACRIFICE

...OR THE SKY WILL TURN BLACK AND THE WORLD WILL END!

EVEN THE SMALLEST CHILDREN KNOW THIS TRUTH! IF YOU ARE OPPOSED TO APPEASING THE DRAGON GOD, THEN YOU ARE NOT OUR FRIENDS, BUT OUR **ENEMIES!**

YES, YOU MUST BE THE SERVANTS OF AN **EVIL GOD** WHO SEEKS OUR RUIN!

YOU LISTENED TO ME ONCE, K'BARRSH! NOW LISTEN AGAIN WHEN I --

I THINK FURTHER EFFORTS AT SOCIO-RELIGIOUS REFORM WOULD BE MOST UNWISE, DOCTOR!

SIEZE THEM!

BLAST IT, SPOCK! MY MEDDLING HELPED **CREATE** THAT MESS...!

YOU "MEDDLED" TO SAVE ME, DOCTOR. I SEE NO POINT IN SACRIFICING **BOTH** OUR LIVES NOW..

PRECISELY, MR. SPOCK! THE NEXT SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS THEY CHOOSE ARE LIABLE TO BE US!

THE SHUTTLECRAFT IS SITUATED ATOP THAT ROCKY CLEFT, DOCTOR! I'M AFRAID WE HAVE TO CLIMB IT!

I'M NOT SO SURE WE'LL GET THE CHANCE, SPOCK! IT LOOKS LIKE OUR ERSTWHILE ALLIES HAVE MADE UP THEIR MINDS TO STOP US!

AND THEN SUDDENLY

LOOK! O'ERHEAD! THE SKY DARKENS!

THE SKY GROWS BLACK WITH FEARSOME MAGIC!

WHAT TH--?!

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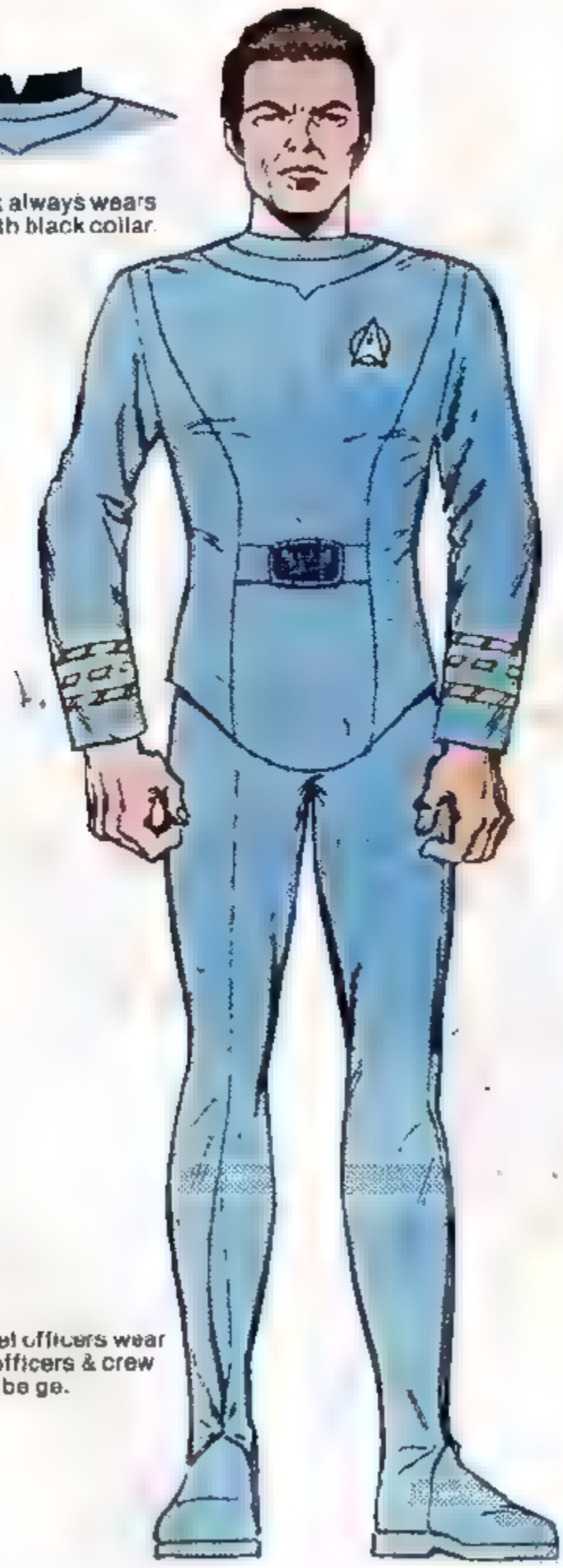
From the Files of

STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS

CLASS-A UNIFORM —Worn when V Ps are aboard and for ceremonial functions.

Cdr. Spock always wears Class-A with black collar.



Command level officers wear grey. Lower officers & crew wear be ge.

Admiral's two-color Class A uniform & gold insignia

ENSIGN LIEUTENANT LT. COMMANDER

COMMANDER CAPTAIN COMMODORE*

REAR ADMIRAL VICE ADMIRAL ADMIRAL

ADMIRAL OF THE STAR FLEET
(only one admiral holds this rank at any given time.)

**Commodore: An honorary title, usually the senior Captain in an organization — a Captain who performs the duties of an Admiral.*

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THE WORLD IS ENDING! RUN! RUN!

THE DRAGON GOD IS ANGRY AT US FOR TURNING AGAINST THE SHAMANS!

BEHOLD, HE HAS SENT FORTH A GREAT SKY BEAST TO DESTROY US!

CAPTAIN'S LOG, ADDENDUM-- AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING, WE HAVE LOCATED MR. SPOCK AND DR. McCOY, WHO HAVE MADE CONTACT WITH THE NATIVES OF BARAK-7, BUT APPEAR TO BE UNARMED.

COME ON BOARD, YOU TWO! ON THE DOUBLE! BEFORE THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS REGAIN THEIR COURAGE AND DECIDE TO COME BACK WITH REINFORCEMENTS!

NCC-1

SECONDS LATER, AS THE SLEEK SHUTTLECRAFT SOARS SKYWARD

JUDGING FROM WHAT LITTLE I SAW DOWN THERE, YOU TWO MUST HAVE QUITE A STORY TO TELL! THAT GIGANTIC STATUE, FOR EXAMPLE! JUST WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A MONUMENT, JIM.

OH? TO WHAT?

TO THE ANCIENT PROVERB THAT THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY REALLY REMAIN THE SAME! WOULDN'T YOU AGREE WITH THAT, MR. SPOCK?

I WOULD INDEED, DOCTOR!

AND I WOULD ADD THAT IT IS ALSO A MONUMENT TO THE COROLLARY AXIOM THAT RAPID TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCEMENT NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE ACCOMPANIED BY A CONCOMITANT RISE IN THE AREA OF SOCIAL OR ETHICAL VALUES!

WHAT IN THE DEVIL'S NAME ARE YOU TWO TALKING ABOUT?

OH, JUST CONTINUING A LITTLE ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCUSSION WE WERE HAVING! RIGHT, MR. SPOCK?

PRECISELY, DOCTOR!

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MEDICAL UNIFORMS

MEDICAL CLASS-A:
Grey or beige with vee-cut collar. Dr. McCoy in grey Dr. Chapel in beige

Medical workoult for lower ranks:
White, with caduceus.*

Medical work uniforms:
White, with no bio-scan buckle, and a caduceus instead of Starfleet insignia, shoulder tabs show rank. Worn only in sick bay & surgery.

For less formal occasions outside the sick bay, McCoy wears a white Class-B tunic over white pants; Chapel wears a beige Class-B tunic with white pants.

*Caduceus:
Winged staff with twined snakes. Carried by the god Mercury in Roman mythology, now a symbol of the medical profession.

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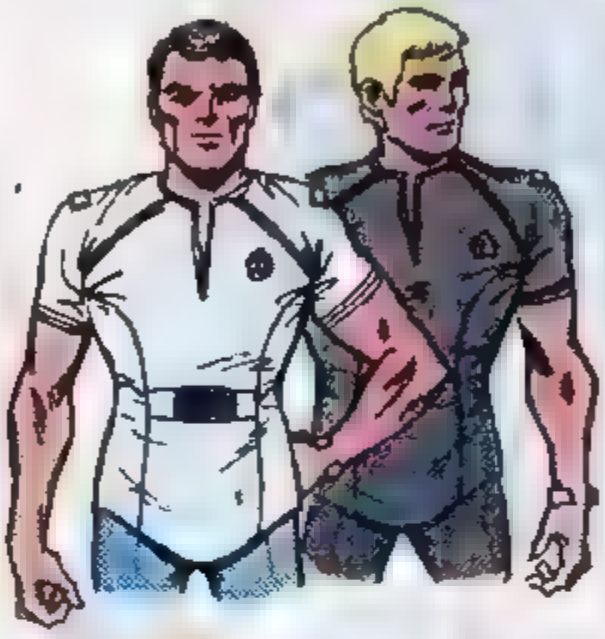
CLASS-B UNIFORMS — Less Formal than Class-A, worn on ship daily. Class B has long or short sleeves, and three colors; shoulder tabs show rank.

Command level:
White shirt, gray pants.

Lower officers:
Beige.
Enlisted Ranks:
Light & dark brown.



SHOULDER TAB RANKS & DEPARTMENTS:

Enlisted Personnel wear shoulder tabs also, but there is no reference on insignia.

STARFLEET INSIGNIA

CREW DEPARTMENTS & TAB COLORS:
COMMAND — White (Kirk);
SCIENCE — Orange (Spock);
ENGINEERING — Red (Scott, Rand, Cleary);
OPERATIONS — Pale Gold (Suiu, Uhura, DiFalco);
SECURITY — Grey (Chekov);
MEDICAL — Green (McCoy, Chapel).
On Starfleet insignia, color is indicated in circle below insignia.

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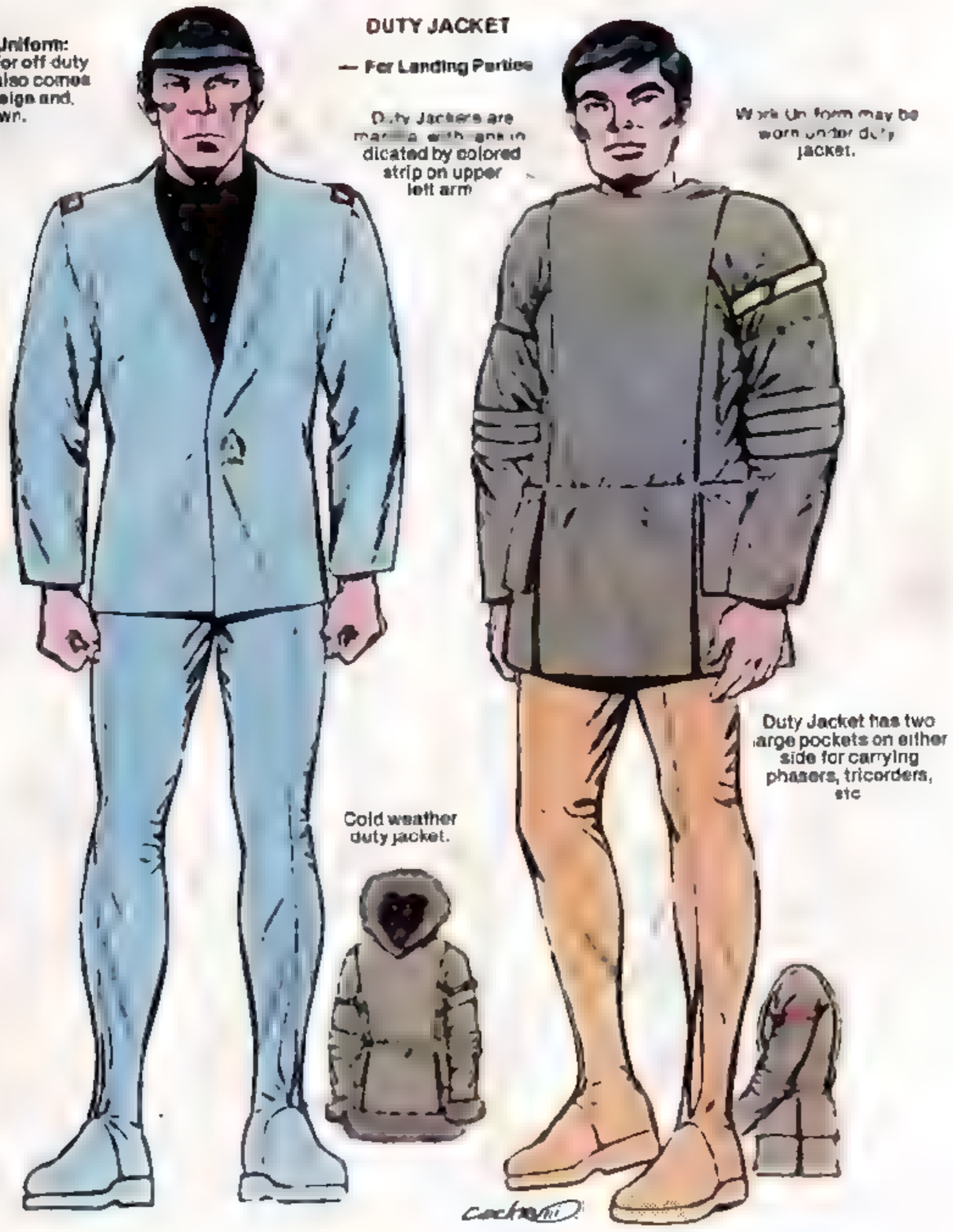
Leisure Uniform: Generally for off-duty wear, this also comes in grey, beige and brown.
DUTY JACKET
— For Landing Parties
Duty Jackets are ma... with rank in... dicated by colored strip on upper left arm
Work Uniform may be worn under duty jacket.
Duty Jacket has two large pockets on either side for carrying phasers, tricorders, etc
Cold weather duty jacket.

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STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

SPECIAL SPORTS NOTE

A withering long-ball barrage carried the Mighty Marvel Bullpen Bombers softball team to a 17-8 victory over arch-rival DC Comics. The attack was paced by Jim Novak, who hit two tape-measure home runs, and by Danny Fingeroth, John Romita, Jr., and Jim Shooter who hit one circuit blast apiece. The winning pitcher, Joe Albelo, a production letterer, credits his success to his "editor-pitch." The pitch is thrown with fingers crossed, and, in Joe's words, "it lies to you about how far along it is." Al Milgrom, editor extraordinaire, took the mound in the sixth in relief, and proceeded to fox DC's sluggers with his "production pitch." Al says of this laid-back pitch "... it's so slow the batters fall asleep waiting for it to come across." Despite the pitching and some occasional minor defensive lapses, the Bombers, under the canny guidance of player-manager Rob Carosella, fashioned a five-run lead in the first and led all the way to their ultimate victory. The game ball, autographed by the entire team, was presented to Stan the Man, who unfortunately had to be out of town on game day.

The Lineup

RF Archie Goodwin/Editorial Director, EPIC
Harry Eisenstein/Shipping Clerk
Rick Veitch/Artist
3B Nel Yomtov/Production Manager, Merchandising
Robbie Carosella/Photostat Operator
CF John Romita, Jr./Artist
1B Jim Shooter/Editor-in-Chief
SS Jim Novak/Letterer
SC Irene Vartanoff/Production Coordinator, Special Projects
Ken Feduniewicz/Production, Special Projects
Ed Hannigan/Writer and Artist
LF Reggie Burrus/Shipping Clerk
Mike Friedrich/Direct Sales Manager
C Helen Katz/Editorial Assistant
2B Danny Fingeroth/Asst. Editor
Bob Budiansky/Asst. Editor
P Joe Albelo/Production Letterer
Al Milgrom/Editor
Kenny Lopez/Editorial Assistant

HAILING FREQUENCIES OPEN DEPARTMENT

All STAR TREK fans interested in a well-written, entertaining fanzine about everyone's favorite starship are advised to check out *Starship Communique*, "the periodic publication of the starship USS Republic." This spiffy little newsletter will keep you up to date on the latest in intergalactic politics, planetary conflicts, and Federation diplomacy, as well as giving a much-appreciated plug to our own four-color comic book now and again. A sample copy of *Starship Communique* can be obtained by sending 50¢ (Federation currency only, please) to: Captain Eric A. Stillwell, 1151 W. 27th Place, Eugene, Oregon 97405 — and tell 'em Marvel sent you!

Dear Stellar Scribes,

The plots by Mike Barr are ridiculous, the dialogue is too crowded! Get somebody *good* on this potentially powerful periodical, such as Chris Claremont, Bill Mantlo or maybe even (ahem!) David Gerrold. (Look, if Harlan Ellison can plot an issue of THE HULK...)

I never really liked Dave Cockrum's work too much, until now! Klaus Janson's inks do wonders for Dave's art, as Janson has for the likes of Colan and Simonson.

I see by the last panel on page 7 (#6), that one or more of you has read "Star Trek Spaceflight Chronology." This book could be a valuable source of storylines, since it contains a complete history of the Federation up to the time "The Motion Picture" takes place. Until then, live long and prosper, you phaser-packin' armadillos!

J. Bievers
(no address given)

Yousе guys:

Artwise, I think #6 was the peak of the series. Earlier, I hadn't been totally pleased with Dave Cockrum and Klaus Janson, although I love them both, separately. They didn't seem to mesh well. Now, with numero sixo, the marriage is made! Keep Dave and Klaus aboard the Enterprise, they're doing fine.

Mike Barr took a nice, sleuthful plot and incorporated it well with Kirk and Friends. I also noticed a bit more characterization and crew interaction with #6, a good sign. I hope to see your characters take on distinct personalities, much like those in the film and television show did.

To cut this letter short, I'm going to ask one question: Where are you going from here? Sure, you can keep up the one or two-issue stories. Or, the other hand, you can go the STAR WARS route and create your own epic mythos out of the strip. I'm rooting for the second choice; I want to see this book go places (possibly where no strip has gone before)! Well, keep plugging... I know I will.

Tom A. Field
37 Windsor Ave.
Augusta, ME 04330
MAINE COMICS CLUB

Where STAR TREK will go is anybody's guess, Tom, but knowing that regular scripter *Marty Pasko* is a Star Trek fan from 'way back, I think you'll be seeing the best of both worlds — a continuing mythology *and* a cast of supporting characters. As always, we request your opinions. We can't give you what you want if we don't *know* what you want!

Until next issue, Live Long and Prosper!

—Mike W. Barr

Gentlebeings:

Please tell me who thought of including the references to Sherlock Holmes in "The Enterprise Murder Case." I am a Sherlockian, and it pleases me to hear Mr. Spock refer to Holmes, as there are quite a few surprising similarities. I noticed that Spock solved the mystery in a way which Holmes would have approved of, and which is well within Spock's capabilities.

Lt. Patricia Louise Pope
Rt. 3, Box 424
Talbott, TN. 37877

The reference to Holmes was my doing as scripter, with the advice and consent of Captain Louise Jones and penciler Dave Cockrum. It's always seemed to me that Spock would thoroughly approve of Holmes' attempts to suppress his emotions in favor of his intellect, and I'm glad that a number of correspondents agreed.

—Mike W. Barr

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST!

☐ **MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #71** – The Thing, the Inhumans and Mr. Fantastic!
☐ **DEFENDERS #81** – The Mandrill's last stand!
☐ **SPIDER-WOMAN #34** – Caught between Hawkeye and Arsenal!
☐ **STAR TREK #19** – Spock and McCoy stranded on space!
☐ **SPIDEY SUPER STORIES #50** – Easy reader tales of the Web-slinger
☐ **DAREDEVIL #188** – The dangerous enemies from DD's past!
☐ **MARVEL SUPER-HEROES #84** – (Reprints Hulk #143) Enter Dr. Doom!
☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #212** – The menace of Hydroman!
☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #263** – *"What Ever Happened to the Invaders?"*
☐ **THOR #363** – The men, the mob, and the god of Thunder!
☐ **MICRONAUTS #25** – Mayhem in Marvelia and the Four!
☐ **GHOST RIDER #67** – Johnny Blaze is trapped forever in the form of Ghost Rider!
☐ **SHE-HULK #12** – The main monster of Genius!
☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #256** – Hammer to fist against the mighty Thor!
☐ **AVENGERS #283** – The creatures beneath New York!
☐ **CONAN #118** – The sorcerer from beyond the stars!
☐ **MARVEL TALES #123** – (Reprints Spider-Man #146) The Scorpion strikes!
☐ **MARVEL'S GREATEST COMICS #96** – (Reprints F.F. #116) The FF join forces with [illegible]
☐ **X-MEN #141** – Kitty battles in the past to save the future!
☐ **AMAZING ADVENTURES #14** – (Reprints X-Men #8) "Unus the Untouchable"
☐ **NOMM #14** – The Spacknight vs. the Mad Thinker!
☐ **FANTASY MASTERPIECES #14** – (Reprints Silver Surfer #14 and Warlock #13) The Surfer battles with *Spider-Man!* Plus: The Strange Death of Adam Warlock!"
☐ **MAN-THING #8** – Showdown with Captain Fate!
☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #226** – Who is... the *Samurai Destroyer?*
☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #101** – Spidey and Nightcrawler – together!
☐ **IRON MAN #142** – An entire town is destroyed, and Iron Man vows to avenge it!
☐ **PETER PARKER #50** – The return of the most unexpected face of all!
☐ **MOON KNIGHT #3** – *"Midnight Means Murder!"*
☐ **MARVEL SUPER ACTION #27** – (Reprints Avengers #66) The Avengers are betrayed from within! Plus: The *Hulk!*
☐ **TALES TO ASTONISH #14** – (Reprints Sub-Mariner #14) Subby vs. the original Human Torch!
☐ **STAR WARS #43** – Part V of *The Empire Strikes Back!*
☐ **MASTER OF KUNG FU #66** – Meet Reiko "Super Midnight" Carter!
☐ **MARVEL SPOTLIGHT #19** – Identical twins gain the powers of Captain Universe!
☐ **BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #23** – A clue to the way back!

MARVEL MAGAZINES

☐ **CRAZY #68** – "Richie Retch! A "The Shining" parody; Bonzo's contest results; Team Hulk; Howard the Duck!
☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #59** – "The City of Skulls!"
☐ **THE HULK #24** – "The Man Who Would Be President!" Plus: *Bemonic Fortune!*

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From the Files of

STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS

UNIFORMS AND RANK

WORK UNIFORM:
Work suit worn by Engineering personnel, technicians & maintenance personnel on the job; may also be worn under "duty jacket"

Engineering Anti-Radiation Suit:
Worn in and around warp engines & matter/anti-matter power chambers. Colors are white or brown.

Work Suit Colors:
White, brown, beige and grey — on planetary stations, also green. Kirk, Spock and Scotty wear grey.

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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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STAR TREK®

ERCOLOWSKI/PALMER

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, CAPTAIN. THAT MONSTER DOES NOT *EXIST!*

THEN WHAT IS *DESTROYING* THE ENTERPRISE?

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A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

Stan Lee PRESENTS

STAR TREK

"CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 6352.4 DUE TO A TRANSPORTER MALFUNCTION, WE HAVE BEEN STRANDED ON THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET ANDROMICUS FOR OVER TWO SOLAR DAYS.

ALREADY, THE LANDING PARTY HAS BEGUN TO FEEL THE DEBILITATING EFFECTS OF THE *RADIATION* WHICH BOMBARDS THIS PLANET

"THIS MAY WELL BE MY LAST LOG-ENTRY...

...AS I EXPECT DEATH BY RADIATION POISONING TO OCCUR WITHIN THE NEXT FOUR HOURS!"

...LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED!"

MARTIN PASKO WRITTEN — JOE BROZOWSKI and TOM PALMER ARTISTS — CARL GAFFORD COLORIST — JOE ROSEN LETTERER — LOUISE JONES EDITOR — JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 11 February 1981 Issue Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galton, President Stan Lee Publisher Morton Schiffman, Vice President Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 575 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Copyright © 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation, the trademark owner. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 9, 13, 20, 24, 25, 29, 31, 32, covers 2, 3 & 4 only copyright © 1980 by Marvel Comics Group. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $6.00 for 12 issues. Canada $7.00. Foreign $8.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or matter removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Comic symbols are trademarks of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

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PRESENTLY--AT THE NEAREST TURBO-LIFT...

THE WAY I HEAR IT FROM THIS MAN WENTWORTH IS NOT YOUR ORDINARY PSYCHIATRIST.

I KNOW A MAN WITH THE SAME DEGREE AS HE'S WHERE HE IS A RENEGADE--SOMETHING LIKE A CULT LEADER!

I'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY

TO BE PRECISE, DR. WENTWORTH RIDS HIS PATIENTS OF UNNECESSARY (SOME) FEELINGS

AND IN TRANSPORTER ROOM THREE

MR. SOMEBODY-OR-OTHER REPORTING AS INSTRUCTED SIR. CAPTAIN RYAN

ANDREA MANNING, CAPTAIN. I'M DR. WENTWORTH'S ASSISTANT.

THE OTHERS WILL BE ALONG DIRECTLY

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY FIRST OFFICER, MR. SPOCK.

TRANSPORTER CHIEF RYAN

BY TEACHING THEM TO SUPPRESS THEIR EMOTIONS WHAT HE CALLS "ENLIGHTENED SELF-MASTERY"

DO I DETECT A NOTE OF CONTEMPT, SPOCK?

I DO NOT JUDGE, CAPTAIN. INDEED, I CANNOT... FOR DR. WENTWORTH SUPPRESSES HUMAN EMOTIONS--

--OF WHICH I CAN DETECT NO TRACE IN YOUR EXPRESSION

SPEAKING OF EMOTIONS, MR. SCOTT--YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST LOST YOUR BEST FRIEND

'TIS NAE WHA' I'M *LOSIN'* THAT'S KEPT ME IN A DRUG FREE LIFE IT IS... AN NEVER MIND AS IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER.

WELL SNAP OUT OF IT--AND THAT'S AN ORDER! DR. WENTWORTH IS AS PSYCHIC AS I'VE HEARD

THIS ASSIGNMENT IS SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH ENOUGH AS IT IS

AND OUR CHIEF ENGINEER COMMANDER SCOTT

HULLO...

MONTGOMERY--?

DID HE DO WELL DO COMMANDER?

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ENTERPRISE LOG STARDATE 7915.3 ...

WHAT YOU'RE WATCHING, GENTLEMEN, IS AN EXTRACT FROM THE LAST LOG OF CAPTAIN RYAN -- LATE OF THE U.S.S. LAFAYETTE.

IT DEPICTS THE ULTIMATE EFFECT OF BERTHOLD RAYS ON THE HUMAN BODY.

BERTHOLD RADIATION IS EMITTED BY VARIOUS STARS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY -- SUCH AS THE VARIABLE PRIMARY IN THE BINARY SYSTEM OMICRON CETI.

THE PLANET ANDRONICUS IS IN ONE SUCH SYSTEM.

WHERE ... PSYCHIATRIST CARL WENTWORTH -- THE FOUNDER OF THE ANTI-APOLOGISTS MOVEMENT -- RECENTLY FOUNDED HIS PRIVATE CLINIC...?

THAT'S RIGHT

THEN THERE'S A COLONY THERE--?

WE'RE TO TRANSPORT DR. WENTWORTH AND HIS PATIENTS TO THE NEAREST STARBASE --

IN A SENSE, MR DESALLE -- YES.

THE CLINIC -- WHICH IS ENTIRELY SELF-SUFFICIENT -- IS THE ONLY POCKET OF HABITATION ON ANDRONICUS.

IT IS ENCLOSED WITHIN A TRANSPARENT NEUTRONIUM SHIELDING.

BUT STRUCTURAL DEFICIENCIES IN THAT PROTECTIVE DOME ARE ALLOWING BERTHOLD RAYS TO PENETRATE IN SMALL AMOUNTS...

...AND THE FEDERATION COUNCIL HAS ORDERED THE CLINIC EVACUATED BEFORE THE RADIATION-LEVELS POSE A SERIOUS HEALTH HAZARD

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN KIRK -- WE'RE ENTERING STANDARD ORBIT AROUND ANDRONICUS, S.R.

THANK YOU MR SULU. WE'RE ON OUR WAY. KIRK OUT

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CAPTAIN'S LOG- STARDATE 7935.6:

"WE ARE EN ROUTE TO STARBASE 28 WITH OUR PASSENGERS, SINCE THE AWKWARD MOMENT IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN FLYING AMONG THE CREW CONCERNING COM MANDER SCOTT AND MS. MANNING..."

SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, SPOCK? YOU THINK SCOTTY AND MS. MANNING WERE ONCE LOVERS.

...AND HAVING HER ABOARD HAS SCOTTY SO RATTLED HE'S NOT DOING HIS JOB...?

IT IS NOT MY HABIT TO SPECULATE ON THE PERSONAL LIVES OF OTHERS, CAPTAIN

I HAVE MERELY OBSERVED A MARKED DECLINE IN COMMANDER SCOTT'S EFFICIENCY

YOUR CONCERN IS NOTED AND APPRECIATED, MR SPOCK.

"MEANWHILE, THE IRASCIBLE DR. WENTWORTH HAS REQUESTED A TOUR OF THE ENTERPRISE. WE ARE DOING OUR BEST TO ACCOMMODATE HIM-- NO MATTER HOW MUCH THAT MAY TAX OUR ABILITY TO BE DIPLOMATIC."

CHURA-- OPEN A CHANNEL TO STARBASE 28...

HOW CAN YOU PERMIT KIRK TO ORDER YOU ABOUT SO?

WHERE IS YOUR ANGER? YOUR SELF-RESPECT?

LOOK, MISTER--THIS IS A STARSHIP... NOT ONE OF YOUR "EGO-NURTURING SEMINARS"!

BUT MY DEAR...

WE ARE EACH STARSHIPS-- VOYAGING THROUGH THE UNIVERSE ON A JOURNEY OF SELF DISCOVERY

...EXPLORING THE INFINITE VASTNESS OF OURSELVES-- THE LIMITLESS POTENTIAL OF THE HUMAN CONDITION...

AH UH HUH RIGHT

AT THAT MOMENT - IN THE ENGINEERING SECTION.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, SIR? SHOULD WE REPLACE THIS FLOW-SENSOR?

EH--? WHA' DID YE SAY, LADDIE? I'M AFRAID I... I WASN'T LISTENIN'...

SUDDENLY

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?

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INDEED, CAPTAIN -- THE INTRUDER INTENSIFIED STUN-FORCE PHASER-FIRE -- INCREASING IT TO DEMATERIALIZE-LEVEL... AND TURNED IT BACK AT THAT SECURITY OFFICER -- DESTROYING HIM.

WHAT IS IT, SPOCK?

UNKNOWN, SIR -- BUT IT APPEARS TO BE A CREATURE OUT OF OLD EARTH FOLKLORE.

THUNDERBIRD

NS

IT HAS PATTERNED ITSELF AFTER THE IMAGE OF A *WITCH-HAG*...

...OF THE SORT ASSOCIATED WITH HALLOWEEN

HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU *SAW* WHAT THAT THING DID TO YOUR PARTNER!

BUT BEFORE EITHER KIRK OR SPOCK CAN ACT...

"FITTIN' IS THIS MARKSMAN'S FATE TO TASTE DEATH 'NEATH HIS WEAPON'S WEIGHT!"

MY PHASER-PISTOL -- IT'S *GROW-ING* ?!

A STRANGLED SCREAM RINGS THROUGH THE ENGINEERING COMPLEX...

...FOLLOWED BY A SICKEN-ING CRUNCH OF BONE AS A LARGE [illegible] THE DECK!...

CRUSHED TO DEATH -- BY THE WEIGHT OF HIS OWN MAGNIFIED PHASER -- ?! THAT'S IMPOSSIB-LE!

TRUE -- BUT UNLESS WE ARE THE VICTIMS OF A VERY SOPHISTI-CATED FORM OF HYPNOSIS...

...WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF OUR SENSES.

NOW, MON'GOMERY SCOTT -- 'TIS *TIME*--!

NO... NO -- KEEP BACK!

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AT THAT MOMENT... IN THE ENGINEERING DECK AS THE ALERT IS BROADCAST AT THE INTERNAL SECURITY MONITORING STATION

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!

MR CHEKOV—INTRUDER ON ENGINEERING DECK THREE! ORIGIN AND NATURE UNKNOWN!

DA—I HAVE THE READING! [illegible] A SECURITY TEAM IMMEDIATELY!

MR SPOCK AND I WILL FOLLOW

MEAN WHILE...

AH! WHO ARE YOU? AAARGGGH

SHRAAAK

"MON SOMERY SCOTT. I'VE COME FOR YOU— YE KNOW THAT, DON'T YE?

YE FEAR ME, DON'T YE? YE KNOW ME IRON CLAWS CAN RIP YE APART LIKE SO MUCH HEATHER, DON'T YE? HEE-HEE-HEE!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME. WHA'EVER YE ARE— D-DON'T TOUCH ME! P-PLEASE— DON'T TOUCH ME.

LOOK—IT'S CHIEF ENGINEER COMMANDER SCOTT! BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HE'S WHIMPERING LIKE A WHIPPED DOG!

NEVER MIND THAT— JUST SHOOT THAT THING!

FIRE!

A MOMENT'S PAUSE. THE STRANGE FIGURE WHIRLS AND SPEAKS AN INCANTATION...

[illegible] BOTH TAKE POWER AT MY OWN HAND!

LET EACH ONE DIE BY HIS OWN HAND!

ZZZT

YAAAARG

SPOCK— DID YOU SEE THAT?

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A [illegible] THE INTRUDER DID NOT ATTACK MR SCOTT DIRECTLY, ITS MERE PRESENCE SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIM IN A STATE OF NEAR PARALYSIS. THE EXACT CAUSE REMAINS UNKNOWN..."

HE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT WITHIN 24 HOURS JIM BUT HIS NERVES WILL NEED A LONG REST

NERVES? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, BONES?

TERROR JIM! I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZY-- ESPECIALLY ABOUT A MAN LIKE SCOTTY.

...BUT IT'S TRUE! CONSCIOUSLY OR *SUB*-CONSCIOUSLY HE *RECOG-NIZED* THAT THING-- AND IT SCARED HIM HALF TO DEATH

OBVIOUSLY ITS INTENTION IT COULD HAVE EASILY KILLED HIM.

WE KNOW NOTHING MORE ABOUT THE INTRU-DER SAVE THAT SHIP'S SENSORS RECORDED *ENERGY*--

--APPEARING AS IF FROM NOWHERE.. AND DISAPPEARING EQUALLY INEXPLICABLY

IMPOSSIBLE! IT *HAD* TO BE TANGIBLE! PEOPLE DON'T GET RIPPED APART BY PHANTOMS!

YOU'D BETTER FIX THOSE BLASTED COMPUTERS OF YOURS SPOCK.

CAUSE WHAT THEY'RE TALKIN' IS *IMPOSSIBLE*! SOMETHING'S GOTTA COME FROM *SOMEPLACE*!

THERE'S THIS LITTLE PHYSICAL *LAW* SEE-- CALLED "THE CONSERVATION OF MATTER AND ENERGY"--

YOU NEED NOT PRESUME TO LECTURE ME IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE DOCTOR

SUDDENLY

UNNH-.. BLACK ANNIS... BLACK ANNIS...

BLACK ANNIS? WHAT'S THAT-- SOME ANCIENT SCOTCH WHISKEY?

I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO ASCERTAIN THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION AT ONCE, CAPTAIN.

THE UNOCCUPIED BANKS OF THE LIBRARY-COMPUTER SHOULD BE HELPFUL.

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THE HIDEOUS HAG ADVANCES ON SCOTT DEADLY TALONS OUTSTRETCHED-- AND INSTANTLY, KIRK LUNGES TO HIS TERROR-STRICKEN ENGINEER'S DEFENSE

IT'S TIME, ALL RIGHT...TIME TO FIND OUT WHO--OR WHAT--YOU REALLY *ARE!*

EH? YE DARE ATTACK *ME*, CAP'N--?

THEN YE'RE A BORN *FOOL*--AS YE SHALL SEE!

"BLACK MAGIC--HEED ME BECK AN' CALL AN' SMASH KIRK'S *HEAD* AGAINST YON WALL!!"

WHAMM

--UNNH! SPOCK--THE VULCAN NERVE-PINCH--!

PRECISELY MY THOUGHT, CAPTAIN...BUT THE CREATURE IS EVIDENTLY *INCORPOREAL*.

I CANNOT AFFECT IT

AYE VULCAN--I "COME" AND "GO" AS I PLEASE! HEE-HEE!

AN I'LL BE SENDIN' *YOU* ON YER WAY NOW TOO--

"NOW CAST OFF HIM WITH POINTED EARS

"AS ROUND HIM *MYSTIC FORCE* APPEARS!"

SPOCK--ARE YOU--?

QUITE UN-HARMED CAPTAIN

INCREDULOUS BUT UNHARMED

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MEANWHILE -- IN AN OFFICERS' LOUNGE...

TELL ME... WHY IS THIS STARBASE SO IMPORTANT TO YOU? WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO THERE?

WANT? NO, DOCTOR-- THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS.

FROM BASE 28, YOU AND YOUR PATIENTS WILL BE RETURNED TO YOUR RESPECTIVE HOMEWORLDS.

BUT IF WE COULD HAVE WHAT WE WANTED, DOCTOR, I THINK WE'D OPT FOR A FEW WEEKS ON A NICE CLASS M PLANET!

SOME OF US HAVE BEEN WITHOUT LEAVE FOR A LONG TIME.

BUT WE KNOW WHAT WE WERE GETTING INTO WHEN WE SIGNED ON BOARD THE ENTERPRISE..

THAT'S THE SERVICE FOR YOU--YOU DO YOUR DUTY.

BECAUSE IT'S EASIER FOR YOU THAN HAVING TO THINK FOR YOURSELVES

HOW CONVENIENT. THIS SERVICE-- IT CARRIES YOUR LIVES FOR YOU. AND IT MAKES YOU DEPENDENT ON IT FOR YOUR SURVIVAL.

THUS IT CAN DENY YOU WHAT YOU DESERVE IF YOU NEED THE REST - WHY NOT TAKE IT? WHY NOT GO WHERE YOU WISH?

BECAUSE OTHERS WILL PUNISH YOU IF YOU DO? HOW? BY DRUMMING YOU OUT OF THIS SERVICE?

THEY WOULD BE DOING YOU A FAVOR-- GIVING YOU BACK YOUR OWN LIVES.

YOU WOULD BE IN CONTROL OF YOUR OWN DESTINIES AGAIN. CONSIDER IT

FUNNY, BUT THAT MAKES SENSE

YEAH, UHURA... WHY SHOULDN'T WE HAVE THAT LEAVE?

YOU KNOW, DREXLER II ISN'T FAR FROM BASE 28!

WE COULD DIVERT THERE EASILY..

EVER BEEN TO DREXLER II, SULU? IT'S LOVELY. SO PEACEFUL...

YES... LET'S GO THERE...

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MEANWHILE IN DR MCCOY'S OFFICE

JIM, I'M LESS CONCERNED WITH WHETHER THAT THING WAS REAL THAN WITH SCOTTY'S EXTREME *REACTION* TO IT.

PERHAPS I CAN EXPLAIN THAT GENTLEMEN.

ACCORDING TO THE LIBRARY-COMPUTER *BLACK ANNIS* IS THE CREATURE'S *NAME*

SHE WAS A WITCH IN ANCIENT SCOTTISH FOLKLORE— REPUTED TO DEVOUR SMALL CHILDREN.

A KIND OF *BOGEY MAN*--?

BUT WHY WOULD IT APPEAR HERE?

MAYBE SCOTTY HIMSELF HAS SOME ANSWERS.

BUT KIRK MUST RETURN TO THE *BRIDGE*— AND WHEN HE DOES...

THE STAR-FIELD ON THE VIEWSCREEN-- IT'S ALL *WRONG!*

MR SULU, WE'RE *OFF-COURSE.*

ACTUALLY, CAPTAIN, WE'RE ON COURSE-- FOR THE *DREXLER SYSTEM.*

A FEW OF US GOT TOGETHER AND DECIDED WE'D RATHER GO TO DREXLER II THAN STAR-BASE 28.

I TAKE IT THIS IS SOMEONE'S FEEBLE IDEA OF A *JOKE*--?

OH, NO, SIR. IN FACT, I'VE SENT A SUB-SPACE MESSAGE TO STARFLEET COMMAND, INFORMING THEM OF OUR CHANGE IN DESTINATION.

WELL, YOU CAN JUST *UN*-INFORM THEM, COMMANDER!

THEN I WANT YOU AND SULU IN MY QUARTERS-- TO *EXPLAIN* YOURSELVES!

BUT FIRST... MR. SULU, COME ABOUT TO A BEARING OF 3 MARK 4-- BACK TO *STARBASE 28.*

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT SIR

THAT WAS AN ORDER, MISTER...

...AND UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE CHARGED WITH INSUBORDINATION, YOU'LL FOLLOW IT-- *NOW!*

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MEDICAL LOG-STARDATE 7942.4 DR CHAPEL RECORDING. I AM ATTEMPTING AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDREA MANNING FOR INCLUSION IN COMMANDER SCOTT'S PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE.

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING, ISN'T IT A LITTLE EARLY FOR THAT SAURIAN BRANDY?

SO THE LADY *DRINKS!* SO WHAT?

AND YES, I DO MIND! KIRK SAID I WAS A GUEST HERE...

...SO WHY DON'T YOU STOP TREATING ME LIKE SOMETHING ON A MICRO SCOPE SLIDE AND GET LOST?

SORRY TO INTRUDE-- BUT PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT MR. SCOTT--?

IF THE CAPTAIN AND MR. SPOCK HADN'T ALSO SEEN WHAT HE SAW, HE'D BE SURE HE'D LOST HIS MIND!

I UNDERSTAND YOU TWO WERE ONCE VERY... *CLOSE*. COULD YOU TALK TO HIM?

HE COULD USE SOME MORAL SUPPORT FROM A FRIEND RIGHT NOW.

FRIEND?? DOCTOR YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT! I'M SORRY, BUT I'LL DO HIM SOME GOOD TO BE A LITTLE CRAZY FOR A WHILE!

THEN HE'LL KNOW HOW I FELT! I CARED SO MUCH... GAVE HIM SO MUCH... SACRIFICED SO MUCH FOR HIM...

...AND IN THE END, I STILL MEANT LESS TO HIM THAN A RIVET ON A BAFFLE-PLATE!

A WOMAN HAS TO HAVE A *DILITHIUM CRYSTAL* WHERE HER HEART SHOULD BE TO GET THE ATTENTION SHE DESERVES FROM HIM!

BUT NOT *ME*, DOCTOR! *NOT ME!*

SO CARRY A MESSAGE TO "MR. SCOTT" FOR ME, IF YOU LIKE--

TELL HIM TO *GO TO THE DEVIL!*

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THE CREATURE APPEARS TO BE ANOTHER MANIFESTATION FROM AMIDST A PATTERN FOR ALL OF THIS ONE WAS KNOWN AS A DAEMON--
IF THIS DAEMON HAS BEEN SPAWNED BY THE SAME UNKNOWN FORCE THAT CREATED THE BLACK ARMS, DOCTOR...
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT'S CALLED SPOCK DAMMIT.
JUST GET IT OFF ME! I HAVE NO PATIENCE FOR HYSTERICAL WOMEN-- OR MEN IN MY HELP DAMN!
THEN SUDDENLY THE DAEMON SPINS IN MID AIR AND...
...NEITHER PHASERS NOR PHYSICAL ATTACKS MAY BE EFFECTIVE AGAINST IT
I AM SO
SKRAAWK!
HOWEVER WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN-- SO I SHALL ATTEMPT A VULCAN NERVE PINCH NEVERTHELESS.
WHOK
SCREECHING IN RAGE, THE CREATURE RELEASES McCOY-- WHO SLUMPS TO THE DECK, GASPING FOR BREATH...

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BUT THE HELMSMAN DOES NOT ANSWER... AND DOES NOT MOVE! THERE IS A TENSE SILENCE, THEN

ALL RIGHT, SULU-- WE'LL HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

BUT IF YOU DRAW A GENERAL COURT FOR THIS, MISTER, REMEMBER-- YOU WERE WARNED. BRIDGE TO SECURITY..

MEANWHILE -- IN SCOTTY'S QUARTERS...

BLACK ANNIS? NOSSIR, I CANNA' SAY I'VE EVER HEARD THE NAME!

BUT YOU KEPT MUTTERING IT IN YOUR SLEEP-- IN SICK BAY!

DID I NOW? I DONNA' RECALL

IT IS POSSIBLE, MR SCOTT, THAT IN YOUR DREAMING STATE, YOUR MIND RETRIEVED SOME LONG BURIED MEMORY FROM YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS.

SO YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER IT NOW! BUT WE CAN PROVE IT, SCOTTY!

THE MEDICAL COMPUTERS RECORDED EVERYTHING YOU SAID

I'LL BE HAPPY TO LET YOU REVIEW THE TAPES--

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT--?!

NO.. OH, PLEASE, NO--!

WHILE ON THE BRIDGE

COMMANDERS SULU AND UHURA ARE UNDER ARREST.

THEY'RE TO BE CONFINED TO THEIR QUARTERS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

FIRST THAT STRANGE PHENOMENON IN ENGINEERING-- NOW THIS!

EVER SINCE WENTWORTH AND HIS GROUP CAME ABOARD...

NOTHING THAT HAPPENS ON THIS SHIP MAKES SENSE! WHY?

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!

DECK 4 CORRIDOR, KEPTIN-- MR. SCOTT'S QUARTERS!

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JUST THEN

SCOTTY--!

PLEASE-- STOP GONNA HURT ME!

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN-- HE'S PARALYZED WITH FEAR!

THE THING WILL CLAW HIM TO SHREDS!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION KIRK GRABS THE HIDEOUS CREATURE'S THROAT

AND BEGINS TO CHOKE IT WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH..

LET GO OF HIM, BLAST YOU!--

--LET GO!

WITH A SERIES OF UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS, THE DIREACH FIGHTS BACK...

...AND MAN AND BEAST TUMBLE TO THE DECK, LOCKED IN A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH!

WHILE ON THE DECK BELOW..

I DON'T UNDERSTAND MR MANNING. WHY ARE YOU SO HOSTILE TO ME SCOTT?

HE DIDN'T WANT ME..

SAID THERE WAS NO ROOM IN HIS LIFE FOR A WOMAN

THERE'D BEEN OTHERS, THOUGH.

BUT NONE OF THEM LOVED HIM MORE THAN I DID!

NOT CAROLYN PALAMAS NOT MIRA ROMAINE.

NONE OF THEM!

AND YET HE... HE..

OH...

ANDREA!

SHE SHE'S PASSED OUT--!

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ALERTED BY THE BIRDLIKE MONSTER'S SCREAMS, A CREWMAN [illegible] INTO THE CORRIDOR...
MR. SPOCK! WHAT IS THAT THING?
I SUGGEST YOU RESTRAIN YOUR CURIOSITY TEMPORARILY, LIEUTENANT...
SKREEEK!
...AND ATTEMPT TO STUN THE CREATURE!
PHASER-FIRE'S HAVING NO EFFECT, SIR!
BLWHEEO
SKREEK!
KEEP TRYING, LIEUTENANT!
SKREEK!
SKREEK!
BLWHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
...BUT IT KEEPS ON COMING--
--DRIVING MY FIRE BACK AT ME-- =UNNH!=
EEEEO
THE CREWMAN FALLS TO THE DECK, UNCONSCIOUS--
--STUNNED BY HIS OWN BLAST!

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AT THAT MOMENT

THE CREW LIKE-- IT'S BE APPEARING--?

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7572.6. DR. LEA MANNING WHO HELPED DEVELOP [illegible] HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE LIST OF THOSE WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT SHE MAY BE DANGEROUS

MR SCOTT AND DR MCCOY ARE COVERED WITH PLASTISKIN BANDAGES

YOU MEAN THAT MONSTER VANISHED JUST AS SHE BLACKED OUT FROM THE MIND BOOTS?

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THERE'S A CONNECTION-- AS IF MANNING IS CAUSING THE CREATURES TO APPEAR SOMEHOW!

IT CERTAINLY LOOKS THAT WAY, BONES--

BOO-WEE-OO

BRIDGE TO KEPTIN KIRK

KIRK HERE GO AHEAD MR CHEKOV

ALL DEPARTMENT HEADS REPORT BEING MASS INSUBORDINATION, KEPTIN!

IF IT CONTINUES, WE WILL HAVE A MUTINY ON OUR HANDS!

I CANNOT ARREST ALL THE OFFENDERS, KEPTIN-- THERE WOULD BE NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE BRIG--!

THAT WILL BE QUITE ENOUGH, MR CHEKOV

CUT OFF COMMUNICATIONS-- NOW!

MR CHEKOV? MR. CHEKOV--

WE'VE BEEN CUT OFF!

AND ON THE BRIDGE

HELMSMAN-- RETURN TO THE PREVIOUSLY-PLOTTED COURSE-- FOR DREXLER II

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AND SO IS UNAWARE THAT HE HAS [illegible] HAS CONFESSED TO HIS GRANDIOSE DESIGN TO WORK AND THE OTHERS IN SICKBAY

I'M AFRAID DR WENTWORTH'S STATED MOTIVE IN MURDERING THE CREW TO MUTINY SEIZE IRRATIONAL

IT WOULD APPEAR HE SUFFERS FROM A DEEP-SEATED PSYCHOSIS.

[illegible] MEGALO-MANIA, BUT WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANDREA YANNING--

GIVING ENERGY THE APPEARANCE OF SOLID MATTER? THEN THAT'S WHY THE APPARITIONS REGISTERED AS ENERGY

YANNING REALLY IS CREATING THEM!

A LOGICAL HYPOTHESIS, CAPTAIN.. BUT WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF THAT ENERGY?

THOUGHTS SPOCK WHAT ARE THOUGHTS ANYWAY.. BUT ELECTRICAL IMPULSES ENERGY?

OF COURSE.. WHILE THE OTHER POWER WENTWORTH [illegible] TURNING THE IMAGINARY INTO THE REAL!

I DON'T GET IT. YOU'RE SAYING THAT [illegible] BETTER [illegible] SCOTTY DREAMING THINGS OFF [illegible] SHE'S DREAMING UP THESE HOBGOBLINS AND SIC-ING THEM ON HIM?

AYE, DOCTOR, SHE'S UNCEASNIN' IN ME... BUT 'TIS NAE ANDREA WHO'S DOIN' THE DREAMIN'--AS IT?

YOU ARE CORRECT, MR. SCOTT THE THOUGHTS ARE YOUR OWN--

--YOUR OWN BURIED MEMORIES OF THE SCOTTISH FOLK TALES YOU HEARD IN YOUR YOUTH AS ANYANG PLUCKED THEM FROM YOUR MIND.

AND ACTUALIZED THEM BY WITH THE VULCAN MIND TOUCH--

--YOU CAN CUT OFF HER ENERGY SUPPLY AT THE SOURCE, GOD.

THEN WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, I'LL DEAL WITH WENTWORTH--!

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...OR MR. CHEKOV'S HEAD WILL PART COMPANY WITH HIS BODY!

WHAT MAKES YOU T'INK YOU CAN GET AWAY VIT' DIS, VENTVORTH?

WHY NOT? THE FOUR OF YOU-- AND THE OTHERS IN THE MEDICAL COMPLEX-- ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT TO STAND AGAINST ME.

EVEN THE CAPTAIN AND THE VULCAN WILL SOON JOIN US...

...THANKS TO THE ANDROMEAN MIND-DIRECTION TECHNIQUES I HAVE MASTERED!

YOU SEE, THE ANDRONICAN CIVILIZATION HAD LONG SINCE DIED OFF. BUT THEIR ARCHIVES HAD NOT!

I STUDIED THEM... TAUGHT MYSELF THEIR METHODS OF MIND-CONTROL! I THEN TAUGHT ANDREA ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR PSI-DISCIPLINES

NOW SHE CAN GIVE ENERGY THE APPEARANCE OF SOLID MATTER.. AND TURN THE IMAGINARY INTO THE REAL!

I HAVE YET TO FIND A WAY TO USE HER POWER, BUT WITH IT-- AND MY OWN-- WE WILL END THE ENSLAVEMENT THE GALAXY.

...BY FEDERATIONS AND EMPIRES! WE WILL FREE ALL BEINGS FROM THOSE WHO WOULD DENY THEM THEIR FREEDOM IN THE NAME OF DUTY!

DREXLER II WILL BECOME OUR BASE AND THE ENTERPRISE THE FLAGSHIP OF OUR FLEET!

TOGETHER, WE WILL TRIUMPH

...FOR IF EVER THERE WAS A MAN WHO COULD ASPIRE TO GODLINESS...

AND A WOMAN WHO COULD TURN THAT DREAM INTO A REALITY

WE ARE THEY!

LOST IN HIS MAD REVERIE, WENTWORTH HAS NOT NOTICED THAT CHEKOV HAS SURREPTITIOUSLY REOPENED THE CHANNEL TO THE MEDICAL COMPLEX...

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. WHILE IN SICK BAY, WHERE SPOCK HAS COMPLETED THE MIND TOUCH...

ALL RIGHT, SPOCK, I'VE ADMINISTERED THE QUADRAZINE LIKE YOU ASKED. SCOTTY WILL BE OUT FOR AT LEAST 12 HOURS.

I JUST HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

I WOULD ESTIMATE AN 84.2% PROBABILITY THAT THIS COURSE OF ACTION WILL CORRECT THE PROBLEM.

I HAVE ERASED ALL RECOLLECTION OF MONSTROSITIES IN ANCIENT SCOTTISH FOLKLORE FROM MR. SCOTT'S MIND.

BY DOING SO... AND BY RENDERING MR. SCOTT UNCONSCIOUS

. WE HAVE VIRTUALLY PREVENTED MS. MANNING FROM USING ANY OF MR. SCOTT'S OWN THOUGHTS AS INSTRUMENTS OF REVENGE.

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

AND SCOTT-- WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?! GET HIM OUT OF HERE. GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!

I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF HIM

MS. MANNING HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS

SHE'S QUITE OVERWROUGHT, DOCTOR. I SUGGEST SHE BE SUBDUED.

SUDDENLY-- THE SHIP IS VIOLENTLY ROCKED BY SOME UNKNOWN FORCE STRIKING ITS HULL...

GOOD LORD! NOW WHAT'S GOING ON--?

WHAT THE DEVIL IS JIM DOING UP THERE?!

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AND ON THE BRIDGE...

MY MIND TO YOUR MIND..

MY THOUGHTS TO YOUR THOUGHTS..

ALL RIGHT, WENTWORTH-- YOUR LITTLE COUP IS OVER!

I'M TAKING BACK MY SHIP!!

AH, CAPT. KIRK! I WAS HOPING YOU'D GRACE US WITH YOUR PRESENCE!

I WANTED TO TELL YOU PERSONALLY THAT THE SHIP IS NO LONGER YOURS!

I HAVE LIBERATED YOUR CREW! THEY WILL FOLLOW THEIR OWN FREE WILL NOW!

NO, WENTWORTH-- YOU'VE MADE THEM BIGGER SLAVES THAN THEY EVER WERE--

BEWHEEO

-- SLAVES TO YOUR DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!

MY CREW WAS HERE BECAUSE THEY CHOSE TO BE... BECAUSE EXPLORING THE GALAXY AND KEEPING PEACE WITHIN IT WERE IMPORTANT GOALS TO THEM!

BUT DO YOU WANT TO BE HERE, KIRK? WAS YOUR LIFE NOT EASIER AS A DESK-BOUND ADMIRAL?

HAVE YOU NOT THOUGHT YOURSELF TOO OLD FOR THE RIGORS OF COMMAND?

BE TRUTHFUL -- YOU WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO ABANDON ALL THIS AFTER THE ENCOUNTER WITH V'GER

...BUT YOUR SENSE OF DUTY PARALYZED YOU--DID IT NOT?

YES, PARALYZED.. SHOULDN'T. BE HERE.

SEIZED BY WENTWORTH'S POWER, KIRK FALTERS - HIS BODY STIFFENS AND HIS EYES GLAZE OVER

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WHILE ON THE VOYAGE A SUDDEN JOLT BREAKS EYE CONTACT BETWEEN KIRK AND WENTWORTH.

NO, WENTWORTH-- I WON'T LET YOU PLAY WITH MY MIND!

I WANT THIS SHIP-- IT'S ALL I EVER WANTED-- AND NO ONE CAN CONVINCE ME IT ISN'T!

YES WE LIVE BY COMMANDS AND SACRIFICES -- BUT WILLINGLY...

...BECAUSE WITHOUT ORDER AND DISCIPLINE AMONG US, THIS SHIP COULDN'T SURVIVE IN SPACE! AND ABOARD THIS SHIP, IN SPACE--

--IS WHERE WE NEED TO BE!

BAFF

WENTWORTH HITS THE DECK, UNCONSCIOUS...

...AS KIRA DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF THE SHIP'S LURCHING...

CAPTAIN! LOOK!

SOME ALIEN CREATURE WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND THE SHIP!

NOT AN ALIEN DIFALCO -- ANOTHER SCOTTISH "TRADITION". THAT MUCH I REMEMBER FROM OLD EARTH HISTORY!

KIRK TO SICK BAY-- BONES! SPOCK! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER MANIFESTATION!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM THE LOCH NESS MONSTER!

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WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING DOWN THERE, IT ISN'T WORKING!

YOU'VE GOTTA *STOP* THIS, ANDREA! YOU'LL KILL US ALL!

STOP *WHAT*? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

AS I SUSPECTED, DOCTOR, MS. MANNING IS UNAWARE OF HER OWN POWER!

HER HOSTILITIES ARE CONSCIOUS, BUT HER DECISION TO RETALIATE IS NOT!

WENTWORTH SAID HE "TAUGHT" HER THE TECHNIQUE. HE PROBABLY *FORCED* IT ON HER WITH HIS SVENGALI ACT...

...LIKE ALL HIS CRACKPOT IDEAS!

JIM WE'VE *SEDATED* MANNING! SHE'S GOING UNDER NOW!

THAT OUGHTA DO IT!

GOOD WORK, BONES -- THE MONSTER'S DISAPPEARING!

"CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7947.5: WENTWORTH AND MANNING WILL BE REMANDED TO A REHABILITATION FACILITY, BECAUSE MY CREW WERE THE VICTIMS OF TOTAL MIND CONTROL, NO CHARGES WILL BE BROUGHT AGAINST THEM..."

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, GENTLEMEN, IS WHY DID THAT LAST APPARITION APPEAR AT ALL?

I ELIMINATED MR. SCOTT'S MEMORIES OF HIS NATIVE FOLKLORE BY DRAWING THEM FROM HIS MIND INTO MY *OWN*!

I MOMENTARILY FAILED TO REALIZE, HOWEVER...

...THAT MS MANNING COULD TAP THE IMAGE OF THE MONSTER IN *MY* MIND JUST AS EASILY!

IT'S NICE KNOWING EVEN *YOU* CAN MAKE MISTAKES, SPOCK MAKES YOU SEEM MORE *HUMAN*!

IN THAT CASE, DOCTOR...

...IN THE FUTURE, I SHALL ALLOW MYSELF *NO* MARGIN FOR ERROR, WHATSOEVER!

STEADY AS SHE GOES MR. SULU...

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STAR TREK®

TRAPPED ON A STARSHIP GONE MAD!

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

ALAN BRENNERT / PLOTTER — MARTIN PASKO / SCRIPTER — LUKE McDONNELL & TOM PALMER / ARTISTS — JOE ROSEN / LETTERER — CARL GAFFORD / COLORIST — GEORGE JONES, JIM SHOOTER / EDITORS

"CAPTAIN'S LOG--STARDATE 4180.7 TODAY IS A GREAT DAY FOR THE FEDERATION--

"A SISTER STARSHIP--THE *U.S.S. ICARUS*--IS ABOUT TO BECOME THE FIRST 'MANNED' EXTRAGALACTIC PROBE!

"BUT AS A CONSEQUENCE, THE *ENTERPRISE* MUST LOSE A GOOD OFFICER--AND *I* MUST LOSE AN OLD FRIEND, FOR AFTER TODAY, I WILL NEVER SEE JAMES [illegible]

CAPTAIN KIRK--ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE *KADAN OF ANAETON*...

...MY *HUSBAND!*

"ECLIPSE OF REASON"

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 12 March 1981 Issue Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galton President Stan Lee Publisher Milton Schiffman Vice President Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 575 MADISON Avenue New York N.Y. 10022 Application to mail at second class postage pending at New York N.Y. and at additional mailing offices Published monthly Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. The United States Patent and Trademark Office has registered this publication as a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation © 1981 Paramount Pictures Corporation All Rights Reserved Comics published by Marvel Comics Group a division of Cadence Industries Corporation Printed in Canada Subscription rates for 24 issues including postage in the U.S. and Canada $36.00 Foreign $48.00 Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names characters persons and institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This publication may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or any of its contents removed or altered or added thereto by way of trade or otherwise without the written consent of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Subscription Dept. Marvel Comics Group 575 Madison Avenue, New York N.Y. 10022

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"IF SHE EVER RETURNS AT ALL! I BET EVEN YOU WOULD HAVE A HARD TIME HANDLING THAT IDEA EH MR. SPOCK?

ON THE CONTRARY MR SULU -- I SUSPECT I MIGHT FIND THE COMPANY OF THE PHAETONIANS AND ST MULATING

THEY ARE AFTER ALL, A MORE HIGHLY-DEVELOPED LIFE FORM

HAVING LONG SINCE EVOLVED BEYOND THE NEED FOR PHYSICAL BODIES

AS BEINGS OF PURE *THOUGHT-ENERGY* THE PHAETONIANS ENJOY LIFE EXPECTANCIES OF 4,000 SOLAR YEARS.

THEY ARE EXPERIENCED SPACE-TRAVELERS AND EXCELLENT NAVIGATORS. MOREOVER, THEIR INTELLECTS ARE QUITE RECEPTIVE TO *PSIONIC CONTACT.*"

"... ALL OF WHICH MAKES THEM EMINENTLY SUITED TO MAN THE PROBE

CAPTAIN KIRK -- MEET THE *ICARUS* BRIDGE-CREW!

"INDEED I MUST CONFESS TO A FEELING AKIN TO ENVY TOWARD THE 100 PHAETONIANS WHO WILL COMPRISE THE *ICARUS* CREW -- AND WHOSE MINDS WILL BE LINKED DIRECTLY TO HER COMPUTERS. A FASCINATING CONCEPT... THEY WILL, IN EFFECT HAVE FORMED A LIVING, THINKING STARSHIP."

WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, MY HUSBAND?

I THINK THE CAPTAIN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO ME PRIVATELY.

IT -- I MEAN HE -- TALKS?

YES BELOVED

YES -- THROUGH A THOUGHT-TRANSLATING DEVICE

PHAETONIANS ARE PSI-SENSITIVE BUT THEY'RE NOT ACTUAL TELEPATHS.

JANICE LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE POINT --

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? IT'S SO ... SO...

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I HAVE JUST ARRIVED TO REPORT TO COMMANDER CARLA TO ASSIST IN PREPARATIONS FOR MARS TEST

I SUPPOSE CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER COMMANDER-- ON YOUR PROMOTION I MEAN.

AND ON THIS ASSIGNMENT. BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY BEING THE ONLY HUMAN ABOARD THE ICARUS!

I VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS MISSION, CAPTAIN-- TO BE WITH KADAN.

AND THAT'S ALL THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME!

WE BEAMED ABOARD TO HELP DR WILSON BUT NOW CAN NOT? I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT PHAETONIAN ANATOMY!

THERE IS NO PHAETONIAN ANATOMY CHRISTINE -- SO THESE ALIEN BODIES WON'T NEED A SICK BAY BUT SURGICAL WILL SOME DAY

AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

JIM, WE'LL HAVE TAKEN INVENTORY OF THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND RUN A SYSTEMS CHECK ON THE EQUIPMENT BY 1700 HOURS, RAND --?

I'LL BE IN THE MED-COMPLEX SHORTLY, SIR.

WARP SIMULATION ON TH' FLOW-SENSORS UNDER WAY CAP'N -- AH' MY MEN ARE COMPLETIN THE LAST O TH' WOOK-JOS NOW

GOOD, SCOTTY WE CHECK--?

ALL WEAPONS / DEFENSE SYSTEMS FULLY OPERATIONAL, KEPT IN

WE'LL BE RIGHT CAPTAIN.

GALACTIC DEPARTURE ON PILOT SIR

ACKNOWLEDGED PRE-WARP COUNTDOWN WILL BEGIN IN 30 MINUTES WE'LL RETURN TO THE ENTERPRISE THEN

MEANWHILE ON THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE RAND'S GOING THROUGH WITH THIS--

IS IT TRUE SHE'LL BE IN SPACE THE REST OF HER LIFE,..AND NEVER SEE ANOTHER HUMAN BEING AGAIN?

UH-HUH. THE ICARUS WON'T BE BACK IN THIS GALAXY FOR 1,000 SOLAR YEARS--

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IRREVOCABLE? YES, IT'S THAT AND I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND--

HOW CAN I?

YOU TAKE A TWO-MONTH LEAVE AND COME BACK MARRIED... TO AN *ALIEN*--?

HE'S A CAPTAIN ABOARD YOUR FLAGSHIP ON A PHAETON-AN EXPLORATORY VESSEL!

WE MET ON STAR-BASE 12..

...AND I FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM! I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I DO LOVE HIM AND WE RESPECT EACH OTHER'S *MINDS*.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR *BODY*, JANICE? HE DOESN'T EVEN *HAVE* ONE...

...SO WHAT CAN HE FEEL FOR YOU? WHAT KIND OF *HUSBAND* CAN HE BE?

HE'S NOT JUST AN ALIEN-- HE'S A MECHANICAL HYBRID!

BUT YOU'RE A WOMAN...AND YOU HAVE NEEDS--!

YOU'RE CONCERNED WITH THAT NOW? AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

WHERE WERE YOU 14 YEARS AGO, JIM-- WHEN I WAS JUST A K.D. - A STARRY-EYED YEOMAN? *YOU* WERE WHAT I NEEDED THEN--

SO MUCH SO THAT I HAD TO TRANSFER OUT-- BECAUSE WHAT I WAS FEELING WAS GETTING IN THE WAY!

AND I DIDN'T LET MYSELF COME BACK TO THE ENTERPRISE UNTIL I THOUGHT I'D GROWN UP-- AND I HAVE!

THE *ENTERPRISE* WAS ALL YOU EVER NEEDED..

BUT I'VE FOUND SOMETHING ELSE-- THE NEED TO *BE* NEEDED!

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MR BILLINGS, LAY IN A COURSE FOR THE PLANET CYTHERIUS IN THE DURAN SYSTEM

AHEAD WARP FACTOR 8 MR SULU

AND AWAY WE GO

MEANWHILE

SHIP'S LOG STARDATE UNKNOWN - LT. COMMANDER JANICE RAND RECORDING. CONTACT WITH ENERGY BARRIER IN 20 SECONDS.

ONLY TWO OTHER STARSHIPS -- THE *VALIANT* AND THE *ENTERPRISE*...

...HAVE PENETRATED THIS BARRIER. IN EACH CASE THE CONTACT PRODUCED EXTREME SENSORY DISTORTION IN THE HUMAN CREWS

THE PHAFTONIANS SUFFER MENTAL DISCORD HOWEVER MAKES THEM--

AAARGH

SUDDENLY - AS THE ICARUS PENETRATES THE MYSTERIOUS ENERGY FIELD -- THE ENTIRE BRIDGE IS SURROUNDED IN AN HARD WHITE LIGHT

AS THE PHAFTONIANS IN THEIR GLASS PYRAMIDS GLOW LIKE MINATURE SUNS AND - A FIERY BOLT OF AGONY LANCES THROUGH JANICE RAND'S SKULL!

THEN I SEE THAT OF HER LABLED HANDMAKE WHO IS HARD TOO NEAR THE SUN THE RIGHT WING OF THE ICARUS IS CUT SHORT

AS SHE SPIRALS OUT OF CONTROL - SHE PLUNGES BACK THROUGH THE BARRIER AND INTO THE CHARTED GALAXY ONCE MORE!

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AND I AM NEEDED, JIM!

TIED INTO THE COMPUTERS THE PHAETONIANS WILL BE ABLE TO RUN THE SHIP-- EVENTUALLY

...BUT THE SHIP WAS DESIGNED FOR A *HUMANOID* CREW-- SO KADAN AND HIS PEOPLE NEED MY *HUMAN* EYES AND EARS TO HELP THEM ADJUST!

AND BY THE TIME I'M DEAD THEY'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY ON WITHOUT ME!

BEFORE THEN I'LL HAVE *ACCOMPLISHED* WHATEVER WE FIND BEYOND THAT ENERGY BARRIER AT THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY-- FROM A HUMAN PERSPECTIVE!

JIM, DON'T YOU SEE? I'M A PIONEER ON THE ULTIMATE FRONTIER!

I'M FAR MORE VALUABLE HERE THAN I COULD EVER BE TO THE *ENTERPRISE!*

THIS IS THE ONE CHANCE I'LL EVER HAVE TO REALLY DO SOMETHING MEANINGFUL WITH MY LIFE!

PLEASE-- LET *ME HAVE* THAT CHANCE... WITH YOUR BLESSING!

YOU'RE SO... SURE OF YOURSELF. I FEEL AS IF I'M REALLY SEEING WHO YOU ARE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

I WON'T STAND IN YOUR WAY, JANICE.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON SIR...

...BUT IT'S TIME FOR *CAPTAIN KADAN* TO BE TIED INTO THE NAVIGATIONAL COMPUTER.

AND DR. MCCOY MUST BRIEF ME ON HOW TO OPERATE THE MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.

GOODBYE, JIM.

CAPTAIN'S LOG- SUPPLEMENTAL: MY CREW AND I HAVE RETURNED TO THE *ENTERPRISE*.. AND THE *ICARUS* IS NOW ON A BEARING FOR THE ENERGY BARRIER AT A SPEED OF WARP 12..."

GOODBYE JANICE... AND GODSPEED.

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IT WAS THE *SENSORY-DISTORTION EFFECT!* THEY COULDN'T HANDLE IT!

IT DROVE KADAN-- AND ALL THE PHAETONIANS-- *CRAZY!*

AS LONG AS THEY'RE LINKED TO ALL THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS, THEY MIGHT AS WELL *BE* THIS SHIP!

WHICH MEANS I'M *TRAPPED*--

-- *ABOARD A STARSHIP GONE MAD!*

WHAT'S THIS--?

A CLASS-J CARGO SHIP-- DEAD AHEAD--!

EVASIVE MANEUVERS, KADAN!

NO-- DESTROY IT! DESTROY WHATEVER STANDS IN OUR WAY!

HA HA

HA HA HA

DESTROY! *DESTROY!*

KADAN, NO-- THERE'S A CREW ABOARD HER--!

TOO LATE.

WHILE ON THE ENTERPRISE...

ENTERING STANDARD ORBIT AROUND CYTHERIUS, CAPTAIN.

MAINTAIN, MR. SULU.

CAPTAIN IF I MIGHT INQUIRE--?

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF--

YAAAAHH

SPOCK! WHAT'S WRONG--?

SPOCK!

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AND ON THE BRIDGE

CAN
WHAT IS HA
CANNOT CO
LP HEL
US WE
WHERE ARE
WE? HELP

MY HEAD-- FEELS LIKE IT'S COMING APART

THEY'RE THEY'RE IN MY HEAD!

NOT SOUNDS AT ALL--THEY'RE DISJOINTED THOUGHTS--!

CONTACT WITH BARRIER .. ALTERED MY PSYCHIC SOMEHOW --MADE ME...

TELEPATHIC--?

MAYBE KADAN CAN EXPLAIN THIS

BUT WHEN SHE APPROACHES THE ENERGY-BEING

SHE IS STRUCK BY AN ONSLAUGHT OF OVERPOWERING RADIANT THOUGHT SO INTENSE AND HOSTILE SHE RECOILS AS IF SHE'D COLLIDED WITH AN INVISIBLE WALL!

GAAAHH

AND THEN SHE SEES .. KADAN!

HE IS THERE ONLY IN HER MIND'S EYE-- AT HE TESS

IN THE ANCIENT FORM AEONS AGO!

KADAN COMES AS A SCREAM OF

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY--

KADAN HAS GONE MAD!!

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ICARUS LOG - SUPPLEMENTAL--LT COMMANDER RAND RECORDING

I WONDER IF THE SHIP SOMEHOW BLUNDERED BEFORE ANOTHER VESSEL AND MORE LIKELY ARE LOST!

"THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING TO RESIGN WITH KIRSTEN

AND IN ANY EVENT THE EXCRUCIATING SENSORY OVERLOAD THAT ACCOMPANIED MY TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH THE PHAETONIANS MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE

MY ONLY HOPE IS TO GET DOWN TO ENGINEERING -

"... AND CUT OFF SHIP'S POWER AT ITS SOURCE -"

:UNNH:

BUT EVEN THAT HOPE VANISHES, FOR--AS RAND LEARNS TO HER DISMAY-- THE ALIENS HAVE USED THEIR DOMINANCE OVER THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS TO SHUT DOWN THE TURBO-LIFTS... AND TRAP HER ON THE BRIDGE!

MEANWHILE, THE ENTERPRISE HAS SPED INTO THE KYRIA SYSTEM AT MAXIMUM WARP-- AND NOW

CAPTAIN LOOK-- SHE'S HEADING INTO SOME KIND OF .. OF MOLE--?

IT'S A "WORMHOLE" BILLINGS-- A GRAVITATIONAL VORTEX OPENING INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION!

WHILE ABOARD THE RUNAWAY SHIP..

CAPTAIN-- WHAT KIND OF SPACE IS THIS? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

NEVER MIND WHAT IT IS MR SULU-- JUST STAY WITH THE COURSE

THE ENTERPRISE.. SHE'S AFTER US! SPOCK MUST'VE SENSED US-- TELEPATHICALLY!

WHY IS JIM DOING THIS?! DOESN'T HE REALIZE HE'S SENDING HIS CREW ON A SUICIDE MISSION?!

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WHAT HAPPENED? YOU SEEMED TO BE IN *MIND-TOUCH* FOR A MOMENT.

INDEED, CAPTAIN. I APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN THE UNWILLING RECIPIENT OF A PSIONIC TRANSMISSION.

A MIND REACHED OUT TO ME FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS STAR SYSTEM.

IT WAS A CRY FOR HELP-- A TELEPATHIC PLEA FILLED WITH SUCH [illegible] AND ANGUISH THAT ITS INTENSITY WAS MOMENTARILY PAINFUL.

I MUST SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE, JIM-- IN PRIVATE.

IT CONCERNS COMMANDER RAND!

I MAINTAIN STANDARD ORBIT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, MR. SULU.

PRESENTLY IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

THE "MESSAGE" WAS FROM RAND, J.M.

SHE APPEARS TO HAVE BECOME TELEPATHIC. HER DEEP FEELINGS FOR YOU ACCOUNTED FOR THE INTENSITY OF OUR PSI CONTACT.

EVIDENTLY THE *ICARUS* IS OUT OF CONTROL. RAND CANNOT DECIDE HOW TO PROCEED.

SHE IS ASKING HERSELF "WHAT WOULD JIM DO?" THAT WAS THE OVERPOWERING THOUGHT I FELT - "JIM... JIM!"

WHERE IS THE *ICARUS* NOW?

UNKNOWN

BUT I RECEIVED AN IMAGE OF HER MAIN VIEWSCREEN.

BY CROSS-REFERENCING THE STAR-FIELD SHOWED WITH OUR STAR-MAPS, WE CAN OBTAIN A FIX ON *ICARUS*.

TEN MINUTES LATER ON THE BRIDGE

I HAVE THE CYTHERIAN GOVERNOR, CAPTAIN. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE'LL BEAM HIS DOWN A LANDING PARTY.

NO-- TELL HIM OUR MEETING HAS BEEN CANCELLED TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

DUE TO AN UNFORESEEN EMERGENCY.

ACCORDING TO MR. SPOCK, THE *ICARUS* IS NOW IN THE ILYRIA SYSTEM. WE'LL DIVERT THERE. I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY.

NAVIGATOR [illegible] AN INTERCEPT COURSE... MR SPOCK WILL SUPPLY THE BEARING.

AYE AYE, SIR

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SHE'S ACCELERATING TO WARP 12 SIR-- I DON'T THINK WE CAN GET ANY CLOSER!
STEADY AS SHE GOES, HELM! MR SPOCK--
--CAN YOU PINPOINT RAND'S POSITION? WE CAN BEAM HER ABOARD--
...FOR THE ICARUS HAS RAISED ALL DEFLECTOR SHIELDS AND FORCEFIELDS!
CAPTAIN--IT IS AS IF THE PHAETONIANS HAD READ YOUR VERY THOUGHT..
UNDER THESE CONDITIONS, IT IS, OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE TO TRANSPORT COMMANDER RAND OFF THE SHIP.
ENTERING SPACE DEBRIS. CAPTAIN AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS!
CAPTAIN--SENSORS INDICATE LIFE FORMS INHABITING SOME OF THE DEBRIS IF THE ICARUS DESTROYS ANY OF IT--
YES--SHE MUST BE STOPPED!
AND IF WE CAN PUNCH THROUGH HER SHIELDS AND DISABLE HER ENGINES, SHE WILL BE.
MR CHEKOV GO TO RED ALERT. LOCK ALL FORWARD PHASER BANKS ON ICARUS OUTWARD NACELLES
PHASERS LOCKED ON TARGET KEPTIN.
RED ALERT! RED ALERT! BATTLE STATIONS!
FIRE PHASERS!
SHE'S COMMENCING EVASIVE MANEUVERS, CAPTAIN!
I I'VE NEVER SEEN A STARSHIP MOVE LIKE THAT--!
NEITHER HAVE I MR. SULU-- BUT I'M NOT SURPRISED!
SINCE THE PHAETONIANS ARE TIED DIRECTLY INTO THE ICARUS COMPUTERS..
.. THEIR ENGINES AND MANEUVERING THRUSTERS CAN RESPOND TO THEIR COMMANDS ALMOST WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT

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SIMPLY BEAMING RAND OFF THE *ICARUS* ISN'T ENOUGH ANY MORE, GENTLEMEN.

WE MUST TAKE *CONTROL* OF THAT SHIP! THE *ICARUS* CAN OUTMANEUVER US...

BUT THE *ICARUS* IS STANDING AND FIGHT IF WE CHANNEL MOST OF OUR POWER INTO A FRONTAL ASSAULT!

VER PLAN, CAPTAIN?

TO BEAM A BOARDING PARTY ONTO THE *ICARUS*--THROUGH A HOLE IN HER SHIELDS!

AYE, BUT TO A RISKY PROPOSITION TO DO THAT WE'LL HAVE TO DROP MOST OF OUR SHIELDS--MAKIN' OURSELVES VULNERABLE

ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM

I'D SUGGEST YE BE REMOVIN' YOUR BELT BUCKLES, GENTLEMEN.

WE'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, SCOTTY!

OUR MERE PRESENCE WILL TRIGGER THE *ICARUS*'S INTRUDER ALERT SYSTEMS...

BUT THE *DEFLECTOR DEVICES* IN THE BUCKLES WOULD ONLY MAKE IT THAT MUCH EASIER TO TRACK US DOWN

"STARFLEET'S NEVER WHICH ALLOW THE [illegible] TO BE HOW MANY HOURS IN A DAY."

I DON'T MIND SAYIN', I DON'T LIKE BEAMIN' YE SOMEWHERE WITHOUT COMMUNICATORS!

IT CAN'T BE HELPED, SCOTTY.

YOU HAVE THE [illegible]-- GOOD LUCK.

THUS

IT'S WORKIN', SIR! HELM REPORTS *ICARUS* NO. 4 SHIELD BUCKLIN'!

ALL RIGHT, THEN, SCOTTY-- *ENERGIZE!*

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THIS IS POINTLESS! ALL WE CAN DO IS PACE HER!

DIMENSION, CAPTAIN - INTO "NORMAL" SPACE

HMM... WE CAN'T SCORE A HIT-- AND SHE'S NOT RETURNING OUR FIRE--!

SECURE FROM RED ALERT, THEM, MR. CHEKOV. MR. SULU-- MAINTAIN PRESENT HEADING AND SPEED.

CAPTAIN, WE HAVE EMERGED AT A POINT 200 PARSECS FROM OUR PREVIOUS POSITION.

THE *ICARUS* WAS NOT SIMPLY EVADING US SIR. I BELIEVE SHE IS FOLLOWING A PREDETERMINED FLIGHT-PLAN.

CAPTAIN I CAN ESTABLISH VISUAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE *ICARUS*.

GO AHEAD.

ICARUS TO *ENTERPRISE*! JIM-- THE ENGINEER-- I DROVE THE PHASTONIANS MAD...MADE ME TELEPATHIC!

AND I'M GETTING A PSIONIC *IMPRESSION* FROM THEM-- VERY STRONG EMOTION IT FEELS LIKE... MOMENTARINESS!

THEY'RE LIKE SALMON SWIMMING UPSTREAM TO SPAWN JIM. THEY'RE GOING HOME!

AND THEY SEEM TO BE THINKING OF...OF, *LANDING* THIS SHIP!

IN THEIR MADNESS THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THAT A STARSHIP DOESN'T LAND!

WHICH MEANS WE'RE ON A COLLISION-COURSE

WITH THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED AREA ON PHASTON!

CAPTAIN, IF THE *ICARUS* COLLIDES WITH ONE TON OF ANTIMATTER ANTIMATTER EXPLOSION WILL ANNIHILATE BILLIONS OF INNOCENT BEINGS.

...INCLUDING JANICE RAND!

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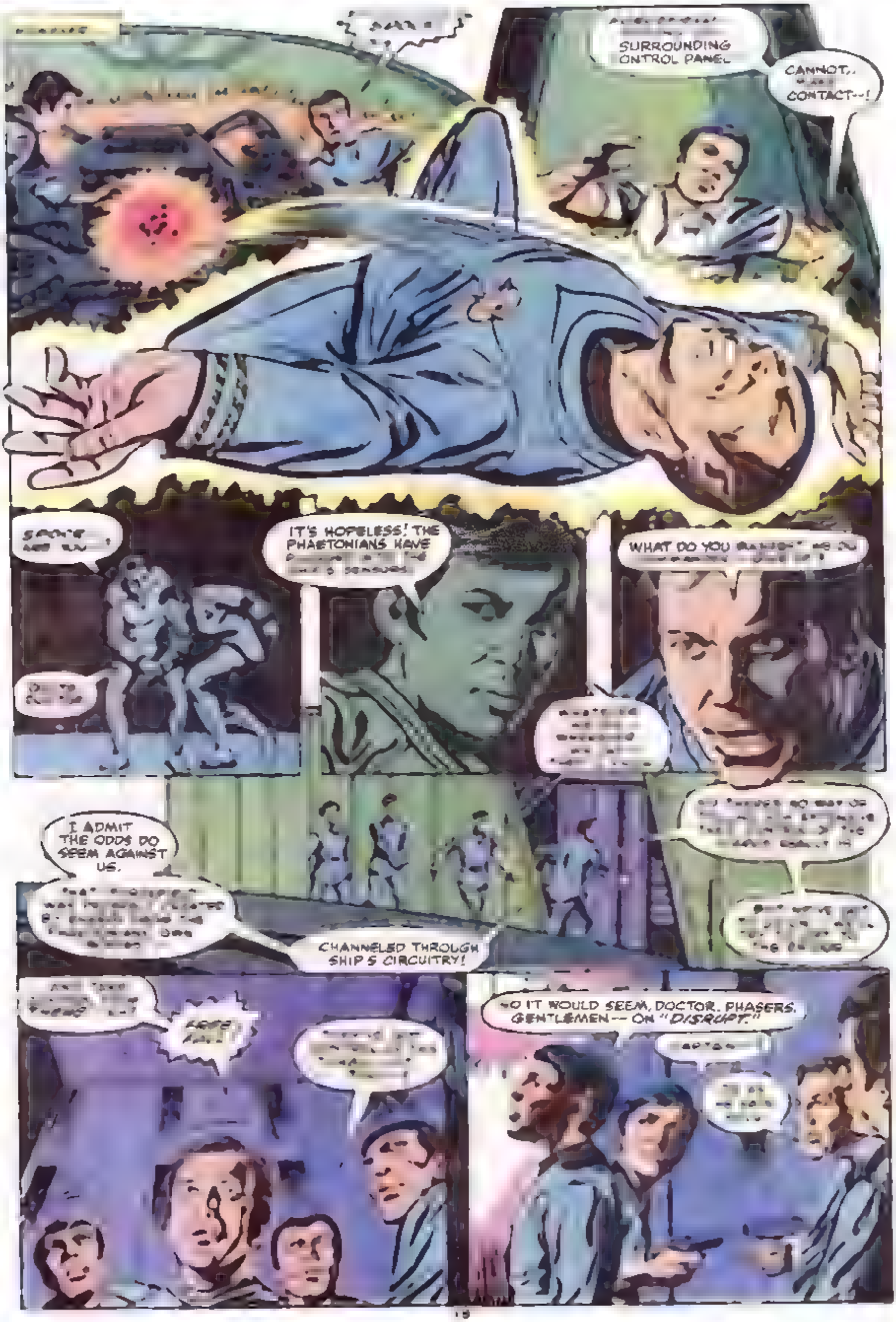
SURROUNDING
ONTROL PANEL
CANNOT..
CONTACT--!
IT'S HOPELESS! THE PHAETONIANS HAVE
I ADMIT THE ODDS DO SEEM AGAINST US.
CHANNELED THROUGH SHIP'S CIRCUITRY!
SO IT WOULD SEEM, DOCTOR. PHASERS, GENTLEMEN -- ON "DISRUPT."

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SUDDENLY— THE ICARUS COUNTER-ATTACKS!

INCOMING FIRE-- AMEAD 36 MARK 2!

HARD TO STARBOARD HELM-- GIVE ER OUR PORT SHIELDS!

ICARUS HAS PIVOTED MR SCOTT-- WE'RE LOSING HER!

THA' I SEE, LADDIE! DAMAGE CONTROL PROCEDURES, ALL DECKS!

ENGINEERING REPORTS HEAVY CASUALTIES, SIR-- AND DAMAGE TO THE INTEGRATOR BYPASS CONTROL!

ONLY IMPULSE POWER AVAILABLE UNTIL REPAIRS CAN BE AFFECTED!

AYE--AN' NOW THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN PURSUE THE ICARUS...

...OR BEAM BACK TH BOARD N' PARTY!

THEY'RE DOOMED UNLESS TH' CAP'N CAN STOP THAT BLOOMIN' SHIP--

"--ASSUMIN' OF COURSE THEY EVEN MADE IT ABOARD HER.."

WHAT'S THIS-- THEIR ENGINEERING COMPLEX?

THAT'S RIGHT BONES--

--SCOTTY'S MEN BEAMED US IN RIGHT WHERE WE *WANTED* TO BE!

MR. SPOCK--?

YES CAPTAIN-- I SHALL ATTEMPT *MANUAL OVERRIDE* AT ONCE.

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INTENSELY, THE VULCAN CONCENTRATES ON THE BANDS OF LIGHT THAT IN[illegible] AS THE TURBO-LIFT PLUMMETS -- AND INSTINCTIVELY, KIRK [illegible]MS TO UNDERSTAND HIS PLAN.

AON

IF SOME OF THE PHAETONIANS ARE "OCCUPYING" THESE CONTROLS, WE'LL BE KILLING THEM- BUT IT CAN'T BE AVOIDED!

THEN MAY GOD FOR-GIVE US-

BLNHEFO

THERE IS A SOUND LIKE AN ALIEN SCREAM--

HALT!

THING ON A DECK INSTEAD OF BETWEEN 'EM, SPOCK!

THAT WAS PRECISELY MY INTENTION, DOCTOR.

BUT NO SOONER HAVE THE MEN ENTERED THE GYM THAN...

[illegible]

BOXING RING TO ATTACK SULU...

WITH AN AVALANCHE OF BAR-BELLS!

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"ICARUS LOG-STARDATE UNKNOWN-LT. COMMANDER

THE PHASTOMAN SEEM FULLY ABSORBED IN BOTH MANEUVERING THE SHIP AND DEFENDING AGAINST THE BOARDING PARTY

I'VE LOCATED AN ACCESS PLATE ON THE BRIDGE--- A JEFFRIES' TUBE.

THIS GIRL--! THEY'RE IN THE GOAL.

MEANWHILE--- KIRK AND SPOCK HAVE DESTROYED THE MAIN BOARD NOW

LET'S GO, BONES-- THERE'S NO TELLING HOW SOON IT'LL BE BEFORE THE PHASTO-MANS FIND ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR US

NO, JIM--- YOU AND SPOCK WILL HAVE TO GO ON BY YOURSELVES.

SULU CAN'T BE MOVED HE NEEDS MY ATTENTION

CAPTAIN, I'M IN CONTACT WITH RAND---

CONNECTION LINE BETWEEN THE PRIMARY AND SECONDARY HULLS!

I SHALL LEAD US TO HER

YES, SPOCK--- I "HEAR" YOU!

CAPTAIN; THANK HEAVEN---

THANK MR. SPOCK, JANICE HE'S A VERITABLE HOMING PIGEON!

WHAT

AN ANCIENT EARTH BIRD OF---

NOT NOW, SPOCK.

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THEN A SECOND COMPARTMENT OPENS BY ITSELF -

-- AND AN AUTOMATED EXERCISE MACHINE SPRINGS FROM ITS RECESS IN A BULKHEAD.

...HARRISON HAS SPOCK WITHIN IT!

SULU SEEMS TO BE LOSING HIS FIGHT WITH THAT ROBOT, SPOCK!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT BEFORE IT FINISHES HIM OFF!

WE'VE GOT TO FREE OURSELVES!!

WHILE ON THE OPPOSITE END OF THE GYM .

WHAP

UNNH!

KRAMM

I AM ADDRESSING MYSELF TO THAT PROBLEM AT THE MOMENT, CAPTAIN

I BELIEVE THIS BOLT IS ATTACHED AT A CRUCIAL STRESS-POINT--

--AND REMOVING IT WILL CAUSE THIS ENTIRE MECHANISM TO...

.. COLLAPSE.

..AND AS SPOCK ROLLS FREE OF THE EXERCISER'S SCATTERED PARTS..

I'LL HAVE MY LEG FREED IN A SECOND, SPOCK..

.. THEN WE TAKE OUT THAT MECHANICAL BOXER!

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MEANWHILE--ABOARD THE ICARUS, KIRK, RAND AND SPOCK HAVE FORMULATED A PLAN.

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU CAN MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND?

NO, CAPTAIN. THE MIND-TOUCH'S SUCCESS WILL DEPEND ON WHETHER OUR SANCTUM CAN COUNTERACT KADAN'S MADNESS

MR SPOCK! CAN YOU FEEL IT?

GET AWAY! LEAVE ME! I WILL DESTROY!

PARANOIA--WAVES AND WAVES OF IT!

INDEED. AND I SHARE YOUR REVULSION, COMMANDER...

...BUT YOU MUST OVERCOME IT.

NOW, COME--JOIN YOUR MIND WITH MINE AND KADAN'S!

I DON'T THINK I CAN DO THIS IT TAKES SO MUCH

TRY, COMMANDER! I WILL ASSIST YOU!

OUR MINDS TO YOUR MIND, KADAN.

YES--OUR THOUGHTS... TO YOUR THOUGHTS...

SUDDENLY..

WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?

WEIGHTLESS!

IT'S KADAN--HE'S RETALIATED...SHUT OFF LIFE-SUPPORT...

...AND CUT OFF THE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY--!

GOT TO...GET TO...ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY-CONTROL...AND ENVIRONMENT-CONTROL STATIONS--!

WE HAVE BEEN TOO LONG IN SPACE! WE WANT--WE MUST HAVE--THE HOMEWORLD! THE TERRANS MUST NOT INTERFERE--!

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ENTERPRISE LOG - STARDATE 8122.6 - COMMANDER MONTGOMERY SCOTT RECORDIN': REPAIR O' TH MATTER/ANTI-MATTER INTEGRATOR BYPASS CONTROL HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

"I HAVE ASSEMBLED ALL HANDS ON TH' REC DECK FOR WHA' MAY BE THEIR FINAL BRIEFIN..."

WE'RE ESTIMATIN' ONE HOUR AFORE TH' *ICARUS* COLLIDES WITH PHAETON.

WE CANNA' BE CERTAIN THE CAP'N AN' HIS BOARDIN' PARTY ARE STILL ALIVE

THERE IS BU' ONE WAY T' SAVE TH' PHAETONIAN CITY:

TO PUSH THIS SHIP T' TH' L M.T AN O'ERTAKE TH' *ICARUS*...

...AN' DESTROY HER BEFORE SHE COLLIDES WITH PHAETON--

--BY *COLLIDIN'* WITH HER OURSELVES!!

ICARUS OF COURSE WILL NO DOUBT ATTACK US AS WE APPROACH--BU TH' ATTEMPT A LEAST MUS BE MADE.

I HAVE RECEIVED A COMMUNIQUE FROM STARFLEET COMMAND--

PRE-WARP-OUT COUNTDOWN WILL BEGIN IN 30 MINUTES.

--AUTHORIZIN' ME T' USE EXTREME MEASURES T' STOP TH' *ICARUS*...

...AN' T' REGARD TH' *ENTERPRISE* AS EXPENDABLE.

I SUGGEST YE BE USIN' THA' TIME T' GET YER PERSONAL AFFAIRS IN ORDER.

AN' FOR WHA E'VER IT'S WORTH...

...I'M SORRY.

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KIRK STRUGGLES

THINNING ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE...

...GRAVITY...THROUGH HIS TIE WITH THE SHIP'S COMPUTER

BUT...IF I CAN REACH... THAT MANUAL OVERRIDE CONTROL...

...I CAN... *RESTORE* IT--

...CHOKING! I CAN'T BREATHE

JUST...HANG ON, SULU! I'LL TRY TO...GASP!...GIVE US...

...THE ICARUS IS ON A COLLISION COURSE...

...WITH THE ENTERPRISE...

...AND IF THE ICARUS IS NOT - AND SCOTTY PREVAILS!

YES, WE REMEMBER NOW!... THE VESSEL... CANNOT TOUCH THE HOMEWORLD...!

MILLIONS OF OUR NUMBER WOULD PERISH!

AH

DID IT!

10 SECONDS TO IMPACT MR SCOTT...!

LIFE-SUPPORT AND GRAVITY RETURN--BUT IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE FOR THE ICARUS IS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE ENTERPRISE!.

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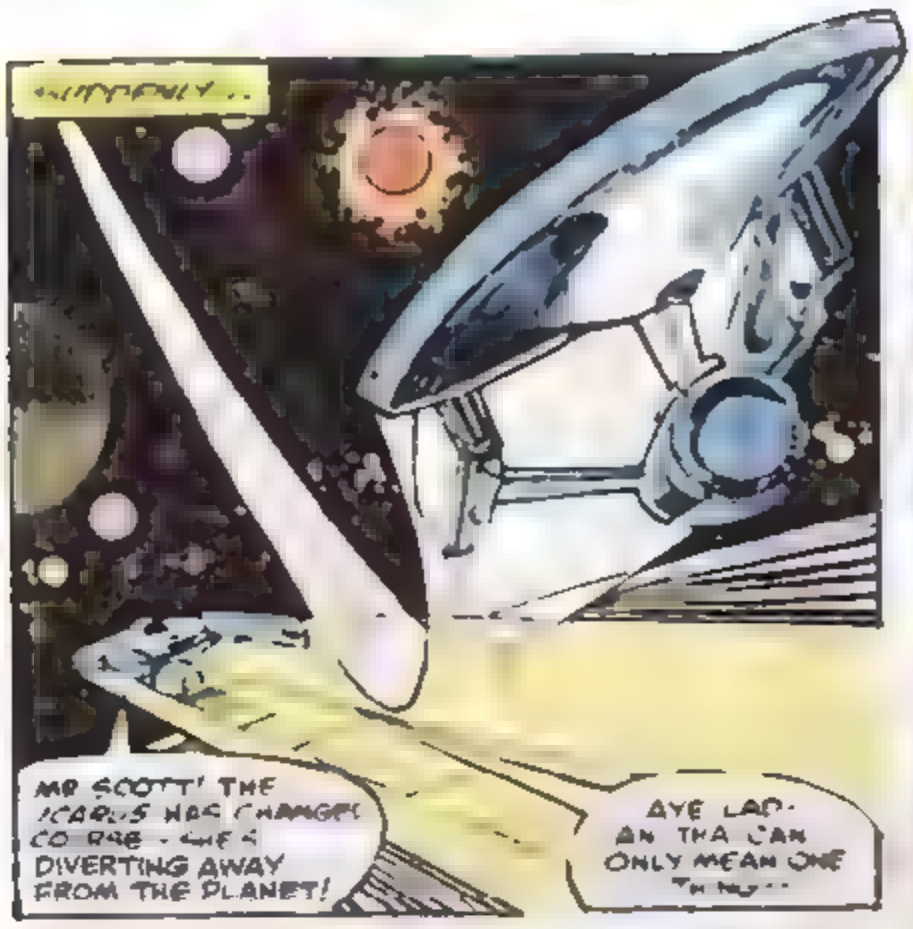
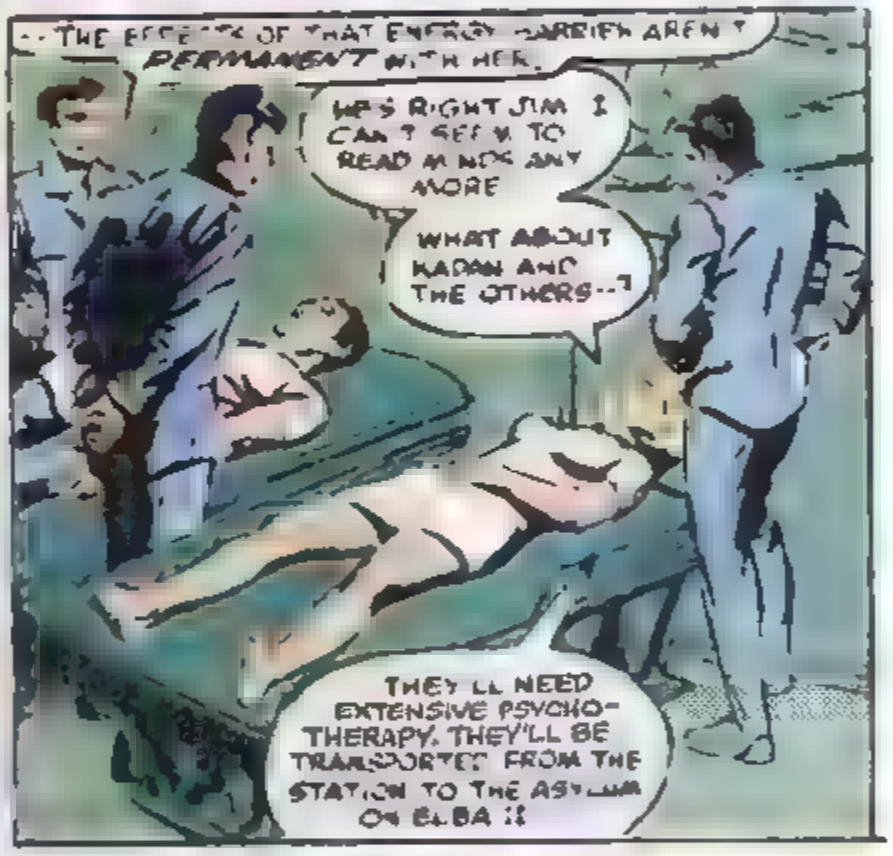
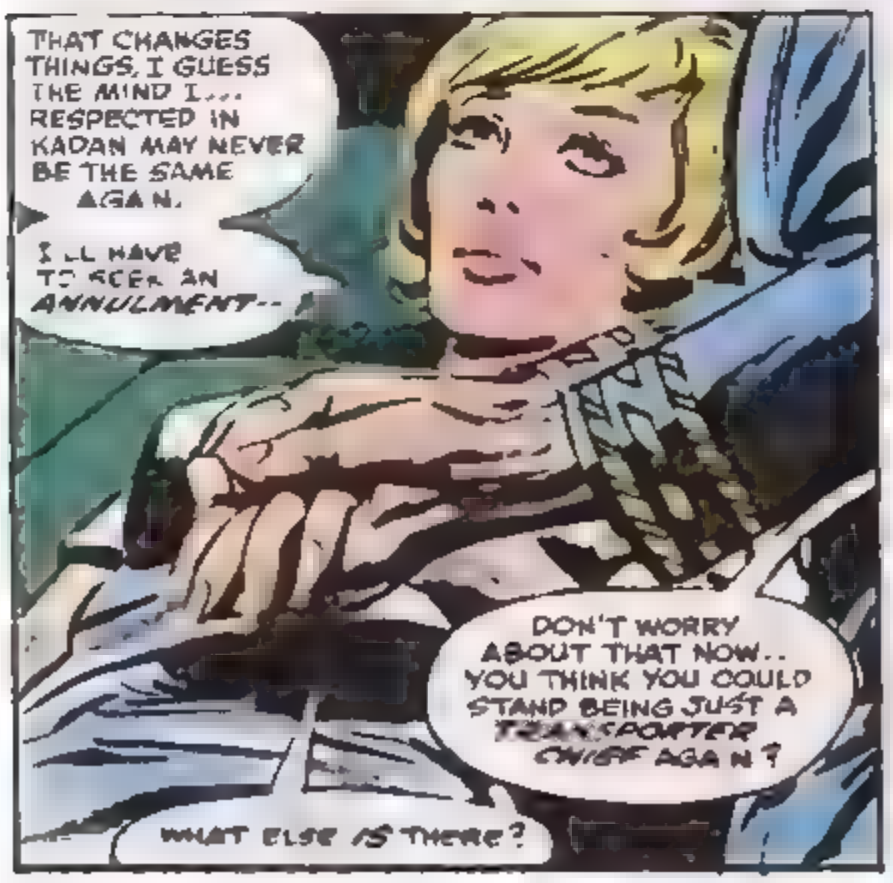

SUDDENLY...
MR SCOTT! THE ICARUS HAS CHANGED COURSE - SHE'S DIVERTING AWAY FROM THE PLANET!
AYE LAD. AN THA CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...

THE CAPTN DID IT! HE TOOK OVER THE ICARUS
PHAETON'S SAFE
BUT WHAT ABOUT US CAPTAIN?
I'VE STABILIZED THE LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS JANICE
AND AS LONG AS SPOCK STAYS IN CONTACT WITH KADAN WE'RE IN COMMAND HERE

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 8182.3
WE ARE IN ORBIT AROUND DEEP SPACE STATION K-7
LT. COMMANDER RAND IS UNDERGOING A ROUTINE EXAMINATION IN SICK BAY
HOW ARE YOU FEELING JANICE?
SHE'S FINE JIM.
BETTER OFF THAN THOSE PHAETON ANS TOO-


THE EFFECTS OF THAT ENERGY BARRIER AREN'T PERMANENT WITH HER.
HE'S RIGHT JIM. I CAN'T GET IN TO READ MINDS ANY MORE
WHAT ABOUT KADAN AND THE OTHERS--?
THEY'LL NEED EXTENSIVE PSYCHO-THERAPY. THEY'LL BE TRANSPORTED FROM THE STATION TO THE ASYLUM ON ELBA!!


THAT CHANGES THINGS, I GUESS THE MIND I... RESPECTED IN KADAN MAY NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.
I'LL HAVE TO SEEK AN ANNULMENT--
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW.. YOU THINK YOU COULD STAND BEING JUST A TRANSPORTER CHIEF AGAIN?
WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

I'M SORRY JANICE.
DON'T BE, JIM.
I WANTED TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING MEANINGFUL-- AND I HAVE.
I'VE HELPED SAVE MILLIONS OF LIVES... AND THAT'S NOTHING TO BE SORRY ABOUT--IS IT?

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STAR TREK®

TAKE ONE MORE STEP--AND McCOY'S DAUGHTER DIES!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, SPOCK! WE'RE PLAYING BY THE KLINGON'S RULES NOW!

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STAN LEE PRESENTS

A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 8264.5: WE HAVE ACHIEVED STANDARD ORBIT AROUND THE RESORT PLANET *HEPHAESTUS* IN THE *KYROS* SYSTEM.

IT APPEARS, HOWEVER, THAT WE ARE NOT THE ONLY NEW ARRIVALS HERE

CAPTAIN! LOOK--

--A KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER--ALSO IN ORBIT AROUND THE PLANET!

SUDDENLY, I'M NOT SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THIS SHORE-LEAVE.

I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENT, MR. SULU, BUT HEPHAESTUS IS A NEUTRAL PLANET.

AND UNDER THE TERMS OF THE ORGANIAN PEACE TREATY THE KLINGONS HAVE JUST AS MUCH RIGHT TO BE HERE AS WE DO!

"ALL THE INFINITE WAYS"

MARTIN PASKO / JOE BROZOWSKI & TOM PALMER AND D HANDS, ARTISTS / JOE ROSEN / CARL GAFFORD / LOUISE JONES / JIM SHOOTER

WRITER / LETTERER / COLORIST / EDITOR / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STAR TREK Vol 1 No 13, April 1981 Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E Galton President Stan Lee Publisher Myron Schiffman Vice-President Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK N Y 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York N Y and at additional offices Published monthly Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office Copyright 1981 Paramount Pictures Corporation All Rights Reserved Comic published by Marvel Comics Group a division of Cadence Industries Corporation under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation the trademark owner The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4 13 16 17 20 24 25 29 31 32 covers 2 3 & 4 only copyrighted 1981 by Marvel Comics Group Price 50¢ per copy in the U S and Canada Subscription rate $6 00 for 12 issues Canada $7 00 Foreign $8 00. Printed in the U S A No similarity between any of the names characters persons and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed nor with any additional copies cover symbols is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation Postmaster Send address changes to Subscription Dept Marvel Comics Group 575 Madison Avenue New York N Y 10022

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG - SUPPLEMENTAL: I FIND THE HEPHAESTANS A FRIENDLY AND INTELLIGENT -- BUT NAIVE -- PEOPLE... WHICH MAKES THEM RIPE FOR KLINGON CONQUEST. I HOPE TO PREVENT THAT CONTINGENCY..."

I AM CONFIDENT CAPTAIN THAT WE CAN ARRANGE TERMS BY WHICH YOUR FEDERATION MAY MINE OUR *PERGIUM* AND *DILITHIUM*

THAT'S GOOD NEWS, PRESIDENT MUKII

WE WILL BEGIN OUR NEGOTIATIONS ON THE MORROW. DURING YOUR STAY HERE, YOU AND YOUR CREW ARE FREE TO AVAIL YOURSELVES OF ALL OUR FACILITIES.

I WILL ARRANGE FOR THE NECESSARY CLEARANCES

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT. SPOCK... BONES -- ENJOY YOURSELVES. I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MINUTE

KIRK TO *ENTERPRISE* -- SCOTTY, YOU CAN BEGIN BEAMING DOWN THE LANDING PARTIES AT YOUR DISCRETION!

I AM *KAGG*, COMMANDER, OF THE IMPERIAL BATTLE CRUISER *KLUGGOTH*. DO I ADDRESS JAMES T. KIRK OF THE *U.S.S. ENTERPRISE*?

THAT'S RIGHT. AND I SUPPOSE YOU CLAIM THIS PLANET IN THE NAME OF THE KLINGON EMPIRE --?

OF COURSE NOT. THERE IS NO NEED TO PROVOKE A DISPUTE, KIRK.

--FOR WE CAN DEFEND THEM AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD PLUNDER THE MINERALS YOU FIND SO VALUABLE!

EVEN IF THAT WERE TRUE, KAGG, THE QUESTION IS: WHO'S GOING TO DEFEND THEM AGAINST THE KLINGON EMPIRE?

THE ORGANIAN TREATY FORCES US TO RECOGNIZE THE HEPHAESTANS' NEUTRALITY. WE WOULD MERELY... CONVINCE THEM OF THE WISDOM IN BECOMING A KLINGON PROTECTORATE--

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"WHILE MY CREW TAKES SHORE LEAVE AT THE HEALTH SPA BUILT AMONG THE PLANET'S NATURAL HOT SPRINGS, I AM TO BEGIN NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE HEPHAESTAN HIGH COUNCIL FOR FEDERATION MINING RIGHTS . . ."

BEAM-DOWN COMPLETED, SCOTTY

YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME AFTER MY INITIAL MEETING WITH THE COUNCIL.

AYE, CAP'N SCOTT OUT

I HEAR ONLY THE WEALTHIEST HUMANOIDS IN THIS QUADRANT COME HERE TO "TAKE THE VAPORS," JIM...

...SO AS LONG AS STARFLEET'S SENT US HERE, I INTEND TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT! WHO COULD AFFORD IT OTHERWISE?

WITH KLINGONS HERE I WOULDN'T COUNT ON RELAXING, BONES!

CAPTAIN, THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS ARE UNDERGROUND.

I BELIEVE THE ENTRANCE LIES IN THAT DIRECTION. SHALL WE--?

I MUST CONFESS TO A CERTAIN EAGERNESS TO MEET A HEPHAESTAN

SAME HERE, SPOCK-- I'VE NEVER SEEN AN INTELLIGENT SIMIAN BEFORE.

SOMETHING TROUBLES YOU, JOANNA?

I... I'M NOT SURE. THAT MAN -- I HARDLY REMEMBER HIM. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIS FACE IN YEARS--

--EXCEPT IN THE PICTURES HE USED TO SEND WITH HIS LETTERS.

BUT IF I'M RIGHT, THAT DOCTOR -- THE ONE THEY CALL "BONES"...

...IS MY FATHER!

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AS DARKNESS FALLS ON HEPHAESTUS AND THOSE OF THE CREW WHO ARE ON LEAVE SETTLE IN AT THE RESORT

MEESTER SPOCK, I AM SURPRISED! VHY VOULD A VULCAN VASTE HIS VALUABLE TIME VIT' HOT SPRINGS?

"WASTE"? ON THE CONTRARY, MR CHEKOV--MY RACE WOULD FIND THE EXPERIENCE MOST BENEFICIAL.

THE CLIMATIC CONDITIONS ON HEPHAESTUS ARE QUITE SIMILAR TO THOSE OF VULCAN.

I SUSPECT I SHALL FIND THE ENVIRONMENT CONDUCIVE TO HIGHLY PRODUCTIVE MEDITATION.

ALL I FIND IT "CONDUCIVE" TO IS SWEATING!

YOU T INK DIS IS BAD SULU, YOU SHOULD BE IN LENINGRAD IN THE SUMMER.

HELP! HELP!

VHAT IS--? SOMEONE IN DANGER--?

LOOK--A KLINGON--ATTACK NG A NATIVE! DIRTY COSSACKS, DEY MAKE TROUBLE VHEREVER DEY GO!

I SAID, TELL ME THE LOCATION OF THE MANU-FACTURING CENTER, SIMIAN CRETIN--

--OR MY HANDS ABOUT YOUR THROAT WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU EVER FEEL!

LEAVE HIM BE, KLINGON SWINE!

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PRESENTLY - AS KIRK AND MCCOY RELAX NEARBY, AT THE HEPHAESTAN EQUIVALENT OF A NIGHTCLUB...

CAPTAIN-- THERE'S BEEN A DISTURBANCE AT THE *BATHS!*

SOME OF THE CREW WERE INVOLVED, SIR.

I'LL HANDLE THIS, BONES. YOU STAY HERE AND ENJOY THE SHOW.

IF I NEED YOU, I'LL SEND FOR YOU

IT'S PROBABLY JUST A LITTLE ARGUMENT THAT GOT OUT OF HAND-- YOU KNOW HOW *KLINGONS* ARE.

EXCUSE ME... BUT AREN'T YOU *LEONARD MCCOY--?*

WHY, YES, I-- OH MY--!

JOANNA?!

THAT'S RIGHT

AFTER ALL THIS TIME--! NO PICTURES SINCE YOU WERE A NURSE ON CERBERUS--AND STILL I *RECOGNIZED* YOU--!

COME HERE-- LET ME LOOK AT YOU... *HOLD* YOU--!

PLEASE... DON'T.

I JUST WANTED TO SEE YOU...TO MAKE SURE IT WAS YOU--I DON'T KNOW WHY.

I... I'M SORRY I BOTHERED YOU

WHAT'S WRONG? JOANNA I'M YOUR *FATHER--!*

I THINK IT ADVISABLE THAT YOU REFRAIN FROM PURSUING JOANNA, SIR SHE HAS ACCOMPLISHED HER PURPOSE. WE WILL BE LEAVING NOW.

WHO THE DEVIL ARE *YOU?*

AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY--

THIS IS *SUVAK* OF *VULCAN*, HE'S GOING TO BE MY *HUSBAND.*

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KEEP OUT OF THIS, TERRAN!

WHUMP

THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND THE CREATURE-- UNNH.

DAT...."CREATURE" IS A HEPHAESTAN *CITIZEN*, KLINGON--AN INTELLIGENT BIPED! HE HAS *RIGHTS*--

--NOT DAT A KLINGON VOULD CARE ABOUT SUCH T'INGS!

STAY OUT OF THIS, I SAY!

YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THESE NATIVES-- THEY ARE *NOT* THE ENFRANCHISED RACE YOU THINK THEY ARE!

KLUDD

AND WE WILL HAVE WHAT WE WANT OF THEM WITHOUT TERRAN MEDDLING!

MR. CHEKOV, PLEASE DESIST IMMEDIATELY.

THIS CONFLICT CANNOT BE RESOLVED EFFECTIVELY BY MEANS OF FORCE.

BAFF

THE VULCAN'S RIGHT, MR CHEKOV... IT WILL NOT BE RESOLVED THIS WAY...

...BUT IT WILL BE *ENDED!*

STEAM FROM THE HOT SPRINGS BILLOWS AROUND THE BATTLING FIGURES, HALF-OBSCURING THEM LIKE A CURTAIN OF TRANSLUCENT WHITE GAUZE...

THEN SUDDENLY...

?!

YAAAAAHH

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HE'S A VULCAN AMBASSADOR TO A PLANET IN THIS SECTOR. HE HIRED ME AS HIS PRIVATE NURSE BECAUSE--

NEVER MIND... WE CAN DISCUSS ALL THAT--AND OUR DIFFERENCES LATER.

RIGHT NOW, LET'S GET HIM INSIDE.

MEANWHILE AT THE SPA...

A *HEPHAESTAN*, CAPTAIN DEAD HIS NECK'S BEEN BROKEN

AND THE HEPHAESTAN HIGH COUNCIL THINKS ONE OF MY MEN DID THIS?

NO FORMAL CHARGES HAVE YET BEEN BROUGHT, CAPTAIN KIRK...

...BUT BOTH THE KLINGON WHO ATTACKED THE CITIZEN AND YOUR MAN CHEKOV--WHO WAS ALSO [illegible] - HAVE BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY MY PEACE-OFFICERS.

SPOCK--DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED?

REGRETTABLY NO CAPTAIN.

THE STEAM FROM THE HOT SPRINGS OBSCURED MY VISION

HOWEVER INASMUCH AS LT. CHEKOV WAS ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND THE HEPHAESTAN AGAINST A KLINGON ASSAULT, I DOUBT HE IS RESPONSIBLE.

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE

SCOTT HERE GO AHEAD CAP'N...

SCOTTY, WE'RE HAVING SOME TROUBLE DOWN HERE. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CANCEL ANY ADDITIONAL SHORE LEAVES UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

AYE, CAP'N--AN' WHA' WITH TH' *KLINGONS* ABOOT AN' ALL, I CANNA' SAY I'M SURPRISED.

I NOTICED THE SPA HAS A CLINIC--?

IF THE HIGH COUNCIL WILL PERMIT [illegible] I SHOULD BE HAPPY TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON THE BODY

THE CAUSE OF [illegible] IS ALREADY KNOWN, KIRK...

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YOU'RE GOING TO *MARRY* HIM?!

JO, PLEASE -- DON'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS! I *CARE*--!

OH DO YOU REALLY? IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT DECISION, DON'T YOU THINK... *DOCTOR*?

JO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU WERE SO LITTLE WHEN YOUR MOTHER LEFT,..AND TOOK YOU AWAY FROM ME--

I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! I'VE HEARD THE STORY OFTEN ENOUGH ALL THESE YEARS...

...ABOUT HOW MAMA TRIED TO TELL YOU HOW UNHAPPY SHE WAS!

BUT ALL YOU DID WAS LECTURE HER--ON THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUR WORK AT THE HOSPITAL...

...AND ABOUT HOW YOU WERE SAVING LIVES!

YET THE ONLY LIFE YOU COULDN'T SAVE WAS THE LIFE WE HAD TOGETHER -- AS A FAMILY...

...BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T EVEN *TRY*!

YOU DIDN'T TRY WHEN WE LEFT, EITHER! DID YOU COME AFTER US? ...NO!..

...YOU RAN AWAY-- TO *STAR-FLEET*!

HONEY, I WAS HURT... ANGRY...CONFUSED! YOU CAN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE--!

NO I GUESS NOT.

BUT HOW *DARE* YOU DEMAND A FATHER'S RIGHTS NOW? IN 26 YEARS, I'VE HAD A FEW THOUSAND CREDITS FROM YOU FOR MY EDUCATION*...

...AND A HANDFUL OF LETTERS AS IMPERSONAL AS A CASE HISTORY IN A MEDICAL JOURNAL!

BUT I'VE *NEVER* HAD A *FATHER*!

*A CREDIT IS THE UNIT OF FEDERATION CURRENCY. --L.

LOOK! YOUR VULCAN... FRIEND--!

HE'S FAINTED AGAIN! IT'S HIS ILLNESS--!

ILLNESS?

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CAPTAIN'S LOG-SUPPLEMENTAL: DRS. MCCOY AND CHAPEL HAVE BEEN AT WORK ON THE AUTOPSY FOR OVER TWO HOURS NOW.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE U.N. COUNCIL'S STIPULATIONS I AND TWO MEMBERS OF THE MARINE MEDICAL STAFF ARE PRESENT AS OBSERVERS.

THAT ABOUT DOES IT.

AS NEAR AS I CAN DETERMINE WITH JUST MY MEDI-KIT AND THIS CRUDE NATIVE EQUIPMENT, THERE WERE NO OTHER INJURIES OR DISORDERS.

BUT LOOK AT THIS, JIM--

--A TINY SUBCUTANEOUS IMPLANT OVER THE BASE OF THE SKULL.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT MIGHT BE, BONES --A U.F.O.N. COMMUNICATOR?

NO, JIM--AT A GUESS, I'D SAY IT'S A SYMBIONT.

ISN'T IT, GENTLEMEN?

THEY HAVE LEARNED OUR SECRET. OR SIMAR HOW CAN WE HOPE TO CONCEAL THE WHOLE TRUTH NOW?

YOU SPEAK WISDOM, DR. SIMAYA. THEREFORE, I SHALL REVEAL ALL.

CAPTAIN KIRK, MY PEOPLE ARE NOT BORN AS THE INTELLIGENT CREATURES YOU SEE BEFORE YOU.

OUR MENTAL ADVANCEMENT IS ACHIEVED ARTIFICIALLY.

"AEONS AGO AT THE DAWN OF OUR C--- ATION OUR WORLD WAS VISITED BY AN ALIEN RACE. THEY FOUND OUR ANCESTORS -- AN INCHOATE SOCIETY OF MINDLESS BEASTS."

"...AND GAVE THEM INTELLIGENCE."

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...AND WE HAVE NO NEED OF FEDERATION TRICKS INTENDED TO CONFUSE THE ISSUE!

DATA OBTAINED IN AN AUTOPSY MIGHT SHED MORE LIGHT ON WHO KILLED THE NATIVE. KAGG-- YOU KNOW THAT!

OF COURSE YOUR PHYSICIANS COULD BE IN ATTENDANCE. IF THE COUNCIL HAS NO OBJECTIONS, I DON'T

NO! I WON'T PERMIT IT--

FORTUNATELY, IT'S NOT *YOUR* DECISION.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG--STARDATE 8264.7: I HAVE OBTAINED THE HEPHAGSTAN HIGH COUNCIL'S CONSENT TO AN AUTOPSY...AND DR CHAPEL HAS BEAMED DOWN TO THE SURFACE TO ASSIST DR MCCOY..."

SUVAK THINKS HE'S SUFFERING FROM SOME SORT OF VIRUS-- BUT I THINK IT MIGHT BE *MORE SERIOUS.*

I'D LIKE YOUR CONSULTATION ON THE DIAGNOSIS, CHRISTINE-- ONCE WE FINISH THIS BLASTED AUTOPSY.

WE'RE WAITING, DOCTORS.

COMING, CAPTAIN!

FOUND YOURSELF SOME NEW PATIENTS, BONES?

CAPTAIN MAY I PRESENT AMBASSADOR SUVAK OF VULCAN AND HIS AIDE, NURSE MCCOY. THE AMBASSADOR IS HERE FOR A "REST CURE."

NURSE MCCOY--?

FORGET WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, JIM. SHE'S NO RELATION.

NURSE MCCOY TELLS ME SHE HAS NO FATHER.

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FOR REASONS LOST TO HISTORY THEY MADE US RATIONAL BEINGS AND TAUGHT US TO MAKE OUR OWN SOURCES OF INTELLECT--

--WHAT YOU CALL A "SYMBIONT."*

*A SYMBIONT BOOSTS THE MENTAL CAPACITY OF THE ANIMAL WHO WEARS IT, TO THE LEVEL OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.--L

WE *MANUFACTURE* THE SOURCES IN A SECRET PLACE-- AND *IMPLANT* THEM IN EACH HEPHAESTAN. THE RITUAL IS CONDUCTED SHORTLY AFTER BIRTH

THE LOCATION OF THE MANUFACTURING CENTER-- AND THE RITUAL OF IMPLANTATION --ARE KNOWN ONLY TO A SELECT FEW

PARDON ME GENTLEMEN IF I MAY INTRUDE--?

I WAS PAYING MY RESPECTS TO AMBASSADOR SUVAK IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, AND COULD NOT HELP OVERHEARING

IT MAY BE USEFUL TO YOU TO KNOW

...THAT THE KLINGON WHO ATTACKED THIS HEPHAESTAN DEMANDED TO KNOW THE LOCATION OF "THE MANUFACTURING CENTER."

YOU MEAN THE KLINGONS ALREADY *KNOW* ABOUT THIS--?

EVIDENTLY SO CAPTAIN

WELL I'M FINISHED HERE- AND I TAKE IT AMBASSADOR SUVAK IS AWAKE

SO IF YOU DON'T NEED ME HERE ANY MORE, JIM, I'D LIKE TO LOOK IN ON HIM.

JOO

GO AHEAD BONES

WHAT'S THIS--?

ANOTHER CITIZEN -MURDERED. WE FOUND THIS ONE IN THE GARDEN.

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YOU'RE BLUFFING, KAGG! NOT EVEN *YOU* WOULD RISK A DECLARATION OF WAR--!

OH, NO? TREATIES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN, KIRK.

BEE-DEE-DEEP

ENTER-PRISE TO CAP'N KIRK...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? THEN ANSWER YOUR SHIP--AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

KIRK HERE. GO AHEAD, SCOTTY.

'TIS TH' KLUGGOTH, SIR--SHE'S CAUGH' US IN HER *STASIS-FIELD WEAPON!*

ALL HIGHER-ORDER FIELD AND WARP FUNCTIONS ARE DISABLED--INCLUDIN' SHIP'S WEAPONRY!

TRANS-PORTER, IMPULSE ENGINES, AN MATTER/ ANTIMATTER GENERATORS ALSO DIS-ABLED!

WE'RE LOSIN' POWER IN TH' WARP ENGINES, SIR--HEADIN' INTO RED-ZONE PROXIMITY!

AN' FROM THERE, IT'S ONLY FOUR HOURS TIL WE *BLOW UP!!*

MEANWHILE--IN THE HEPHAESTAN CLINIC...

THIS MAN IS DELIRIOUS! I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS COMING AROUND, CHAPEL!

HE RESPONDED BRIEFLY TO THE TRI-OX COMPOUND, BUT IT DIDN'T HOLD!

JOANNA HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THIS?

OVER 24 HOURS.

NO KNOWN VIRUS PRODUCES THESE OXYGEN-DEPRIVATION SYMPTOMS! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS REALLY LOOKS LIKE, CHRISTINE--?

YES...I BEAMED UP BLOOD-SAMPLES TO THE SHIP AN HOUR AGO. I'M WAITING ON THE TEST-RESULTS.

WHILE IN THE ADJOINING ROOM...

SO YOU SEE, KIRK, IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP US!

I KNEW YOU'D DIS-COVER THE HEPHAESTAN SYMBIONTS WHEN THE COUNCIL AGREED TO THAT AUTOPSY...

...SO I TOOK STEPS TO *NEUTRALIZE* THE THREAT YOU POSE TO OUR SUCCESS HERE--EH?

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LOOK, CAPTAIN--THE SUBCUTANEOUS SYMBIONT HAS BEEN REMOVED .. APPARENTLY WITH SOME CRUDE BUT SHARP INSTRUMENT!

PROBABLY BY A KLINGON--SO THAT THEY COULD HAVE ONE TO STUDY!

THE KLINGONS' PLAN IS BECOMING QUITE CLEAR, CAPTAIN. THEY WILL FIND THE MANUFACTURING CENTER AND DESTROY IT...

. THEN SYSTEMATICALLY REMOVE THE SYMBIONTS FROM EVERY INHABITANT OF HEPHAESTUS.

OF COURSE--!

FIRST THEY PREVENT THE HEPHAESTANS FROM *PERPETUATING* THEIR INTELLIGENCE. .

..THEN *REDUCE* THE PRESENT POPULATION TO SUB-INTELLIGENT ANIMALS THEN THEY'LL BE FREE TO CLAIM THE PLANET. .

BECAUSE THERE'LL NO LONGER BE ANY AUTONOMOUS, INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORMS HERE TO OPPOSE THEM!

HOW VERY ASTUTE OF YOU, KIRK THAT IS OUR INTENTION EXACTLY!

A MOST CLEVER WAY OF *CIRCUMVENTING* THE ORGANIAN PEACE TREATY; IS IT NOT?

HARDLY, COMMANDER. THE FEDERATION WILL DISPUTE YOUR CLAIM NEVERTHELESS.

EVEN IF THE FEDERATION WERE TO LEARN WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE--AND IT *WILL NOT*...

...YOU HAVE LOST, VULCAN! THE *KLINGOTH* ARRIVED HERE WELL BEFORE THE *ENTERPRISE*!

HEPHAESTUS WILL FALL TO THE KLINGON EMPIRE!

I DON'T CARE HOW THE HEPHAESTANS EVOLVED THEIR INTELLIGENCE--NATURALLY OR OTHERWISE... THEY'RE STILL A *CIVILIZATION*!

AND IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU WIPE OUT THAT CIVILIZATION--

AH, BUT MY DEAR KIRK YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. YOU SEE..

..I *HAVE* YOUR SHIP!

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WHILE IN THE LABORATORY...

YOUR PITIFUL ATTEMPTS AT HEROICS WILL AVAIL YOU NOTHING, SIKAAR!

I HAVE PLANTED AN EXPLOSIVE CAPSULE IN THE MANUFACTURING CENTER -- TIMED TO DETONATE IN TWO OF YOUR HOURS!

WHEN IT DOES, IT WILL DESTROY THE SYBIONTS STORED THERE -- AND THE COMPUTERS WHICH CONTAIN THE DIRECTIONS FOR THE IMPLANTATION-PROCEDURE!

I WILL FIGHT YOU NEVERTHELESS, KAGG -- TILL MY LAST BREATH IS DRAWN!

YOU HAVE ALREADY DRAWN IT!

YOU HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY MEN -- AND FOR THAT, YOU MUST PAY DEARLY --

ZZT!

--AS MUST YOUR COMRADES!

ZZT!

INSTANTLY, SPOCK AND DR. SIMAYA DROP TO THE FLOOR...

...NARROWLY EVADING THE DEADLY BEAM WHICH SIZZLES OVER THEIR HEADS AND STABS INTO THE WALL BEHIND THEM!

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT WALL...

BA-DOOM!

WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS GOING ON IN THERE?!

JO, WAIT! DON'T --!

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YOU WOULD SHOOT A KLINGON, MEPHARSTAN DOLT? PHAH! YOUR WEAPON-HAND IS AS SLOW AS YOUR WITS...

...BUT I CAN DEAL DEATH MORE SWIFTLY!

ZTT!

ZTT!

DEFENSIVE POSTURE MEN! THEY'RE ATTACKING!

ONLY AS YOU AND YOUR SIMIAN ALLIES WOULD HAVE DONE, KIRK!

NOT THAT IT MATTERS-- FOR WE HAVE ALREADY FOUND THE MANUFACTURING CENTER!

IN THE CONFUSION, DR. SIVAN GOES UNNOTICED AS HE TAKES UP A SURGICAL SCALPEL--

--AND...

IF THERE WERE ANY DOUBT THAT A KLINGON KILLED THAT CITIZEN AT THE BATHS...

KCHOK

...AND NOT THE TERRAN, CHEKOV-- THAT DOUBT HAS BEEN LAID TO REST--

--AS THIS KLINGON WILL BE!

MEANWHILE..

SUVAK'S GOING TO DIE SOON-- ISN'T HE? WHY? WHY NOW--

--WHEN OUR LIFE TOGETHER WAS JUST BEGINNING?

WAS IT, JO? EVEN IF HE DOES SURVIVE... WHAT LIFE?

HE'S A VULCAN. BLAST IT! HE HAS NO FEELINGS!

HE CAN'T LOVE YOU--CAN'T BE A REAL HUSBAND TO YOU...

...EXCEPT ONLY ONCE EVERY SEVEN YEARS!

YOU FORGET I'M A GROWN WOMAN NOW. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

AND I'LL ACTUALLY BE BETTER OFF THAN MOTHER WAS.

AT LEAST WHEN MY HUSBAND DOESN'T TOUCH ME, I'LL KNOW WHY!

SLAP

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WHILE IN THE LAB, THE BATTLE RAGES ON..

SURRENDER, TERRAN! THE HEPHAESTANS AND YOUR VULCAN ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

DO YOU WISH TO SHARE THEIR FATE?

KIRK'S ONLY REPLY IS A SQUEEZED TRIGGER!

BUT JUST THEN..

CAPTAIN KIRK--?!

BLAM

WHAT'S THIS? A TERRAN FEMALE!

AND A LOVELY ONE, AT THAT!

KIRK WHIRLS, HIS PHASER LEVELED AT KAGE! HOWEVER..

DROP YOUR WEAPON KIRK--OR THE WOMAN DIES!

WE ARE BOTH FORTUNATE SHE HAS BLUNDERED INTO OUR LITTLE DISPUTE, HOWEVER!

NOW WE ARE SPARED THE TEMPTATION TO FURTHER ENDANGER THE FRAGILE TRUCE BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE--BY KILLING ONE ANOTHER!

FAREWELL, KIRK!

SPOCK... ;GASP!... CAPTAIN..

DO NOT EXERT YOURSELF, DR. SIMAYA. I WILL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT.

WE TRIED...TO KEEP .. SYMBIONTS...A SECRET. ;GASP; AS A TEST.

IF YOU COULD UNCOVER SECRET... AS KLINGONS DID...

...WOULD MEAN YOU WERE AS INTELLI-GENT...

...AS RESOURCEFUL...AS THEY...AND DESERVING OF EQUAL CONSIDERATION... IN MINING PRIVLEGES...! ;GASP;

NOW... NO DOUBT...COUNCIL WILL SIDE.. WITH FEDERATION...!

BUT...MUST STOP... KLINGONS! SAVE.. MANUFACTURING CENTER! IT IS UNDERGROUND... AT... AT... ;UNNH;

BONES-- HURRY! THIS MAN NEEDS HELP!

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WRONG, KLINGON-- I DON'T SEND MY MEN TO THEIR DEATHS IF I CAN HELP IT!

YOUR MARKSMANSHIP, CAPTAIN, IS ADMIRABLE AS EVER.

YOUR TIMING HOWEVER, LEAVES QUITE A BIT TO BE DESIRED.

SORRY ABOUT THE CLOSE SHAVE, SPOCK...

...BUT SOMEHOW I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD MAKE YOU NERVOUS!

SPLOSH!

MEANWHILE... THE LAB JUST CALLED IN THEIR REPORT DOCTOR, THE BLOOD-SAMPLES CONFIRMED OUR DIAGNOSIS--

--IT'S CHORIOCYTOSIS.

AND THE ONLY CURE IS NATURAL STEROLIN

EVEN IF WE HAD MEN ON BOARD THE ENTERPRISE, WE COULDN'T BEAM THEM DOWN BECAUSE OF THE KLINGON STASIS-FIELD!

CHRISTINE, I AM AFRAID THAT WITHIN 24 HOURS SUVAK WILL BE DEAD!

AT THAT MOMENT...

WE'VE FOUND THE MANUFACTURING CENTER, SCOTTY

WE'LL TRANSFER ALL DATA ON THE MANUFACTURE AND THE IMPLANTATION OF THE SYMBIONTS INTO SHIPS COMPUTERS-- IN CASE WE CAN'T DEFUSE THE EXPLOSIVE IN TIME!

WE'RE SETTING THE HEPHAESTUS COMPUTERS FOR FLASH-FEED-- MAXIMUM SPEED.

UHURA HERE, CAPTAIN. I HAVE THE PLAYBACK-FREQUENCY.

STANDING BY TO ACCEPT TRANSMISSION INTO OUR DATA BANKS.

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG—STARDATE 8268.9: UNFORTUNATELY NOT EVEN DR MCCOY'S BEST EFFORTS HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO SAVE THE HEPHAESTAN PHYSICIAN, SIMAYA. BUT OUR REGRET IS OVERSHADOWED BY MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS..."

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU MEAN YOU JUST STOOD THERE—AND LET SOME CRAZY KLINGON TAKE MY DAUGHTER AS A HOSTAGE?!

WOULD YOU HAVE PREFERRED THAT I RISK HER LIFE?

NO... NO, OF COURSE NOT.

ALL RIGHT, THEN... NOW OUR FIRST PRIORITY HAS GOT TO BE FINDING THE MANUFACTURING CENTER!

I FEAR THAT MAY BE QUITE DIFFICULT. ONLY SIKAAR AND SIMAYA KNEW ITS PRECISE LOCATION.

BUT, ALAS THEY ARE DEAD.

HOWEVER, MR SPOCK, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT THERE MIGHT BE KLINGON GUARDS STATIONED AT THE CENTER...

YES... OF COURSE.

"KLINGONS AS A SPECIES ARE CHARACTERIZED BY UNIQUELY HOSTILE, INTENSELY IRRATIONAL THOUGHT-PATTERNS—AS RECOGNIZABLE AS THEIR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE.

"IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO TRACE A TELEPATHIC IMPRESSION OF THOSE THOUGHT-PATTERNS TO THE KLINGONS—LIKE TRACKING A TRAIL OF ENERGY TO ITS SOURCE..."

LOOK—FEDERATION OPERATIVES! THEY HAVE *FOUND* US!

DRAW YOUR WEAPON!

BUT BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN FIRE...

WHUMP

QUICKLY...EFFICIENTLY, SPOCK DISPATCHES ONE OF THE GUARDS WITH A WELL-PLACED VULCAN NERVE-PINCH! HOWEVER...

A MOST CLEVER RUSE, VULCAN! NO DOUBT YOU CAME AHEAD OF THE OTHERS—AND LED THEM HERE WITH YOUR COMMUNICATOR.

AND WHILE THEIR ARRIVAL DISTRACTED US, YOU STRUCK! YES, CLEVER...

...BUT SUICIDAL!

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...IT'S EQUIPPED WITH A DAMPENING FIELD-- IT WILL NOT REGISTER ON A TRICORDER.

AND NOW I GIVE MY LIFE GLADLY TO BE RID OF YOUR INTERFERENCE-- FOR WHEN WE ARE GONE.

.. MY MEN WILL BE FREED TO PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN!

THE WOMAN'S LIFE IS NOT YOURS TO FORFEIT, KLINGON!

SUVAK!

GENTLEMEN... JOANNA .. I SUGGEST... YOU FLEE THESE CAVERNS.. ; UHHH;...AT ONCE!

ENTERPRISE TO CAP'N KIRK!

VULCAN FOOL, ALREADY IT'S TOO LATE! THE EXPLOSIVE WILL DETONATE AT ANY MOMENT--!

KIRK HERE!

CAP'N WE'RE FREE OF TH STASIS-FIELD!

I'VE BEEN MONITORING THE KLUGGOTH'S COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE SURFACE, CAPTAIN.

-- T SEEMS THE ENERGY REQUIRED TO HOLD THE STASIS-FIELD INTACT HAS DRAINED THEIR RESERVES!

THEIR SECOND-IN COMMAND HAS BEEN SIGNALLING KAGG FOR INSTRUCTIONS-- BUT KAGG HASN'T RESPONDED!

SO THEY DECIDED TO BACK OFF!

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MEANWHILE--IN THE CLINIC--WHERE SPOCK HAS MOMENTARILY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

AMBASSADOR, PLEASE--YOU MUSTN'T TRY TO MOVE. YOU MUST CONSERVE YOUR STRENGTH.

SPARE ME YOUR FALSE ENCOURAGEMENT, DOCTOR. I AM A VULCAN.

I ACCEPT THE INEVITABLE.

I MUST USE WHAT TIME IS LEFT ME TO SAVE JOANNA. WE MET IN MY EIGHTH PON FAR*...AND OUR MINDS WERE JOINED TOGETHER.

THUS I CAN FIND HER...

AND DOOM YOURSELF IN THE PROCESS!

*NOTHING DRIVE EX DEFINED BY [illegible] CAN MAKE CONSISTENT SEVEN YEARS --[illegible]

STAY HERE--AND WE MIGHT STILL FIND A WAY TO SAVE YOU! LEAVE--AND YOU TAKE YOURSELF AWAY FROM JOANNA FOR GOOD!

IS THAT WHAT YOUR VULCAN HEART TELLS YOU IS RIGHT?

THE VULCAN HEART IS MUTE DOCTOR. IT DEFERS TO THE ELOQUENCE OF THE VULCAN MIND.

AND IN THE MANUFACTURING CENTER

DATA TRANSFERRED TO ENTERPRISE KEPTIN.

MR SPOCK--?

STILL NO SIGN OF THE KLINGON EXPLOSIVE CAPTAIN.

WE HAVE ROUGHLY FOUR MINUTES, 37 SECONDS BEFORE IT IS DUE TO DETONATE.

THEN GATHER UP AS MANY OF THE SYMPHONITE AS YOU CAN FIND.

WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE

NO KIRK--YOU'RE STAYING HERE.

YOU CAN DIE BY MY *WEAPON* OR IN THE *EXPLOSION*--THE CHOICE IS YOURS

KAGG.

YOU CAN STOP TRYING TO FIND THE EXPLOSIVE...

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SEVEN TO BEAM UP THEN SCOTTY HURRY--

ENERGIZE--NOW!

KABWOOM

ARCHON LATER..IN AN ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM

SUVAK! WHERE'S SUVAK?!

HE...HE'S NOT HERE--HE MUST NOT HAVE BEEN CLOSE ENOUGH TO US FOR SCOTTY TO GET A FIX ON HIM.

I...I'M SORRY, JOANNA.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 8267.3: FREED FROM THEIR LOYALTY TO AN EVIDENTLY-INSANE COMMANDER, THE KLINGONS HAVE RETREATED

THEY HAVE WITHDRAWN THEIR CLAIM TO HEPHAESTUS, AND NEGOTIATIONS ARE UNDER WAY FOR REPARATIONS..."

NURSE McCOY HAS RETURNED TO HEPHAESTUS.

OUR TECHNICIANS HAVE SUPERVISED THE CONSTRUCTION OF NEW COMPUTERS IN THE REBUILT MANUFACTURING CENTER...

...AND WE ARE IN THE PROCESS OF TRANSFERRING THE SYMBIONT-DATA BACK TO THE HEPHAESTANS--

JIM GOT A MINUTE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER BONES--JOANNA? SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER ISN'T SHE?

OF COURSE, I DON'T REALLY THINK I'D FOOLED YOU.

BUT I'VE LOST HER TWICE. THE GULF IS WIDER THAN EVER NOW

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YOU CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT.

CAN'T I? I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO ACCEPT THE IDEA OF HER MARRYING A VULCAN.

THERE'S SO MUCH SHE CAN'T FORGIVE ALREADY-- WHY SHOULD SHE FORGIVE WHAT I'M FEELING NOW?

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SHARE HER GRIEF -- BUT I CAN'T!

LORD HELP ME, JIM, I'M ACTUALLY GLAD! ME -- A DOCTOR WHO'S SUPPOSED TO CHERISH LIFE!

YET I'M ACTUALLY RELIEVED THAT SUVAK IS DEAD-- BECAUSE I'M SURE IT'S BETTER FOR SO THIS WAY!

BUT...WHAT KIND OF... CREATURE DOES THAT MAKE ME?

WHAT IT MAKES YOU IS THAT WHICH YOU WERE ONCE PROUD TO BE..

...THAT WHOSE LIMITATIONS YOU HAVE ALWAYS URGED THE CAPTAIN TO ACCEPT.

IN SHORT, DOCTOR, WHAT IT MAKES YOU...

...IS HUMAN

WE HAVE OUR DIFFERENCES, YOU AND I-- BUT EACH OF US IS WHAT HE IS

AND IF THOSE DIFFERENCES SHOULD MEAN THAT NEITHER OF US WILL EVER FULLY UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

SO BE IT.

FOR I APPRECIATE THOSE DIFFERENCES, DOCTOR. INDEED I DELIGHT IN THEM...

...AND IN ALL THE INFINITE WAYS THOSE DIFFERENCES COMBINE TO CREATE MEANING.

LET IT BE A CONSOLATION TO YOU TO KNOW THAT SUVAK SHARED THAT POINT OF VIEW.

HE WAS. AFTER ALL, A VULCAN

SPOCK MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT TIME FOR--

NO, JIM. IT'S OKAY.

I NEEDED TO HEAR THAT.

IF SPOCK AND I CAN..."APPRECIATE" EACH OTHER...YOU OUGHTA BE ABLE TO SAY THE SAME ABOUT A MAN AND HIS OWN DAUGHTER--RIGHT?

EXCUSE ME JIM-- I HAVE TO BEAM DOWN PLANETSIDE.

THERE'S SOMEBODY I HAVE TO TALK TO...

END

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JUNE # 14 50¢

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STAR TREK®

TM

I AM YOUR CAPTAIN NO LONGER! I AM THE *HOLY PHARAOH*--AND I DECREE YOU SHALL *PERISH!*

JIM--THIS IS *MADNESS!* WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS... YOUR *FRIENDS!*

HANNIGAN & GUSTAVSON

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STAN LEE PRESENTS:

A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

"CAPTAIN'S LOG--STARDATE 8305.3: WITH OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SURFACE OF ZETA RETICULI II, WE HAVE MADE A SURPRISING DISCOVERY. ."

A DESERT . . AND PYRAMIDS? IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ANCIENT EGYPT!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SPOCK, ANOTHER PARALLEL CIVILIZATION?

YES . OR THE ECHOES OF ONE. FAC.NATING.

SPOCK, CONSULT THE DUTY-ROSTER AND CONVENE A LANDING PARTY IN THE BRIEFING ROOM --ON THE DOUBLE.

WE ARE DYING, EGYPT, DYING!

MARTIN PASKO WRITER / LUKE McDONNELL & GENE DAY ARTISTS / JOHN MORELLI LETTERER / CARL GAFFORD COLORIST / LOUISE JONES EDITOR / JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 14 June, 1981 Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, a division of James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Alison Gwinman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office.
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CAPTAIN'S LOG SUPPLEMENTAL ... THE ENTERPRISE ...

BONES, LOOK! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT IS --A TEMPLE OF SOME KIND?

DON'T ASK ME! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BONE UP ON ANCIENT RUINS LIKE THE REST OF YOU...

BUT MY GUESS IS IT'S A BURIAL CHAMBER!

- AS THERE'S A POWERFUL GENERATOR AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE?

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT STATUE --!

A TOMB--? THEN WHY IS MY TRICORDER SHOWING HIGH ENERGY READINGS--?

YES... KHNUM, THE EGYPTIAN GOD OF CREATION

"CREATION?" MAYBE THIS ISN'T A CRYPT AFTER ALL...

MUMMIES! HUNDREDS OF THEM--!

HELLO! THE LAST OF YOUR RACE

LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THIS PLACE BEING

BUT ACCORDING TO THESE READINGS, THIS ROOM IS ENCLOSED IN A FORCE FIELD!

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PRESENTLY, IN THE BRIEFING ROOM...

AS SOME OF YOU MAY KNOW, WE'VE BEGUN THE *FIRST* FEDERATION EXPLORATION OF THE *ZETA RETICULI* SYSTEM...

...AND WHILE PRELIMINARY SENSOR-SCANS HAVE DETECTED *NO LIFE*, THERE *IS* EVIDENCE OF A CIVILIZATION ON THE SECOND PLANET.

THE PLANET IS *CLASS-M* --SIMILAR TO EARTH IN MANY WAYS, BUT WITH A SOMEWHAT-- *THINNER* ATMOSPHERE.

OUR PROJECTIONS INDICATE THAT WITHIN TWO SOLAR DAYS, THE PLANET WILL BE BOMBARDED BY A *METEOROID SHOWER.*

THE SHOWER IS COMPOSED OF SIDERITES* WHICH COULD EASILY SURVIVE THE DESCENT THROUGH THE SECOND PLANETS ATMOSPHERE.

*METEOROIDS CONSISTING LARGELY OF *IRON*--L.

WHY IF *THAT* HAPPENS, A BODY DOWN THERE WOULDNA' STAND A *CHANCE!*

THAT IS CORRECT, MR SCOTT. SHOULD THE PLANET BE INHABITED BY A RACE OF PRIMITIVES, THEY WOULD HAVE NO WAY OF PREDICTING THE CATACLYSM...

...NOR OF *DEFENDING* THEMSELVES AGAINST IT.

IT IS THEREFORE IMPERATIVE THAT THE INHABITANTS-- IF ANY-- BE WARNED

THE SURFACE SURE DOES *SEEM* "PRIMITIVE!" I'M NO EXPERT ON ANCIENT EARTH HISTORY, BUT IT LOOKS JUST LIKE *GIZA*...

...IN THE EYGPT OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM--SAY, *2000 B.C.* ON THE OLD CALENDAR.

AYE, THA' IT DOES DOCTOR

AN' I'D GIVE GIVE IT NO MORE'N A *C-* ON THE RICHTER CULTURAL SCALE.

NOT NECESSARILY, COMMANDER SCOTT

MIGHT I REMIND YOU THAT *HOOSKIN'S LAW* HOLDS THAT CULTURES DEVELOP IN *SIMILAR* PATTERNS ON SIMILAR PLANETS --*NOT IDENTICAL.*

THERE MAY BE SIGNIFICANT DIFFRENCES.

AND THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO SEE FOR OURSELVES.

ALL OF YOU EXEPT SCOTTY AND SPOCK WILL JOIN A SECURITY DETAIL IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM AT 1000 HOURS.

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ARE DEAD, WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF THE FIELD? AND WHAT'S *MAINTAINING*

WE'VE SEEN SUG-GESTS THERE ARE *COMPUTERS* SOMEWH--

OF PARALLEL PLANETARY

TECHNOLOGY

EEEEEE

GOOD LORD!

SONES WHAT IS IT?

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

YOU'D BETTER SEE THIS FOR YOURSELF, J.M.!

SULU--THAT'S A SPHINX--A GIANT STATUE! IT CAN'T BE--

BUT *I* SEE IT, TOO, *UHURA*, AND IT *IS*--

--IT'S MOVING!!

A BATTLE

A LOOSE COBBLESTONE STUMBLES AND SCEPTER OF ANNUM TO

...A PROPHECY REACHES A FULFILLMENT AWAITED FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS!

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DIS ROBOT-- OR VHATEVER IT IS-- RE-SEESTS MOLECULAR DISRUPTION!

EVEN PHASERS ON "DEMATERIAL-IZE" HAD NO EFFECT!

ACCORDING TO SULU S TRICORDER, IT'S PLATED WITH *NEUTRONIUM!* BUT IT SHOULD BE *VULNERABLE* AT THE *JOINTS!*

MAYBE A COMBINED STRIKE AT THE NECK-HINGE WOULD DIS-ABLE IT!

LOOK! IT'S GETTING READY TO BLAST *DR. McCOY!*

IF VE RE GOING TO STRIKE --VE HAD BEST *DO* SO--

NOW!

BLWHEEO!

IT *VORKED!* BUT IT VAS *CLOSE*-- IT COULD HAF KILLED US ALL!

INDEED..

... AND A GOOD THING IT DID NOT! FOR I HAVE *PLANS* FOR YOU.

.. AND HAD YOU BEEN DESTROY-ED I WOULD BE UN-ABLE TO DO ..

THIS!

BLWHEEO!

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MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE ..

KVICKLY, SEECURITY-- SCATTER!

TAKE COVER BEH ND THE TREES --DEN OPEN PHASER-FIRE -- DISRUPT SETTING!

I CAN HANDLE IT, MR CHEKOV!

AS IF IT HAD HEARD THE SECURITY OFFICER'S BOAST, THE LUMBERING GIANT TURNS ITS HEAD TOWARD HIM -- AND REPLIES WITH SWIFT AND TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION...!

ZHEEOW

TWIN BEAMS OF DEADLY "PHASED" LIGHT FLASH FROM ITS DEAD STONE EYES...

.. AND IN THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE TO BLINK THOSE EYES, THE LANDING PARTY'S NUMBER IS DIMINISHED BY ONE!

ZHEEOW

ARRGHH!

WHILE BEHIND A DATE-PALM...

I'M GETTING ENERGY-READINGS -- AND NOT JUST OF THOSE BEAMS, EITHER!

THAT THING'S A "MECHANICAL", UHURA -- SOME KIND OF COMPUTER! MUST BE A DEFENSIVE WEAPON --

CHOOM

SUDDENLY...

ZHEEOW

KARAAK

AAANNNH!

SULU!

WHAM!

FORGET... ABOUT ME, UHURA! GASP

JUST STOP THAT TH NG!

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SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, IN A CHAMBER DEEP WITHIN THE TEMPLE...

MY READINGS SHOW NOTHING WORSE THAN A COMPOUND FRACTURE OF THE RIGHT TIBIA...

...AND I HAVE THE EQUIPMENT TO FORM A PLASTI-CAST. SULU'S A LUCKY MAN, J.M.

AGAIN YOU ADDRESS ME THUS, IMPERTINENT HEALER?

FOR THE LAST TIME, I TELL YOU I AM YOUR "JIM" NO LONGER!

I AM MENTEPTAH II, DECENDANT OF THE PHA-RAOH WHO LAST LED MY PEOPLE TO GREATNESS... AND I HAVE RETURNED TO SAVE THEM FROM THE DEATH THAT COMES FROM THE SKY!

I WARN YOU--MAKE THAT MISTAKE BUT ONCE AGAIN... AND YOU WILL MAKE NO OTHER!

NOW HAVE YOU FURTHER NEED OF MATERIALS FROM YOUR SHIP?

NO. I CAN MANAGE.. FOR NOW.

THEN SURRENDER THE BRACELETS--YOURS AND HIS.

OUR COMMUNICA-TORS? NO. HE MAY NEED MEDICATION LATER. I'LL NEED TO CONTACT THE SHIP!

AND UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH THE OTHERS AFTER YOU PHASER-STUNNED US, I--

YOU DARE REFUSE AN ORDER FROM YOUR KING?!

GAAAH!

WILL YOU COOPERATE NOW... OR MUST I FURTHER INSTRUCT YOU IN THE WAGES OF INSOLENCE?

NO [GASPS] NO MORE... YOU WIN.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT ME--BUT THE OTHERS--!

VERY GOOD, HEALER. YOUR SUDDEN WISDOM PLEASES ME.

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"SHIP'S LOG - STARDATE 8305.5 - COMMANDER SPOCK RECORDING. IT HAS BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE THE ENTERPRISE HAS RECIEVED ANY COMMUNICATION FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

THE CAP'N'S LONG OVERDUE FOR A STATUS REPORT, MR. SPOCK.

I AM AWARE OF THAT COMMANDER SCOTT

IF THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE, I WOULDNA WANNA SEE THEM TRAPPED DOWN THERE! SUPPOSE WE BEEN WRONG ABOO' THEM METEOROIDS?

THE SHOWER IS ADVANCING AS PREDICTED BY MY CALCULATIONS, MR. SCOTT.

REVERSE ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER, HELM -- FULL MAGNIFICATION

OBSERVE, MR SCOTT -- A SWARM OF SIDERITES, THE SMALLEST OF WHICH MEASURES 1.8 KILOMETERS IN DIAMETER

E.T.A. IN THE PLANET'S EXOSPHERE APPROXIMATELY 42 HOURS FROM NOW.

LIEUTENANT FLETCHER, PLEASE RAISE THE CAPTAIN. HE EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO BE KEPT APPRISED OF THE SHOWERS PROGRESS.

RIGHT AWAY, SIR

ENTERPRISE TO CAPTAIN KIRK...

KIRK HERE

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

AH.. WELL, S.R UHM MR SPOCK WAS EXPECTING YOU TO CHECK IN--

TELL HIM THE PLANETARY EXPLORATION IS PROCEEDING WITHOUT INCIDENT.

WHEN OR IF I HAVE SOMETHING TO REPORT, I'LL CALL HIM. AND STAY OFF THIS FREQUENCY UNTIL I DO.'

[GASPS] AH YESSIR! TERRIBLY SORRY, SIR!

KIRK OUT

WELL I'LL BE -- ' NOW I'M SURE SUMPIN'S GONE WRONG DOWN THERE.

THA' WAS A WEE BI' -- ABRUPT OF THE CAP'N, WOULDNA' YE SAY, MR SPOCK?

THE THOUGHT DID CROSS MY MIND, COMMANDER. YES.

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WHY'D YOU GIVE THEM TO HIM, DOC?

NOW WE'LL NEVER GET BACK TO THE SHIP!

WITHOUT THE COMMUNICATORS TO LOCK INTO THE ENTERPRISE CAN'T BEAM US UP

PHARAOH

--THIS

APPARENTLY THIS WAS GIVEN TO SOP TO RETRIEVE STARFLEET-ISSUE FROM CASUALTIES

I TOOK THIS FROM RALSTON THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED

MEANWHILE ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE...

I'VE HAILED ON EVERY SENIOR OFFICER'S FREQUENCY, COMMANDER SPOCK - NOTHING.

THEY'RE JUST NOT RESPONDING!

VOLUNTARY INCOMMUNICADO? STRANGE.

THERE MAY BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION, LIEUTENANT.

NOW I'M NOT SO SURE

ATTEMPT TO RAISE ANY MEMBER OF THE PARTY...

IF THAT PRODUCES NO RESULTS...I SHALL BEAM DOWN MYSELF

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YOU, WHO WERE ONCE CALLED KIRK, ARE ME THIS WAS KNOWN WHEN YOU TOUCHED MY HOLY SCEPTER AND MY ENERGY FILLED YOUR BEING...

CAUSING THE ATAVISM--

--THE STIRRING OF RACIAL MEMORY! ONLY THEN DO YOU TRULY UNDERSTAND YOUR PURPOSE HERE!

YOU HAVE COME TO AWAKEN THE PEOPLE --AND LEAD THEM BEYOND THE STARS...

...FOR YOU HAVE FOUND A NEW HOME FOR THEM IS THIS NOT SO?

YES O GREAT KHNUM-- A NEW HOME...

CALLED EARTH.

WHILE IN ANOTHER CHAMBER, WHERE DR McCOY IS SETTING SULU'S BROKEN LEG.

BEE-DEE DEEP

BLAST! RALSTON'S COMMUN-ICATOR!

I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK CONTACT WITH THE SHIP TILL I WAS SURE THE CAPTAIN COULDN'T INTERFERE.

BUT I'LL HAVE TO NOW --OTHERWISE, THIS THING'LL KEEP ON BEEPIN' TILL I ANSWER IT.

AND THAT WOULD BE SURE TO BRING JIM RUNNIN'.

BEE-DEE-DEEP

McCOY

SPOCK HERE, DOCTOR. YOU ARE ON LIEUTENANT RALSTON'S FREQUENCY. EXPLAIN.

I CAN'T, SPOCK --NO TIME! LISTEN, YOU'D BETTER SEND HELP-- FAST.

MOST OF OUR COMMUNICATORS ARE GONE... AND THE CAPTAIN IS...IS...

WELL, I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM I CAN'T CERTIFY ANY-THING TILL I CAN EXAMINE-- HUH?!

WHAT IS THIS?!

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ALL IS IN READINESS, O GREAT KHNUM!

THE OUTWORLDERS. CONTACT WITH THEIR SHIP HAS BEEN TERMINATED

SOON THE ASIAN, SULU, AND THE HEALER McCOY WILL JOIN THE OTHERS

AS MY SERVANTS!

AND IN ANSWER

THE STATUE SPEAKS!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL MY SON

IT HAS BEEN TEN MILLENNIA SINCE MENTEPTAH'S SON LEFT US...

BUT ALWAYS HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT, RESIDING HERE IN KHNUM, KNEW HIS DECENDANTS WOULD RETURN.

"THUS SPOKE MENTEPTAH TO HIS SON-- YOUR FOREFATHER..."

I AM TOO OLD FOR THE SLEEP-CHAMBER.

AND SO WHEN OUR PEOPLE'S NEW WORLD IS FOUND, I WILL BE DEAD.

AS WILL YOU, MY SON.

"BUT MENTEPTAH KNEW THAT THOSE WHO JOINED HIS SON IN TRAVERSING THE VOID WOULD MATE WITH FEMALES FOUND ON OTHER WORLDS...

"...AND THAT MANY GENERATIONS HENCE, MENTEPTAH'S DISTANT DECENDANT WOULD RETURN TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOMEWORLD--

"--DRIVEN BY A POWERFUL AND IRRESISTIBLE INSTINCT!"

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SHIP'S LOG-COMMANDER MONTGOMERY SCOTT RECORDIN[G] [illegible] ZETA RETICULI II -- AN MR SPOCK HAS BEAMED DOWN [illegible]

SPOCK TO ENTERPRISE BEAM DOWN COMPLETED

TRICORDER S SHOWING HUMAN LIFE FORM READINGS IN A TEMPLE LIKE STRUCTURE 115 METERS AHEAD AM ABOUT TO INVESTIGATE SPACE OUT

WHILE INSIDE...

O GREAT AND POWERFUL KHAN, THERE ARE THOSE ON THE VESSEL ABOVE WHO WOULD OPPOSE THY DIVINE PLAN

I BESEECH THEE FOR THINE AID IN VANQUISHING THEM!

IT WILL BE DONE MY SON

AND THEN...

AS IN THAT THE STATUES HEAD PIVOTS ITS BALEFUL JEWELED GAZE BRIGHTENING TO WHITE-HOT INTENSITY

TWO BEAMS OF ENERGY UNKNOWN TO FEDERATION SCIENCE STAB FROM THE GEMLIKE EYES...

LANCING OUT OF THE TEMPLE AND ACROSS THE DESERT [illegible]

TO STRIKE ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS AT ITS BASE, UNSEEN UNTIL IT'S CLOSE HIDDEN REAVERS ARE DROPED

AND THE METALLIC APEX -- HERE OBSIDIAN AS SHOWN STONE-T ALSO GLOWS WHITE HOT

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NOT INSOLENCE NOW, BUT INSURRECTION--!

THEY TASTE THE FRUITS OF YOUR TREACHERY!

FERENCE WITH YOUR COMMUNI-CATION. DOCTOR?

CUT OFF.

MATTER IS DECIDED.

COMMANDER SCOTT, PREPARE A TRANS-PORTER--I SHALL BE BEAMING DOWN TO THE SURFACE AT THE EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY.

AYE, SIR, ON THE DOUBLE

GREEN

HEALER-- THE EMPTY SLABS. THEY ARE FOR YOU AND THE

ANCIENT I.V. UNITS * BUT... WHY?

SO THAT THEIR BLOOD MAY COURSE WITH THE

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ENTERPRISE TO MR SPOCK...

COME IN, MR SPOCK.

SPOCK HERE GO AHEAD MR SCOTT

...BLE. WE'VE BEEN STRUCK BY A FORM O' *ENERGY* FROM TH' SURFACE -- TYPE *UNKNOWN!*

I KNOW YE'LL THINK ME *DAFT*--AN' I SWEAR I'VE *NOT* BEEN NIPP'N' AT ME *SCOTCH*, BU'--

GET TO THE POINT MR SCOTT

IS THE *ENTERPRISE* SIR -- SHE'S *SHRINKIN'!*

THA' DEFIES EV'RY PHYSICAL LAW I KNOW BUT TIS' *TRUE!* SHE'S GETTIN' *SMALLER!*

BUT *WE'RE NOT* SHRINKIN' *WITH HER!*

AN' IF WE CANNA' DETERMINE WHA'S *CAUSIN'* T' AN *REVERSE* IT--

--WE'RE GONNA BE *CRUSHED* T' DEATH -- BY OUR OWN SHIP!

PUT ALL SCIENCE PERSONNEL ON THE PROBLEM IMMEDIATELY, MR SCOTT --

AND IN THE INTERIM, REMOVE THE REMAINING CREW TO THE *REC DECK*--

...LARGEST SINGLE COMPARTMENT OF THE SHIP SPOCK OUT

HALT!

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. AND EMITS A BIZARRE RAY WHICH SNAKES UPWARD THROUGH THE PLANET'S SHALLOW ATMOSPHERE .

. TO STRIKE THE ENTERPRISE-- OVER 35,000 KILOMETERS AWAY!

WHILE IN THE TEMPLE BELOW...

UHURA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?! YOU.. YOU'RE ACTING CRAZY-- JUST LIKE THE CAPTAIN!

=GASP= HEAD GET-TING FUZZY! THAT STUFF MUST BE SOME KIND OF DRUG!

DO NOT RESIST, ONE-CALLED-SULU. SOON YOU WILL BE ONE WITH YOUR KING!

BUT WHY?.. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!

EVEN ONE SO GREAT AS OUR KING, MENTEPTAH II, REQUIRES THE AID OF OTHERS IN WAKING OUR FOREBEARS FROM THE SLUMBER OF AGES.

YOU ARE PRIVILEGED, ONE-CALLED-SULU. YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO ATTEND OUR KING...

... AND ASSIST IN BUILDING THE VESSELS THAT WILL TAKE OUR PEOPLE TO EARTH!

I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU QUESTION THIS AT FIRST, I TOO REJECTED THE HONOR BESTOWED UPON ME .

BUT MENTEPTAH, IN HIS MERCY, AL-LOWED ME TO TASTE OF THE ELIXIR, AND GRANTED ME WISDOM NOW I COMPREHEND.

THE TRANSFORMED UHURA FAILS TO NOTICE DR. McCOY HAS BEEN FIGHTING TO MAINTAIN ALERTNESS .

AND NOW, WHEN HE IS CERTAIN SHE CANNOT SEE HIM, RIPS THE I.V. BAG FROM HIS ARM ..

. AS UHURA'S ATTENTION IS HELD BY SULU, WHO SURREN-DERS TO THE DRUG'S MESMERIC INFLUENCE!

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WHO GOES THERE? WHO DARES DEFILE THE PALACE OF MENTEPTAH II WITH THIS INTRUSION?!

CAPTAIN--

I AM SPOCK SCIENCE OFFICER [illegible] YOUR ENTERPRISE, AND SECOND-IN-COMMAND!

YOU ARE THE CAPTAIN, JAMES T KIRK.

MENTEPTAH II --

THE HELL...

BAFF

HIS STRENGTH INCREASING WITH HIS FRENZY, THE DELUDED

I WON'T HURT YOU...

HELP IT. IT'S UP TO YOU...

KIRK'S AID WITH A SWIFT SHORT BURST OF SEARING ENERGY!

ZHOOM

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BUT WHEN THE DUST HAS SETTLED..

SPOCK! THANK HEAVEN--! WHAT ...WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

IT IS PURE CONJECTURE AT THIS POINT, CAPTAIN--

--BUT I WOULD SAY THAT YOU WERE THE VICTIM OF *MENTAL DOMINATION* BY AN EXTREMELY SOPHISTICATED *COMPUTER*..

HOUSED IN THAT STATUE

BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE DESTROYED IT, I'M FREE OF IT'S INFLUENCE--?

PRECISELY.

SPOCK TO *ENTERPRISE*...

STATUS REPORT MR SCOTT--!

SCIENCE DEPAR'MENTS REPOR' NO PROGRESS IN DETERMININ' TH' NATURE O' TH' FORCE CAUSIN' TH' SHRINKAGE, SIR!

I TRIED BEAMIN' SOME O' TH' CREW OFF TH' SHIP--BUT NO DICE!

--THEY COULDNA FIT INTA TH' TRANSPORTERS!

I'M EST'MATIN' NO MORE'N *15 MINUTES* AFORE TH RECK DECK CLOSES IN ON TH' CREW *THERE*..

AN THOSE OF US TRAPPED HERE ON TH' BRIDGE..

HAVE EVEN *LESS* TIME!

MEANWHILE

THAT TAKES CARE OF ALL OF YOU'

NOW A... WE'VE GOT TO DO S FIND THE CAPTAIN!

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MOMENT'S LATER

THAT'S IT-- KEEP MOVING! OVER THERE - BY MY MEDI-KIT!

HOW DARE YOU SUBJECT YOUR QUEEN TO SUCH TREATMENT!?

"MEDICAL TREATMENT."

ONE CC OF CORDAZINE SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO BRING YOU BACK TO YOUR SENSES.

YOUR GONNA GET "TREATMENT," ALL RIGHT--

AND IN MERE SECONDS

WHA WHAT IN THE WORLD CAME OVER ME DOCTOR?

WHAT MADE ME THINK THE CAPTAIN WAS SOME SORT OF KING?!

A POWERFUL PSYCO-ACTIVE DRUG, UHURA!

NOW C'MON AND HELP ME ADMINISTER THE ANTIDOTE TO THE OTHERS.

MEANWHILE, SPOCK AND KIRK CONTINUE GRAPPLING, PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF A GAPING PIT BLASTED IN THE FLOOR BY KHNUM.

NOTHING MAY INTERFERE WITH THE AWAKENING!

IT IS THE WILL OF KHNUM!

"KHNUM?!" THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOD--?

YES THE STATUE

OF COURSE!

PUSHING HIS VULCAN STRENGTH TO THE LIMIT, SPOCK HEAVES HIS ATTACKER OFF HIM...

AND TURNS HIS PHASER ON THE ALIEN IDOL!

KEWHEE!

NO... NO! YOU'VE DESTROYED KHNUM!

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MEANWHILE -- SPOCK AND KIRK HAVE DISCOVERED ANOTHER COMPUTER IN A VAST UNDER GROUND CHAMBER...

GETTING ANYTHING, SPOCK?

YES... AS YOU SURMISED CAPTAIN, THE COMPUTERS -- AND THE DEFENSE SYSTEMS -- WERE GIFTS OF TECHNOLOGY FROM AN ADVANCED ALIEN RACE...

..WHICH VISITED THIS PLANET IN ITS ANTIQUITY. THE COMPUTER, "DISGUISED" AS KHNUM WAS A GUARDIAN OF SORTS DIRECTING THE NATIVES' LIVES --

-- IN ESSENCE, THEIR GOD.

THE ATMOSPHERE HERE HAS BEEN GRADUALLY THINNING OVER THE LAST 4000 YEARS -- SO THAT IT CAN NO LONGER SCREEN OUT HARMFUL SOLAR RADIATION.

THE OFFSPRING OF THE NATIVES IN THE "SLEEP CHAMBER" DIED IN INFANCY -- BEING ESPECIALLY SENSITIVE TO THE RADIATION.

THE COMPUTER UNDERSTOOD THIS -- AND PREDICTED THE METEOROID SHOWER. ITS SOLUTION WAS TO PLACE MOST OF THE POPULACE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION...

.. WHILE AN ENVOY SEARCHED THE GALAXY FOR A HABITABLE PLANET TO WHICH THE ZETA RETICULANS COULD MIGRATE --

-- BEFORE THE METEOROIDS STRUCK!

BUT THE ENVOY NEVER RETURNED.

MAYBE IT NEVER WILL -- BUT THE COMPUTER DOESN'T KNOW THAT IT MALFUNCTIONED!

WHEN I GRASPED THE SCEPTER I UNWITTINGLY GAVE THE COMPUTER A PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL --

-- AND THE COMPUTER MISTOOK ME FOR THE REAL DESCENDANT OF MENTEPAH!

SO IT IMPLANTED IN MY MIND THE INSTRUCTIONS; IT WOULD HAVE GIVEN THE REAL CAPTAIN OF THE RETURNING SHIP -- MAKING ME THINK I WAS THE NEW KING!

ENTERPRISE TO MR SPOCK

'TIS NO USE, SIR -- WE'RE DONE FOR -- NO MATTER WHA!!

TH' SHIP'S MASS IS NOW SO DENSE, IT'S CAUSIN' OUR ONBOARD T' DECAY!

WE'RE DROPPIN'!!

TRY TO RELEASE MR SCOTT

I BELIEVE THAT WITH THESE INSTRUMENTS, I CAN ENGAGE A BEAM THAT WILL COUNTERACT THE CONDENSATION EFFECT

SPOCK -- I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING

-- IF KHNUM ALSO REGULATED THE POWERFIELD IN THE SLEEP-CHAMBER...

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HAMMM ..NOW THAT'S FUNNY

THE POWERFIELD THAT WAS SURROUNDING THIS ROOM IS *GONE* NOW

IT MUST'VE HAD A *DAMPENING* EFFECT ON THE TRICORDER BEFORE 'CAUSE *NOW* I'M GETTING *LIFE FORM READINGS!*

GOOD LORD UHURA, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?! THESE "MUMMIES"...

...*THEY'RE ALIVE!*

SO *THAT'S* WHAT THE POWERFIELD WAS FOR-- IT'S ENERGY WAS KEEPING THESE PEOPLE IN *SUSPENDED ANIMATION!*

BUT WITH THE FIELD GONE ..*THEY'RE REVIVING!*

SUDDENLY

ARISE, MY PEOPLE! OUR SLUMBER HAS BEEN DISTURBED --BY INVADERS!

THE INFIDELS MUST BE DRIVEN OUT!

DEFENSIVE POSTURE PEOPLE, WE'RE ABOUT TO BE *ATTACKED!*

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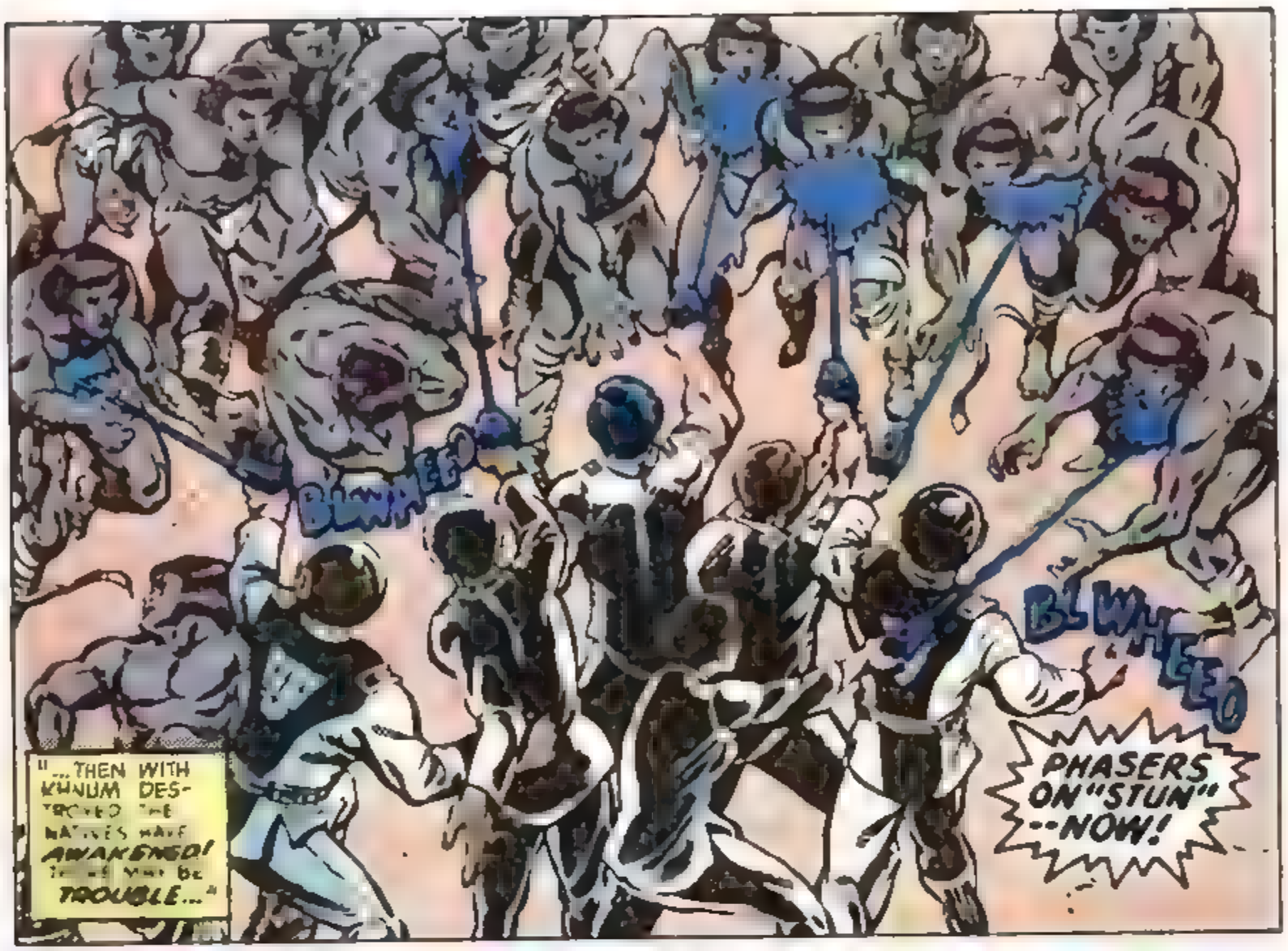

"...AND THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM
GAAAK'S
DESIST, MY SUBJECTS! RELEASE THE
LOOK--IT IS THE DECENDANT
MENTEPTAH--
WE HEAR YOU, O LORD AND MASTER. AND WE OBEY!
CONN

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STAR TREK
THE LETTERS PAGE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Marvel,

Re: STAR TREK #11. Good art. At last, good art! In other issues, Kirk looked like an old woman and movements were awkward. This is much better. Thanks.

There were two basic problems with the story. One is the high-incidence of STAR TREK standard cliches. The other is that the plot was a second-rate derivation of the poorer third season TV episodes. To wit: Monster appears, Monster disappears. Funny and inexplicable things happen. Someone (probably young and probably pretty) appears from someone's past. In the end, surprise! A nasty villain is using someone's subconscious images against them. Once this is know, the monsters and the villain can be overcome.

Come on! You can do better than that

What about a real story, with action, characterization, personality interaction, suspense, atmosphere, plot development, exotic settings, tension, drama, and some sense to it? No women from the past. No incarnate dream-images. No villainous madmen. I'd almost rather have phaser battles with Klingons.

Let me end on a more positive note. The last 4 panels of #11 were superbly done. They were true, for a change, to the themes and humor of STAR TREK. I could almost hear the music in the background.

A last thought: these people are not just paramilitary adventurers or scientists. They are explorers. They are there to discover the wonders of the galaxy and to surmount any obstacle the galaxy throws at them. "Where no man..." Remember?

Elizabeth Holden
120 Lewis St., #2
Ottawa, Ont., Canada K2P 0S7

Dear people,

STAR TREK #11 is the first decent issue. If you can keep this issue's standards, the series could go where no comic book has gone before. Everyone looked and acted like they're supposed to.

Dennis Petilli
306 Terry Rd.
Smithtown, NY 11787

Dear Starfleet stalwarts,

The artwork in STAR TREK #11 was fabulous. Joe Brozowski is the best artist on the book so far, and Tom Palmer is undoubtably the best inker for STAR TREK. The characters looked almost real this issue, and that's the way it should be. Tom Palmer's inking is solid, but it's very clear and makes the characters appear almost lifelike. The stories have been interesting, and in the true STAR TREK STYLE. Please keep Brozowski and Palmer on the book. STAR TREK is one of Marvel's great titles. Keep turning out books like #11 and you'll get no complaints from me.

Mike Facciani
459 Tiffany St.
Johnson, PA 15905

Dear Marvel,

"...Like a Woman Scorned!" was most impressive. Pasko's story was well researched and well executed with style and grace, while the artwork by Brozowski and Palmer was the best to date.

Here's an idea: now that you've had Halloween stories, how about if the Enterprise ran into the Christmas star of Bethlehem.

Hopefully, the art will get even better with future issues, and the stories will feature human emotions of love and hate instead of sensationalistic monsters.

Barry Feldman
2211 California Cove
Santa Monica, CA 90403

Dear Louise,

Thank you for Martin Pasko. He has returned the magazine to the standards I had come to expect. STAR TREK #11 has as good a story as any that has appeared to date. I find no fault with Marty's storyline and I'm glad he's here to stay for awhile.

Mary's prose is absolutely well complemented by Joe Brozowski's art. And Tom is a wonderful inker.

Peace and love
Andrew Laubacher
3858 Gaines Basin Rd.
Albion, NY 14411

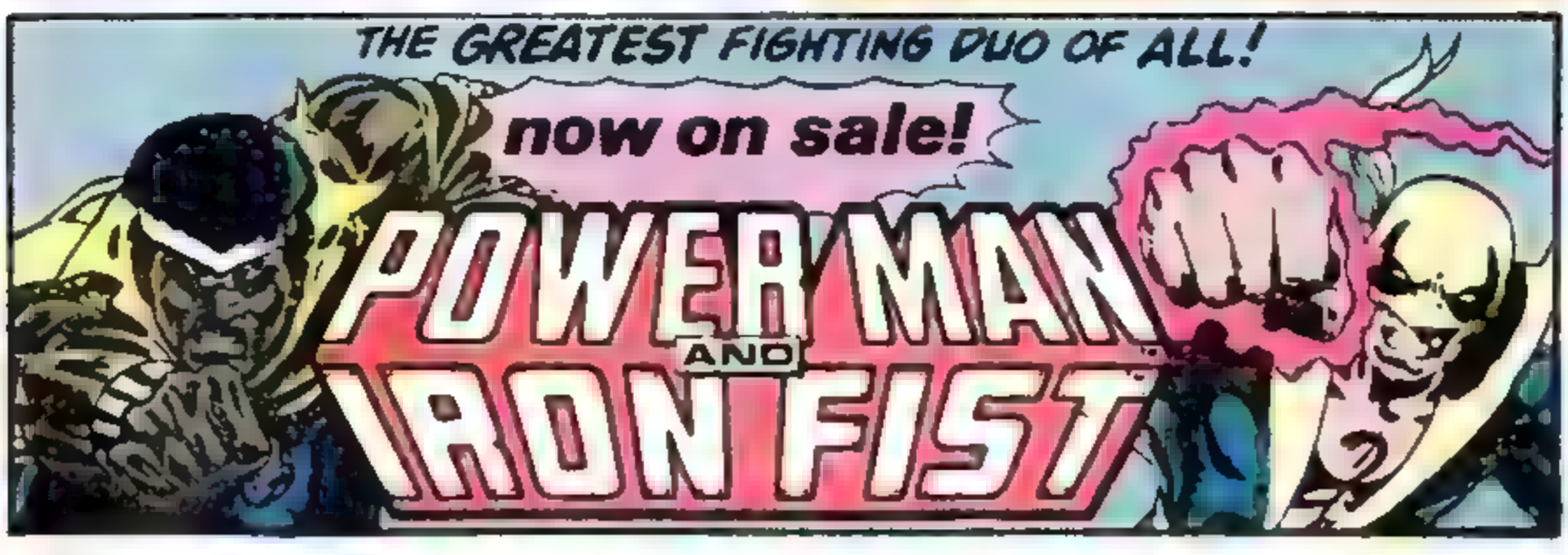
To the Commander, USS Marvel,

Even though STAR TREK #11 was a 100.938726% improvement over the other issues, I still thought it was a little limited. Why don't you try a few 2 or 3-part stories? Also, please try to keep more of the adventures on the ship. This hopping to a new star every issue is making me spacesick.

How about some issues that have more to do with character development? I know action is needed to keep the pace flowing, but I wouldn't mind a view of the crew's daily life.

IF YOU GUYS BREAK THE PRIME DIRECTIVE AGAIN, I'LL SCREAM! When I read #10, I got so mad my skin turned green. McCoy and Spock would never have broken the directive so blatantly. Not to mention the fact that magnetic dust cannot clog a shuttlecraft's engine in the first place. Let's have no more of this directive breaking. I hold it closer to my heart than the Organian Peace Treaty.

Tave Allen Mandon
Box 793
State University, AZ 72467



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ENERGIZIN' NOW, LANDING PARTY...

BU' YE'D BEST *CROUCH LOW*--WE'RE STILL NOT UP TO NORMAL *SIZE* HERE YET.

"*CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 8304.7*."

"THE *ENTERPRISE* HAS REGAINED NORMAL DIMENSIONS AND THE LANDING-PARTY HAS RETURNED TO ITS REGULAR DUTIES"

"WE ARE INTERCEPTING THE METEOROID SHOWER AND DESTROYING IT WITH PHOTON TORPEDOES..."

DAT IS THE *LAST* OF DEM, KEPTIN.

SECURE FROM RED ALERT, MR CHEKOV.

WE WILL BE RETURNING TO THE SECOND PLANET, CAPTAIN--?

YES--TO TRANSPORT THE NATIVES TO A RADIATION-FREE ENVIRONMENT...

...*AND* INSTRUCT THEM IN SELF-GOVERNMENT! WITHOUT A PHAROAH *OR* A "GOD" TO GUIDE THEM, THEY'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES!

I SHOULD LIKE TO STUDY THOSE ALIEN MECHANISMS AGAIN. IMAGINE...

...A TECHNOLOGY CAPABLE OF CONDENSING MASS! IT IS QUITE BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION.

REALLY? YET YOU FIGURED OUT HOW TO CONTROL ONE OF THEIR COMPUTERS!

HOW? LET'S SEE... THE POWER CAME FROM A "GOD"...

HMM... MAYBE SOMEHOW *YOU'RE RELATED* TO ONE OF THEIR GODS, SPOCK--LIKE SAY, *ANUBIS* HERE.

ANUBIS WAS HALF-*JACKAL*, DOCTOR... NOT HALF-*VULCAN*.

MAYBE SO--BUT LOOK AT THOSE *EARS*--! SURELY THERE MUST BE *SOME* RELATION--?

I TRUST YOU GENTLEMEN WILL UNDERSTAND...

...IF I FAIL TO SHARE YOUR AMUSEMENT

AHEAD WARP FACTOR 8, MR SULU...

END

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STAR TREK®

THAT--THAT *CAN'T* BE... CAPTAIN KIRK?

OH, BUT IT *IS*, DOCTOR!

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A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

Stan Lee presents

STAR TREK

CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 8822.5 . WE ARE PROCEEDING FROM STARBASE 9 WITH A MINIMAL CREW - COMPLEMENT OF 200...

ALL OF WHOM HAVE BEEN GRANTED CLASS "A" SECURITY-CLEARANCES FOR OUR TOP-SECRET--HIGHLY DANGEROUS--MISSION!

"CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER McCOY AND FIRST OFFICER SPOCK HAVE BEEN SUMMONED TO MY QUARTERS FOR AN INITIAL BRIEFING ON OUR DESTINATION. HOWEVER..."

YEOMAN--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHERE'S JIM? AND WHO'S THIS ALIEN?!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BONES? DON'T YOU RE-COGNIZE YOUR OWN CAPTAIN?

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Marty PASKO / WRITER | Gil KANE / ARTIST | John MORELLI / LETTERER | Carl GAFFORD / COLORIST | Al MILGROM / EDITOR | Jim SHOOTER / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STAR TREK Vol. 1 No. 15, August, 1981 Published by MARVEL COMICS [illegible] Jon Milton Schuffman Vice-President Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 575 MADISON AVE [illegible] New York N.Y. and at additional offices Published bi-monthly Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation Registered [illegible] United States Patent and Trademark Office [illegible] Copyright © 1981 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries [illegible] pursuant to an exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation the trademark owner The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4 13, 15, 16, 17 18 20 29 31 32 covers 2 3 & 4 [illegible] 1981 by Marvel [illegible] Group. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada Subscription rate $6.00 for 12 issues Canada $7.00 Foreign $8.00 Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names characters persons and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed nor in a mutilated condition Comics is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Postmaster: Send address [illegible] to Subscription Dept. Marvel Comics Group 575 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

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WE ARE ABOUT TO ENTER MIAPLACIDAN SPACE UNDER COVER OF AN EXPERIMENTAL **CLOAKING DEVICE** INSTALLED ON STARBASE 9

SCOTT TO ENGINEERIN'...

IT WILL ENABLE US TO ESCAPE DETECTION BY MIAPLACIDAN **PATROL-VESSELS**, MR. SCOTT--?

ENGINEER'ING. CLEARY HERE

ACTIVATE THE CLOAKIN' DEVICE, MR CLEARY-- **NOW.**

"AN INVISIBILITY SCREEN WHICH RENDERS THE STARSHIP UNDETECTABLE BY VISUAL, SCANNING OR SENSORS --OH

CLOAKING DEVICE **ENGAGED**, COMMANDER

OUR MISSION IS IN THIS PHASE, BECAUSE OF THE **HIGH RISK** FACTORS INVOLVED.

ACKNOWLEGDED-- SCOTT OUT.

STARFLEET COMMAND HAS ORDERED THAT YOU BE BRIEFED **ONLY** ON **PHASE ONE** AT THIS TIME... UNDERSTOOD?

OUR **ULTIMATE** DESTINATION IS **MIAPLACIDUS II** --THE **PRISON PLANET** JOINTLY RUN BY THE INHABITED WORLDS OF THE MIAPLACIDAN ALLIANCE

ONLY ONE OF THEM-- MIAPLACIDUS **II** STILL EMPLOYS **CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.** THEIR PEOPLE RUN **THIS** FACILITY--

THE EXECUTION COMPLEX!

IT'S AN ENTIRE **FORTRESS** DEVOTED TO WHAT EARTH IN THE 20th CENTURY CALLED A **DEATH ROW.** EVERY PRISONER THERE AWAITS EXECUTION--

-- WHICH THE MIAPLACIDANS CARRY OUT IN A HORRIBLY **VIOLENT** AND **SADISTIC** FASHION

PHASE ONE OF OUR MISSION IS TO PLACE A [illegible]-PERSON **STRIKE FORCE** IN THE EXECUTION COMPLEX

YOU'LL BE BRIEFED ON THE **SECOND** PHASE AT A LATER TIME...

IF THE STRIKE FORCE **SURVIVES** THE **FIRST!**

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JIM?... WELL I'LL BE--! THAT REALLY *IS* YOU, ISN'T IT?

FASCINATING

WHY THE *DISGUISE*?

I'VE SCHEDULED A BRIEFING FOR ALL THE DEPARTMENT HEADS--AT 1300 HOURS

I'LL FILL YOU IN ON EVERYTHING *THEN*. BUT I WANTED *YOU* TO SEE ME LIKE THIS *FIRST*--AS A *TEST*.

AH *I* GET IT--IF THE DISGUISE COULD FOOL *OUR* KEEN, ANALYTICAL EYES...

THEN IT MUST BE *EFFECTIVE*. AND IT *IS*.

YEOMAN--HAVE THE QUARTERMASTER PREPARE *SIMILAR* UNIFORMS AND *PLASTISKIN FACIAL DISGUISES*..

FOR DR McCOY MR SPOCK AND LT COMMANDER UHURA.

AYE-AYE SIR.

YOU MEAN... YOU'RE GONNA PUT *US* IN GET-UPS LIKE THAT? *WHY?*

I SUSPECT ALL WILL BE MADE CLEAR IN DUE TIME, DOCTOR.

CAPTAIN. IF I MAY IN-QU RE--? THAT *COSTUME*.

I BELIEVE I RECOGNIZE IT FROM MY LIBRARY TAPE STUDIES AS THE UNIFORM OF *PRISON GUARDS* ON THE PLANET *MARIACIOUS 7*

THE *PRISON PLANET*?

THAT'S *RIGHT*, BONES. AND RIGHT NOW, WE'RE ONLY ONE SOLAR DAY AWAY FROM ENTERING THE *MARIACIBAN SYSTEM*.

BUT THAT ENTIRE TERRITORY IS *OFF LIMITS* TO THE FEDERATION! IF WE VENTURE INTO TH ER SPACE--WE'RE *VIOLATING A TREATY*!

NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND *WHY* THE NATURE OF OUR ASSIGNMENT IS *HIGHLY CLASSIFIED*.

2

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AT THIS VERY MOMENT, WE ARE *INTERCEPTING* AN *AUTOMATED SHUTTLECRAFT*. NOW EN ROUTE FROM MIAPLACIDUS II.

IT IS TRANSPORTING *FOUR NEW GUARDS* TO THE EXECUTION COMPLEX.

WE ARE ABOUT TO *REPROGRAM* HER AND SEND HER *BACK* TO MIAPLACIDUS II.

- THE STARFLEET *DISGUISED* AS THE *GUARDS* WILL BE PACKED TO THE PRISON PLANET -

- IN A FULLY-OPERATIONAL *EXACT REPLICA* OF THE AUTOMATED SHIP...

WHICH *SCOTTY'S* MEN ARE NOW *CONSTRUCTING* IN OUR SHUTTLECRAFT DOCKING BAY

BRIDGE TO KEPTIN KIRK! VE HAVE LOCKED ONTO THE MIAPLACIDAN SHUTTLECRAFT 'VIT' OUR *TRACTOR BEAM*--HOLDING HER AT 50,000 KEELOMETERS.

SPOCK... SULU... COME WITH ME

MR CHEKOV --HAVE A SECURITY TEAM MEET ME IN TRANSPORTER ROOM FOUR.

AYE OUT

I STILL DI'NNA' *UNDERSTAND*, CAP'N, WHY CANNA' WE JUST *COMMANDEER* THEIR BLOOMIN' SHIP!

AND TOSS THE *REAL* GUARDS INTA TH' *BRIG*!

THE MIAPLACIDANS ARE NOT ONLY *XENOPHOBIC*, SHUNNING ALL CONTACT WITH OUTWORLDERS-- BUT FIERCELY *PROUD* AS WELL.

THAT'S WHY *SPOCK* WILL *IMPERSONATE* THE *GUARDS*, *TOO*--WITH VULCAN TELEPATHIC TECHNIQUES.

THEY WOULD RATHER COMMIT *SUICIDE* THAN ALLOW AN OUTSIDER TO TOUCH THEIR SACRED.

BUT WHA' HAPPENS WHEN TH' *REAL* AUTOMATED SHIP RETURNS TO MIAPLACIDUS II AN' TH' GOVERNOR THERE SEES SUMP'IN'S GONE *WRONG*?

BY *THEN*, WE'LL HAVE COMPLETED THE MISSION--

--OR WE'LL BE *DEAD*!

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«NO RESPONSE -- ARE THEY TERMINATED?»

DEFINITELY

NOT!

PERMIT ME TO ASSIST YOU MR SULU

I BELIEVE THIS IS THE LAST MIAPLACIDAN TO BE DEALT WITH.

COMMANDER SULU, NOTIFY THE ENTERPRISE THAT WE HAVE COMPLETED OUR WORK.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG.-88535 PHASE ONE OF OUR OPERATION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED THE AUTOMATED SHUTTLECRAFT IS NOW EN ROUTE BACK TO MIAPLACIDUS II..."

MEANWHILE, I SHALL BEGIN THE MIND-TOUCH.

- AND YOU FIXED IT SO THE GUARDS HAVE NO MEMORY OF THEIR ORIGINAL ORDERS...

AND THEY'RE HEADED BACK HOME AS IF NOTHING UNUSUAL HAD EVER HAPPENED?

PRECISELY, DOCTOR

SCOTTY-- STATUS REPORT?

6

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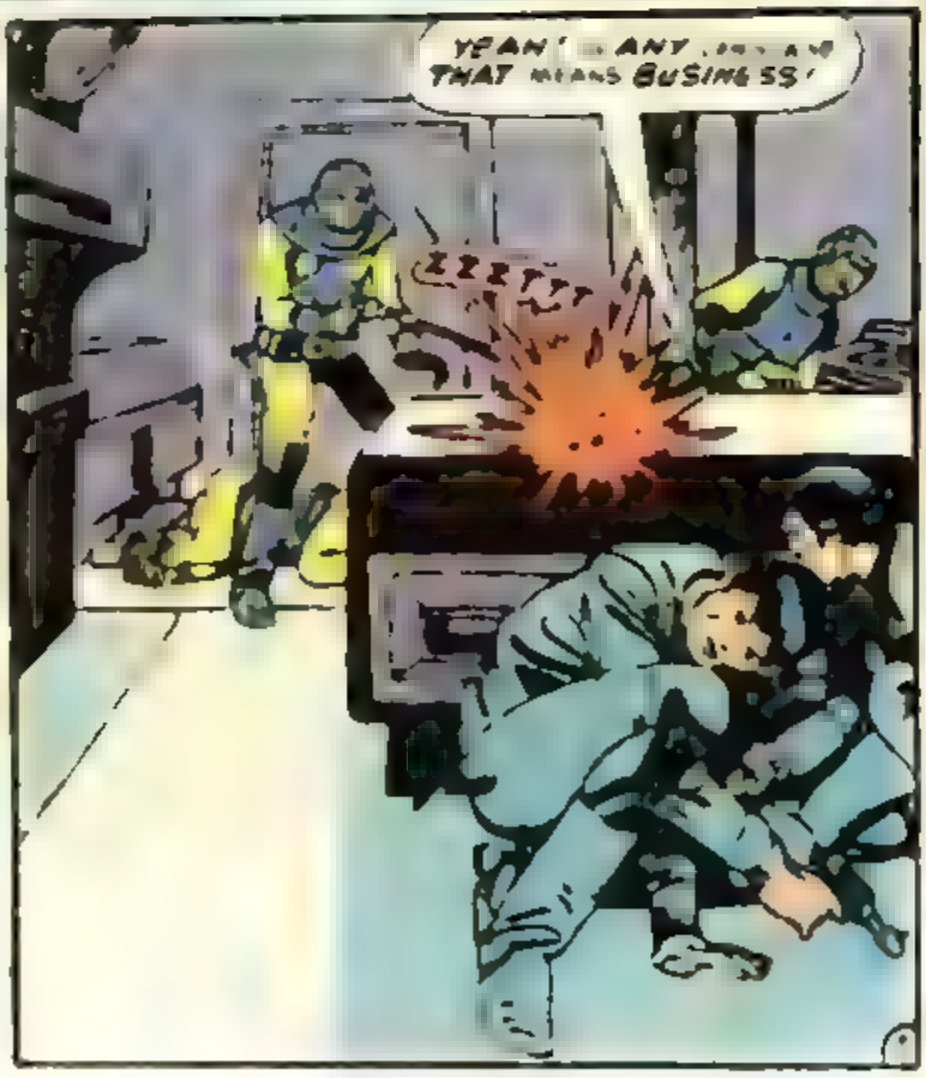

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BUT IF HE IS **STILL ALIVE**, IT IS POSSIBLE HE REACHED MIAPLACIDUS V --

--SINCE WE HAVE DETECTED **NO TRACE** OF THE STOLEN CRAFT SINCE WE ENTERED THIS SYSTEM

EXACTLY-- AND CONSIDERING THE MIAPLACIDAN **HOSTILITY** TO OUTWORLDERS...

A MAJOR **INTERSTELLAR INCIDENT** COULD RESULT IF ANY MIAPLACIDAN **DISCOVERS** HIM!

SO.. **SPOCK**, DR. **McCOY**, **UHURA** AND **I** WILL COMPRISE THE **STRIKE FORCE** THAT WILL POSE AS THE PRISON GUARDS

WE'LL ATTEMPT TO **LOCATE TAK** ON MIAPLACIDUS V

UNDER **NO CIRCUMSTANCES** ARE WE TO ALLOW OUR "COVER" TO BE LIFTED! THE FEDERATION IS TO BE KEPT **OUT** OF THIS!

EVEN IF IT **COSTS** OUR **LIVES**!

AFTER THE STRIKE FORCE'S DEPARTURE, THE **ENTERPRISE** WILL ACHIEVE STANDARD ORBIT OVER MIAPLACIDUS V

AYE CAPN'--BUT MAINTAININ' THE CLOAKIN' DEVICE WHILE IN ORBIT WILL PUT A BI'D' **STRAIN** ON TH' **IMPULSE ENGINES**.

WE CAN KEEP IT UP FOR **SIX HOURS**--**MAXIMUM**.

AFTER **THAT**'--WE EITHER BECOME **INVISIBLE** AGAIN, OR OUR ORBIT WILL START TO **DECAY**.

WHICH MEANS WE'LL HAVE **FIVE AND A HALF HOURS** TO FIND THE BOY.

NO COMMUNI-CATION BETWEEN **ENTERPRISE** AND STRIKE-FORCE IS POSSIBLE--IT COULD BE **INTER-CEPTED**!

MR. SCOTT **WILL** THEREFORE KEEP A **SENSOR-LOCK** ON US AT ALL TIMES ... AND WHEN OUR TIME IS **UP**-- WE'LL BE **BEAMED ABOARD**...

.. **WITH OR WITH-OUT TAK**.

ALONG WITH THESE UNIFORMS, WE'LL EACH BE EQUIPPED WITH **PHASERS** AND **TRI-CORDERS**--**DISGUISED** AS STANDARD EQUIPTMENT FOR MIAPLACIDAN GUARDS.

STRIKE-FORCE WILL CONVENE IN THE SHUTTLECRAFT DOCK-ING BAY AT 1600 HOURS.

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THE REPLICA-SHUTTLECRAFT WILL BE READY TO LAUNCH AT 1600 HOURS, SIR.

VERY WELL, MR SCOTT. CARRY ON.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG - SUPPLEMENTAL I HAVE CONVENED A BRIEFING ON PHASE TWO OF OUR MISSION."

THIS IS [redacted], COMMANDING OFFICER ON STARBASE 9, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.

THE WOMAN-- AN ANTOSIAN?

FROM ANTOS IV? AREN'T THEY THE ONES WHO'VE MASTERED MOLECULAR METAMORPHOSIS -- AND CAN TAKE ANY FORM THEY WISH?

THAT IS QUITE CORRECT, MR. SULU. HOWEVER, IT IS ALSO IRRELEVANT.

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, SPOCK.

MARKESSAN'S SON, TAK-- NOW 18 -- WAS INVOLVED IN SOME SORT OF TRAGEDY ON STARBASE 9. WHAT, I DON'T KNOW

"OUR ORDERS FROM STARFLEET AREN'T SPECIFIC. WE ONLY KNOW THAT THREE SOLAR DAYS AGO, TAK FLED THE BASE IN A SINGLE-OCCUPANCY SHIP--

"--THEN SOMEHOW DISAPPEARED FROM SPACE!"

COMPUTATIONS BASED ON STARBASE 9'S LAST SENSOR-READINGS OF THE VESSEL INDICATE ITS DESTINATION IS MIAPLACIDUS V AND THE EXECUTION COMPLEX!

..FOR REASONS AS YET UNKNOWN.

BUT JIM-- HOW COULD ANY SMALL CRAFT JUST VANISH LIKE THAT?!

AND WHAT MAKES STARFLEET THINK TAK COULD'VE ENTERED MIAPLACIDAN SPACE WITHOUT BEING INTERCEPTED AND DESTROYED BY THEIR PATROL-VESSELS?

THE KID'S GOT TO BE DEAD BY NOW!

IF HE IS BONES, WE'LL FIND THAT OUT SOON ENOUGH.

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SILENTLY, THE FOUR IMPOSTERS ARE LED THROUGH A **FORCEFIELD** TO THE WEST GATE OF THE COMPLEX-- WHERE THEY ARE USHERED INTO A LARGE, EXTRAVAGANT **OFFICE**...

SUPERVISOR WOMAN-- THE RELIEF GUARD DETAIL HAS **ARRIVED**.

THEIR **ORDERS**, SIR

YES YES, OF COURSE. I'LL EXAMINE THEM **LATER**, KOHLL.

RIGHT **NOW**, I'M WATCHING THEM **TERMINATE** NUMBER 472 .. AND A **LOVELY** JOB THEY'RE DOING OF IT, **TOO**--

-- HIS **ARMS** AND **LEGS** ARE COMING OFF LIKE OFF AN ARGAN SUR-SNAKE

HERE-- TALE A **LOOK**!

OH MY G

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY PRETTY-- HAVEN'T THE **STOMACH** FOR IT? LIKE **KOHLL**, YOU **TOO** SEEM **ILL-SUITED** TO THE WORK WE DO HERE.

NO MATTER! YOU'LL GET **USED** TO IT, AND WE MIGHT AS WELL START **NOW**.

PRESENTLY, OUTSIDE..

THE **GEOLOGY** OF MIAPLACIDUS V IS **NATURALLY** .. "**CONDUCIVE**" TO EXECUTIONS.

FOR EXAMPLE DOWN THERE TO YOUR RIGHT WE ARE CONDUCTING WHAT WE CALL A "**FIRE-PIT RUN**"

WE'VE BUILT THIS CORRIDOR AROUND A NATURALLY OCCURRING POOL OF **LAVA**.

THE **EXECUTIONERS** USE THE **TORMENTORS** .. WHICH ADMINISTER AN INTENSELY UNPLEASANT **NEURAL SHOCK**-- TO PROD THE CONDEMNED MAN TOWARD THE "FIRE-PIT".

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CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 88933 - THE STRIKE FORCE IS NOW EN ROUTE TO MIAPLACIDUS IV.

WE WILL ENTER THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE IN EXACTLY 4.6 MINUTES, CAPTAIN

ACKNOWLEDGED MR SPOCK

YOU WERE ABLE TO ASSIMILATE THE DATA WE NEED FROM THE RECORD-TAPES WE FOUND IN THE REAL SHUTTLECRAFT?

INDEED CAPTAIN I AM NOW FLUENT IN THE MIAPLACIDAN LANGUAGE AND QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THEIR CUSTOMS.

WELL IF YOUR GOING TO GIVE US THAT INFORMATION THROUGH VULCAN MIND-FUSION...

...I SUGGEST YOU GET ON WITH IT, WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.

AND WITHIN THE HOUR

I AM KOHLL DEPUTY SUPERVISER OF THIS COMPLEX. ALL WELCOME TO YOU, BRETHREN

ALL HAIL TO YOU, DEPUTY KOHLL. WE ARE RELIEF GUARD-DETAIL 29, REPORTING AS ORDERED.

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THERE--YOU SEE? AND THE GREAT **ADVANTAGE**, OF COURSE, IS THAT THERE'S NO TIRESOME **BURIAL DETAIL** TO ASSIGN.

A MODEL OF **EFFICIENCY**, NO?

YOOO

SOME TIME LATER THE EXPEDITION LEADER

THE SHAPER

YES.. BUT SHE'S DEAD AND BURNED TO DEATH

APPARENTLY BY AN EXTREMELY ACIDIC SUBSTANCE.

AND WONDER THEY PICKED THIS PLANET TO BUILD THEIR DEATH HOUSE ON.

SPOCK, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF—

SPOCK!

NOW WHAT THE—

YAARRGG

NOT GOOD BONES I'VE GOT A MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM

YAARRGG

WHAT IN—?

A MARTIAN DESERT-DEVIL!

IT'S SALIVARY GLANDS SECRETE A HIGHLY CORROSIVE ACID! STAY OUT OF THE PATH OF THAT EXPECTORANT!

IT MUST'VE HIT THAT PRISONER.

PHASERS ON STUN! IT'S GOING TO ATTACK!

SSSSS...

ZZZTTT!

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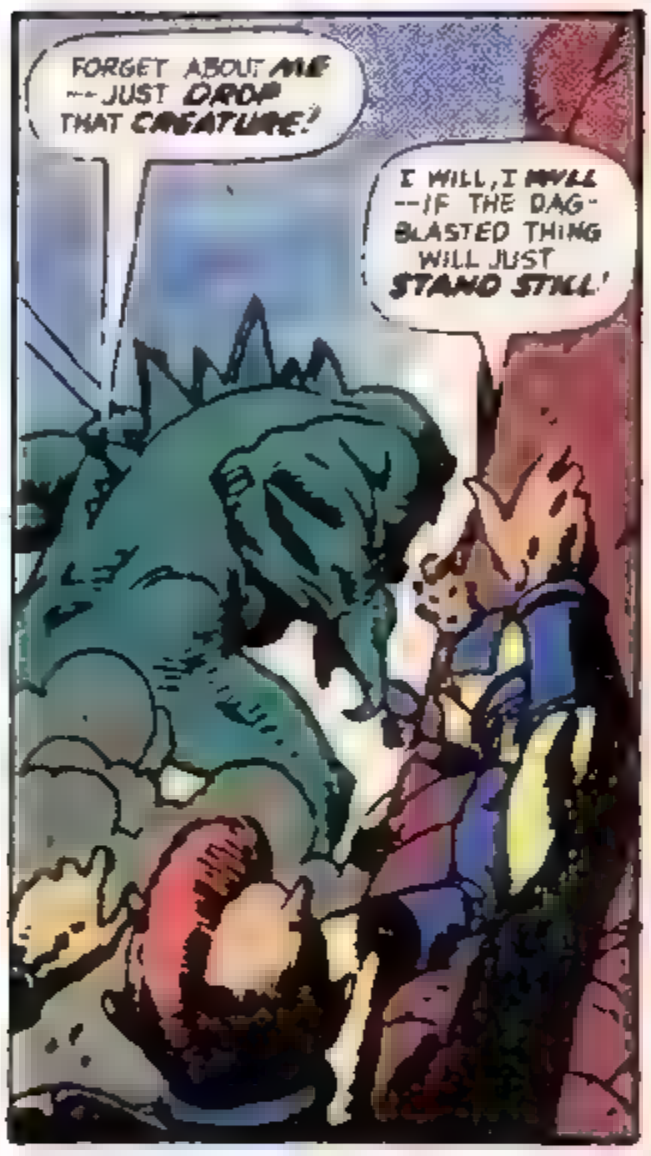
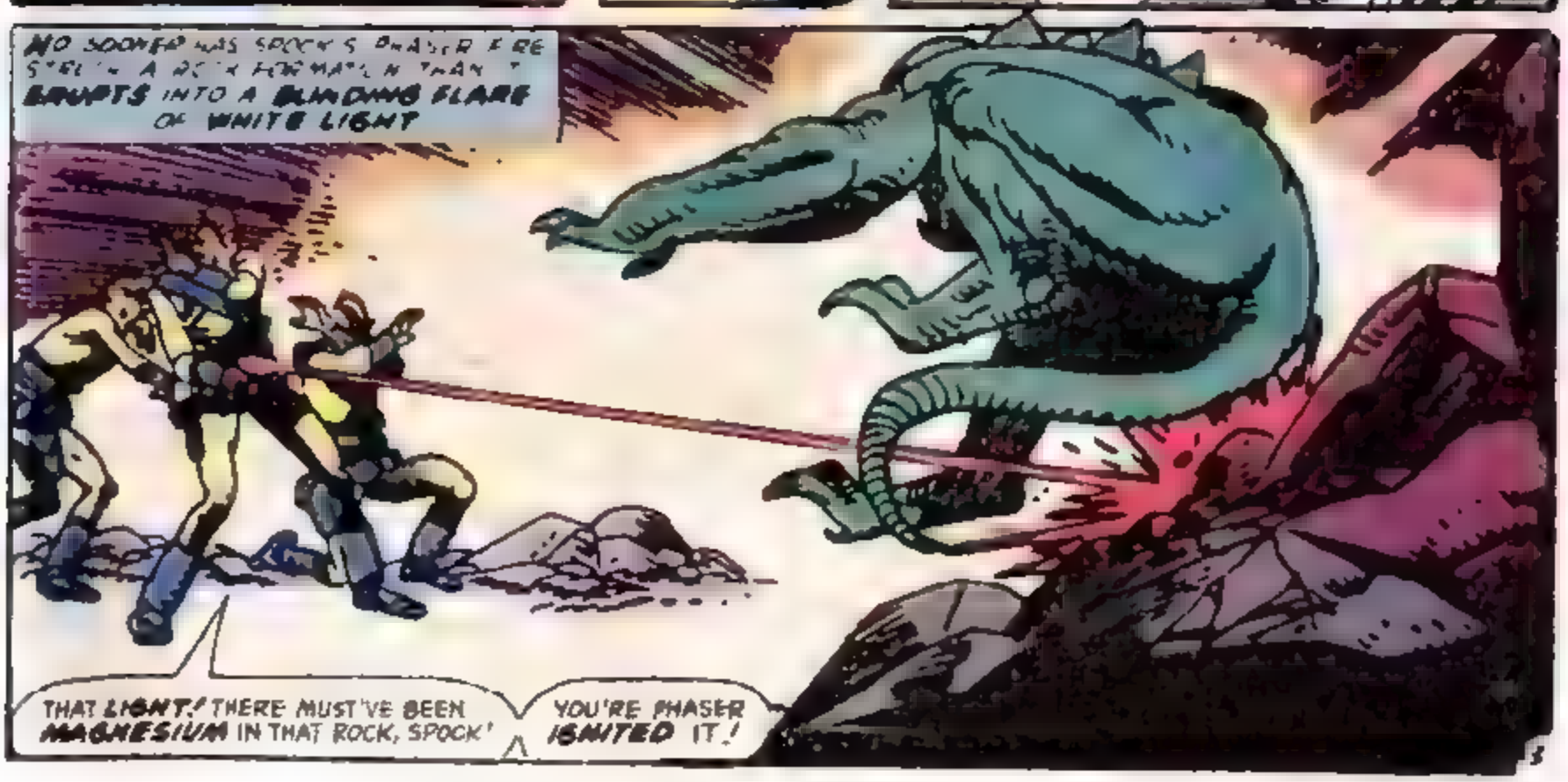


PERHAPS I MAY BE OF ASSISTANCE, DOCTOR?
ABOUT TIME YOU MADE YOURSELF USEFUL, SPOCK!
BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO DO IT! YOU MISSED!
INDEED


NO SOONER WAS SPOCK'S PHASER FIRE STEEL-A ROCK FORMATION THAN IT ERUPTS INTO A BLINDING FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT
THAT LIGHT! THERE MUST'VE BEEN MAGNESIUM IN THAT ROCK, SPOCK!
YOU'RE PHASER IGNITED IT!

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I'VE BEEN BLINDED -- CAN'T **SHOOT!** SPOCK, **DO** SOMETHING -- **QUICK!**

WOULD THAT I **COULD**, DOCTOR. ALAS, I AM SIMILARLY AFFECTED!

JUST THEN -- WITH ONE LAST MIGHTY **TUG**, KIRK **FREES** HIMSELF FROM THE ROCKY RUBBLE WHICH HAD **TRAPPED** HIM...

...AND -- WITHOUT A SECOND TO **SPARE**...

BLWEEEOO

MOMENTARILY -- WHEN THE DUST HAS SETTLED.. AND McCOY'S AND SPOCK'S **VISION** HAS **CLEARED**...

OKAY, MISTER -- **WHO ARE YOU?!**

YOU'RE **NOT SPOCK** -- SPOCK WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN BLINDED BY THAT FLARE!

DUE TO THE HARSH VULCAN **SUN**, VULCANS HAVE EVOLVED A PROTECTIVE **NICTITATING MEMBRANE** OVER THEIR PUPILS --

--AN **INNER EYELID** THAT ACTS AS A **SCREEN** TO PREVENT RETINAL BURNS

AND **ANOTHER** THING -- THAT *FLARE*

--IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A PHASER SET ON "**DISRUPT**" OR "**DEMATERIALIZE**" -- BUT **JIM** ORDERED US TO **STUN** THE BEAST!

SPOCK WOULD NEVER DISOBEY A **DIRECT ORDER**! SO **WHO ARE YOU?!**

SORRY, DOC...

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"THE CARGO TRANSPORT I WAS DRIVING RAN OFF THE ROAD AND INTO AN IRRIGATION-CANAL

"I SURVIVED. BUT I LOVED DROWNED

A SPECIAL INQUEST ABSOLVED ME OF ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR HER DEATH

YOU STILL BLAME YOURSELF--?

YES YES! AND WHY NOT I AM TO BLAME

BUT I COULDN TELL THEM-- IT WOULD KILL MY FATHER!

I MEAN - I'M A HERO'S SON-- RIGHT? A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK-- AIN'T I?

WELL I GOT A HOT FLASH FOR YOU

THAT NIGHT WE WERE COMING HOME FROM A PARTY--WHERE I'D BEEN DOING A LITTLE CORDRAZINE FOR LAUGHS! GET IT?

WHEN I RAN THAT TRANSPORT INTO THE TRENCH

I WAS STONED!!

I KILLED THE ONLY PERSON IN MY LIFE WHO EVER WANTED TO LOVE ME -- OR LET ME LOVE HER BACK

HOW CAN I LIVE WITH MYSELF NOW? HOW CAN I LET MYSELF LIVE AT ALL?!?

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED PARTY CAN REACT.

HE-- HE'S GONE! BUT HOW?

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF JIM HE'S A TRANSMUTE.. HE CAN MAKE HIMSELF LOOK LIKE ANYTHING -- INCLUDING EMPTY AIR!

CAN YOU GET A TRICORDER READING, BONES?

N'A MINUTE

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

HOWLL!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? YOU ARE NOT MIA-PLACIDANS!

ANSWER ME!

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YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MISTER -- YOU DON'T HAVE A **CHOICE!**

...I CAN'T SAY -- **HUH?!**

NO, YOU CERTAINLY **AREN'T** SPOCK ..

... BUT I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO YOU **ARE**--

--NAMELY **TAK MARKESSAN**... THE COMMODORE'S **SON**.!

I **SUSPECTED** YOU MIGHT BE A **TRANSMUTE*** LIKE YOUR **MOTHER!**

SO WHAT IF I **AM**? IS IT **MY** FAULT I'M **HALF ANTO-SIAN**?!

*ANY BEING WHO CAN ALTER IT'S SHAPE AND/OR APPEARANCE - ed.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY FIRST OFFICER?

WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY FROM HOME, SON?

HE'S NOT HURT -- I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM JUST LET-- ME CATCH MY-- **BREATH.**

THERE WAS A **GIRL**-- **LORINA**, HER NAME WAS. SHE... SHE WAS **BEAUTIFUL**. WE TALKED ABOUT GETTING **MARRIED** SOME DAY.

ONE NIGHT, BACK ON BASE 9, THERE WAS AN **ACCIDENT**...

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JIM, WE **STILL** DON'T HAVE ANY CLEAR IDEA WHY TAK IS **HERE**--OR WHERE HE'S **GONE**..

IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME, CAPTAIN, I HAVE A **THEORY** ON THE MATTER I SHOULD LIKE TO EXPLAIN.

MEANWHILE--IN SUPERVISOR VIERMANN'S OFFICE..

SO, **5/2**, YOU CAME BACK! YOU THOUGHT NOTHING **HERE** COULD BE **WORSE** THAN THE WILDERNESS?

YOU WERE **WRONG!**

"TAKE HER TO **EXECUTION PLATFORM 32**. I'LL BE ALONG **SHORTLY**..."

MOVE, WOMAN...THERE'S NO SENSE DRAGGING YOUR FEET --!

THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN ESCAPE "SAMPLING" THE DELIGHTS OF THE **AGONY CHAIR!**

TAK **HAS** USED HIS **TRANSMUTATION POWERS** TO **DISGUISE** HIMSELF AS THE **DEAD FEMALE PRISONER!**

TO..TO **DELIBERATELY** GET HIMSELF **KILLED**?!?

PRECISELY, DOCTOR. BY **SACRIFICING HIMSELF**, HE SEEKS TO **ATONE** FOR THE DEATH OF THE GIRL, LORINA.

WELL, JIM? YOU GONNA LET HIM **DIE**-- JUST TO **PROTECT** OUR BLASTED **"COVER"**?!

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN **THAT, BONES!**

BLWEEOOO

PHASERS ON "STUN", SPOCK...

...**FIRE!**

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THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET ANYTHING OUT OF US IS THROUGH AN AUTOPSY!

A RATHER EXTREME METHOD OF INTERROGATION WOULDN'T YOU SAY CAPTAIN?

SPOCK--THE REAL ONE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

UNQUESTIONABLY. I HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF TAK EAVESDROPPING ON US

...AND WHEN I PURSUED HIM, HE USED HIS ODD POWERS TO DECEIVE ME...

AND SEE ME NOT THAT BIT--DUG BY THE MAPLA GANG TO TRAP THE DESERT-DEVILS!

IT TOOK QUITE SOME TIME TO CLIMB OUT!

GOOD. THEN WE'LL DROP KOHLL IN THERE THAT OUGHT TO SLOW HIM DOWN, TOO.

CAPTAIN LOOK THE PHASER THAT TAK STOLE FROM SOMEWHERE--

WHEN HE POSED AS SPOCK, IT RESEMBLED A MAPLACIDAN WEAPON, JUST AS SPOCK'S DID.

BUT WHEN HE RESUMED HIS TRUE FORM, THE PHASER CHANGED BACK TOO!

I'VE HEARD THAT ANTOSIANS CAN EXTEND THEIR SHAPE-CHANGING POWER TO THE INANIMATE OBJECTS THEY TOUCH AS WELL.

THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HOW STARFLEET LOST TRACK OF TAK... HE PROBABLY ALTERED THE FORM OF THE SHIP HE STOLE

COME ON--WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE COMPLEX!

BUT CAPTAIN--WOULD DISGUISE!

I'M AWARE OF IT, COMMANDER BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I HADN'T ANTICIPATED THAT DESERT DEVIL!

WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN REGARDLESS!

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IN FRUSTRATION AND RAGE, VIERMANN RAISES HIS WEAPON ..

IDIOTS! MUST I DO EVERYTHING MYSELF?

HOWEVER -- SUDDENLY...

STOP THIS BATTLE AT ONCE!

HOWLL!

VIERMANN IS DEAD. NOW I AM SUPERVISOR HERE.

AND I SUPPOSE YOU WANT THE PLEASURE OF KILLING US YOURSELF?

NO... I AM NOT LIKE THE OTHERS.

I DO NOT CONSIDER MERCY STRICTLY THE PROVIDENCE OF FOOLS. NOR DOES IT SEEM, DO YOU.

YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME BACK WHEN WE CONFRONTED EACH OTHER IN THE WILDERNESS.

YOU DID NOT.

I SHALL RETURN THAT MERCY IN KIND.

I NEVER WANTED MY POSITION HERE. I WAS A GOVERNMENT WORKER ON MIAPLAC DUS II AND WAS ASSIGNED HERE AS AN ACT OF POLITICAL REVENGE.

THE SAVAGERY THAT IS PERPETUATED HERE DISGUSTS ME! I SURVIVED BY AVERTING MY EYES.

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AND, IN SECONDS...

YOU! THE PEOPLE FROM--

QUIET! NEVER MIND WHERE WE'RE FROM!

AHH-- BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

VIERMANN!

WHAT NO "MY SUPERVISOR"? I KNEW THAT YOU FOUR WEREN'T WHAT YOU APPEARED TO BE.

NOW DROP YOUR WEAPONS, OR THIS WITCH DIES.

DO AS HE SAYS.

AT LEAST YOU'RE INTELLIGENT, OUTWORLDER BUT I WONDER WHY YOU'D WANT TO SAVE ONE OF THE DOGS WE EXTERMINATE HERE.

SNAP

I THINK I'LL HAVE THAT INFORMATION BEATEN OUT OF YOU

THE SNAP OF THE GROTESQUE WARDEN'S FINGERS IS A COMMAND -- ONE THAT IS HASTILY OBEYED --

BATTLE STANCE, PEOPLE!

KLUD!

YAAAHH

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NEVER WATCHING TOO CLOSELY AS THE DEATHS CONTINUED ALL AROUND ME!

BUT WHEN I PURSUED YOU INTO THE WILD, I CAME UPON THE BODY OF THAT FEMALE PRISONER...

THAT BEAUTIFUL WOMAN--SO HORRIBLY DESTROYED!

AND FOR WHAT? DO YOU KNOW WHAT HER HEINOUS CRIME WAS?!

SHE WAS ROYALTY ON OUR HOMEWORLD--AND SHE'D HAD THE BAD FORTUNE TO LOVE A COMMONER!

AND BECAUSE OF THAT, SHE DIED IN UNSPEAKABLE TORMENT.

BUT AS LONG AS I CAN SURVIVE HERE--AND MAINTAIN CONTROL OF THIS COMPLEX...

..THE ONES LIKE HER WILL NOT DIE --I SWEAR IT!

THEN BE A FORCE FOR CHANGE, KOHLL.

HELP EVEN THE ONES HERE FOR REAL CRIMES--EVEN THE MURDERERS

IF YOU BELIEVE IN YOUR HEART THAT KILLING IS WRONG--THEN IT'S WRONG FOR EVERYONE.. EVEN THE STATE.

AND WHAT'S MORE..

...IT'S A WRONG COMPOUNDING A WRONG! AND WHAT PURPOSE DOES THAT SERVE--

--EXCEPT TO SATISFY SOME SOCIETY'S PRIMITIVE LUST FOR VENGEANCE!

YES...YOU SPEAK WISDOM. IT IS WORTH CONSIDERING.. BUT YOU ARE OUTWORLDERS--

--AND MUST BE PUNISHED FOR BEING HERE I WISH I COULD HELP YOU...BUT IT'S THE LAW OF MY PEOPLE--EH?

WHAT IS THIS--? THE ALIENS VANISHING?!

GUARDS!

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AND, SECONDS LATER -- ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM FOUR

I BEAMED YE BACK AFTER FIVE AND A HALF HOURS JUS' LIKE I'E SAID, SIR

BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS A LAD YE WERE TO BRING BACK?

HE'LL AH BE ARRIVING ANY SECOND NOW SIR?

?!?

KIRK TO BRIDGE! GET US OUT OF HERE, MR. S... WARP FACTOR 12!

AYE-AYE, SIR.

CAPTAIN'S LOG -- STAR-DATE 8263.3: WE HAVE ESCAPED THE MIAPLACI-DAN SYSTEM WITHOUT BEING DETECTED ARE NOW ON COURSE FOR STARBASE WITH TAK MARKESSAN AS OUR GUEST!

--A RELUCTANT GUEST, JIM. IN FACT, HE FEELS EVEN WORSE THAN BEFORE.

Y'SEE, HE HELPED THAT LADY PRISON-ER ESCAPE - SO HE COULD TAKE HER PLACE!

BUT HE NEVER EXPECTED HER TO BE KILLED BY THAT CREATURE!

...WITH THE RIGHT THERAPY HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T HE?

MAYBE ...MAYBE NOT.

FORTUNATELY, ANTOSIANS HAVE STRONG SCRUPLES AGAINST SUICIDE -- WHICH IS WHY HE WENT THROUGH SO MUCH TROU-BLE TO GET HIMSELF KILLED!

HE COULD RATIONALIZE THAT BEING EXECUTED WASN'T THE SAME THING!

I DOUBT THE AUTHORITIES WILL BRING CHARGES AGAINST HIM IN THE DEATH OF HIS GIRL-FRIEND -- THE POOR BOY'S SUFFERED ENOUGH.

HE'LL BE LUCKY TO LEAD A NORMAL, PRODUC-TIVE LIFE.

AT LEAST, WE PLANTED A TINY SEED OF CHANGE IN A BARBARIC WORLD AND SAVED A BOY'S LIFE -- FOR NOW.

AND THAT'S WORTH SOMETHING ISN'T IT, BONES?

ISN'T IT?

THE END

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STAR TREK®

INTERESTING, CAPTAIN. IT APPEARS TO BE A...*GNOME!*

BUT WHAT IS HE SO *AFRAID* OF, SPOCK?

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STAR LOG PRESENTS: A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

THERE'S NO SPACE LIKE GNOMES!

"CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 8431.5 THE ENTERPRISE HAS ACHIEVED STANDARD ORBIT AROUND THE PLANET VALERIAN IN THE GAMMA ARIETIS SYSTEM--

"--FOR THE ANNUAL SUPPLY RENEWAL AND MEDICAL CHECKUP OF THE FEDERATION COLONISTS THERE.."

"HOWEVER, OUR ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE COLONISTS HAVE BEEN MET WITH SILENCE..."

TRICORDER READINGS INDICATE THE ENCAMPMENT LIES 497 METERS IN THAT DIRECTION, CAPTAIN

MARTIN PASKO WRITER ✶ LUKE McDONNELL PENCILER & DAY and TRAPANI INKERS ✶ JANICE CHIANG LETTERER ✶ CARL GAFFORD COLORIST ✶ ALLEN MILGROM EDITOR ✶ JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STAR TREK Vol. 1, No. 16, October, 1981 Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publication Miton Schiffman, Vice President, Publication OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 Application for second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Star Trek is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Copyright © 1981 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Comic published by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. Licensed exclusively from Paramount Pictures Corporation, the trademark owner. The advertisements and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 12, 13, 16, 17, 20, 21, 24, 32, covers 2, 3, 4 and [illegible] Copyright © 1981 Marvel Comics Group. ® 30¢ per copy. Price in Canada: Subscription rate $9.00 for 12 issues. Canada $11.00. Foreign $10.00. Printed in U.S.A. Any similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Corner symbol is a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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INDEED, DR. McCOY -- BUT IT APPEARS TO BE DESERTED ... AND IN A STATE OF DISREPAIR.

LIEUTENANT, KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE CRATES.

REPORT TO ME AT 1230 HOURS IF WE'RE NOT BACK BY THEN

"CAPTAIN'S LOG - SUPPLEMENTAL: WE HAVE LEFT SECURITY OFFICER STERNBACH AT THE BEAM-DOWN POINT TO GUARD THE SUPPLY-SHIPMENT

"I AM ACCOMPANYING DR. McCOY, MR. SPOCK, AND LT CHEKOV TO THE COLONY, JOINING US IS THE ANDORIAN SOCIOLOGIST *THEMON* WHO MUST PREPARE A SOCIAL-INTERACTION PROFILE ON THE COLONISTS...

I AM NOW OBTAINING A *NEW* LIFE-FORM READING, CAPTAIN.

I DON'T IMAGINE YOUR MYSTERY-CREATURE LIVES HERE, THOUGH.

LOOK AT THIS ROOM -- IT'S A SHAMBLES!

--SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THE MAMMALIAN BIPED. BUT DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT.

THIS PLACE,.. IT'S SO EERIE, PAVEL. IT *FRIGHTENS* ME I'M SO... EMBARRASSED...

KUSH, THEMON, MY SUDARUSHKA.*

IS ONLY NATURAL ON YOUR FIRST PLANETSIDE ASSIGNMENT.

* SWEETHEART -- AL.

SUDDENLY...

UUUU-MMMM!

LLLLLPPP!

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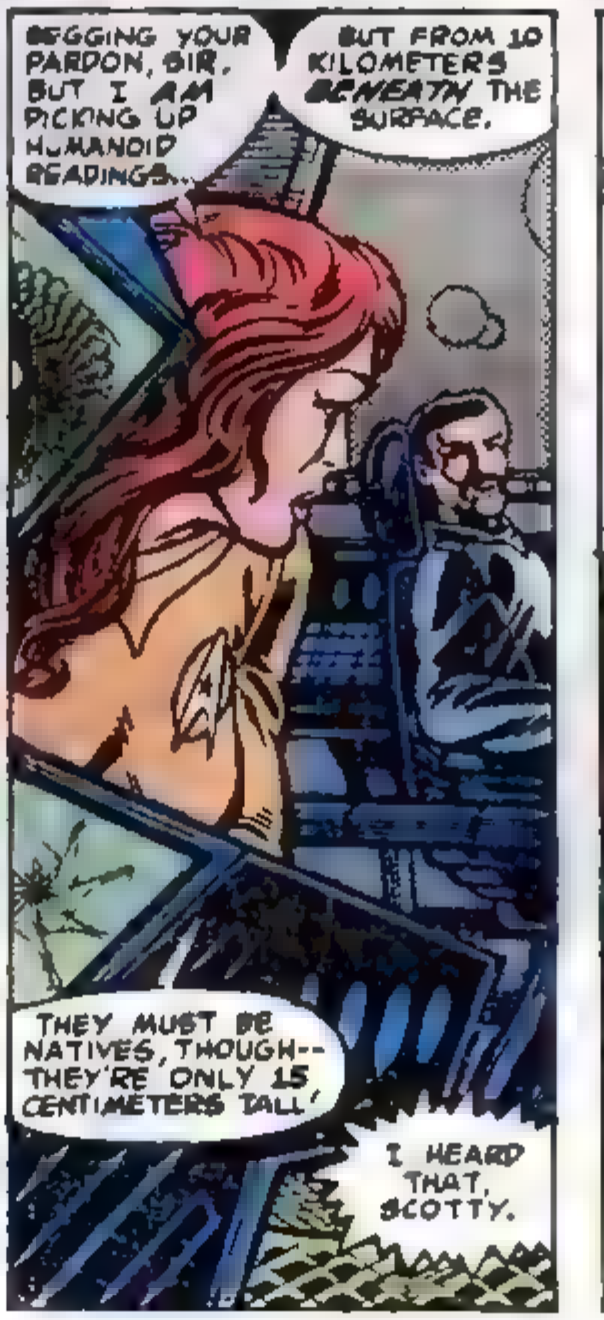
NO NORMAL HUMANOID LIFE-FORM READINGS, CAPTAIN--
--WHICH CONFIRMS THE FINDINGS OF OUR PRELIMINARY SENSOR-SCAN.
I AM, HOWEVER, OBTAINING A MOST UNUSUAL READING!

WE'RE CONTINUIN' THE INTENSIVE SENSOR-SWEEP O' TH' SURFACE LIKE YE ORDERED, CAP'N...
.. BU' THERE'S STILL NO SIGN O' TH' COLONY!
I KNOW THEY WERE MOSTLY AMOEBANS BUT WE'RE NAE GETTIN' ANY HUMANOID READIN'S A-TALL!
A' LEAST, NO' FROM TH' SURFACE. I DONNA UNDERSTAND IT.


BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT I AM PICKING UP HUMANOID READINGS...
BUT FROM 10 KILOMETERS BENEATH THE SURFACE.
THEY MUST BE NATIVES, THOUGH-- THEY'RE ONLY 15 CENTIMETERS TALL!
I HEARD THAT, SCOTTY.

AND WE'RE PICKING UP A SIMILAR READING BUT THE NATIVES SEEM TO BE KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE..
SO WE'LL HAVE TO LOCATE THE COLONISTS AS BEST WE CAN ON OUR OWN. KIRK OUT.
JIM-- LOOK! THE ENCAMPMENT!

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THEM CHEKOV!

DIRTY COSSACKS! UNHAND HER!

CHEKOV RAISES HIS PHASER, CLICKS THE SETTING TO "STUN" AND...

CHEKOV! HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE YET

OR WHAT THEY WANT!

BLAMED

I T'INK IS OBVIOUS WHAT DEY VANT.

T'O

CAPTAIN, WE APPEAR TO BE UNDER ATTACK.

HOW VERY OBSERVANT OF YOU, SPOCK.

OUR ATTACKERS ARE EVIDENTLY THE MAMMALIAN BIPEDS OUR SENSORS RECORDED.

I DOUBT IF IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM.

THEY DO HOWEVER, SEEM BENT ON DISARMING US..

...AND POSSIBLY INFLICTING PHYSICAL HARM

SIR.

KRIK

YOUR TALENT FOR UNDERSTATEMENT IS AS KEEN AS EVER, SPOCK.

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UU-MAN...LLLP! BE-MMMMG... ROLLLL!

WHAT'S HE SAYING, SPOCK?

IS IT A KNOWN LANGUAGE?

NEGATIVE, CAPTAIN.

BUT IT DOES HAVE THE CADENCE OF SPEECH.

SUDDENLY, AN INVISIBLE BEAM KNIFES INTO THE NINSOTE CREATURE'S BACK...

MAAARGG!

CAPTAIN! TRICORDER'S SHOWING A SUDDEN ENERGY-FLARE-- TYPE UN-KNOWN!

IT HAS VANISHED AS SUDDENLY AS IT APPEARED!

I BELIEVE IT CAME FROM UNDERGROUND.

JIM... THIS CREATURE HAS BEEN WOUNDED. HE ALSO SEEMS TO BE SUFFERING FROM SOME KIND OF DISEASE

CAN YOU TREAT HIM, BONES?

TREAT HIM? I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT SPECIES HE IS. ALL I KNOW IS HE SMELLS BAD.

WITHOUT MY BIO-COMPS ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE, I--

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE. TWO TO BEAM UP-- THESE CO-ORDINATES.

DR. McCOY HAS A PATIENT.

THANKS, JIM. THANKS A BUNCH!

JUST THEN--WITHOUT WARNING...

MMRRPH!

I AM

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WHILE IN THE ENCAMPMENT...

IF BY SOME REMOTE POSSIBILITY, YOU CAN COMPREHEND ME, SIR--

I AM SPOCK, FIRST OFFICER OF THE UNITED STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.

WE COME IN PEACE, ..BUT SINCE YOU PERSIST IN THIS ATTACK, WE MUST DEFEND OURSELVES.

YOU WILL FIND OUR WEAPONS TO BE SUPERIOR TO Y--

WHOT

HMM. EXCELLENT REFLEXES. FASCINATING.

AT THAT MOMENT, A FEW YARDS AWAY...

STINKINK BEAST! IF YOU HAF HARMED VUN HAIR ON MY BELOVED'S HEAD...

...I VILL RETURN DAT HARM TENFOLD--

--I SVEAR IT!

SO, BEAST --YOU TURN TAIL AND FLEE, EH?

NYET! YOU VILL NOT ESCAPE ANVER ANDREIEVICH CHEKOV SO EASILY!

BUT AS GOES THE SAYING--NO DOUBT COINED IN RUSSIA--

"WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY...

"... THE MICE-- OR WHATEVER THEY ARE-- WILL 'PLAY'!"

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BUT IF IT IS 'DISARMAMENT'

...UHH?..

...THEY WANT...

...WHY DON'T WE..

...GIVE IT TO THEM?

PRECISELY MY THOUGHT, CAPTAIN.

BLAMMED

MEANWHILE--BACK AT THE BEAM-DOWN POINT..

STERNBACH HOW DID YOU GET SO LUCKY?

YOUR FIRST SURFACE-DUTY IN MONTHS..

AND YOU GET TO BABY-SIT A BUNCH OF BOXES!

HUH? WH-WHAT IN THUNDER--?!

SOMETHING.. PULLING ME OFF MY FEET--!

HEY!!

BAM

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AYE, STRANGERS, WE BE REAL FOR-SURE *REAL*, WE BE.

REAL AS RAIN--AND LIKED NO BETTER BY THESE NEVER-WASH *BEASTIES* DON'T THEE KNOW?

AH...NO I DO *NOT*.

AARRGG!

PSK

DEY... DEY'VE BEEN DRIVEN OFF, KEPTIN!

THANK YOU... WHOEVER YOU ARE!

CAPTAIN...

...IF MY MEMORY OF ANCIENT EARTH FOLKLORE SERVES...

... WE HAVE BEEN ASSISTED BY A BAND OF *GHOMPERS*.

AND I WOULD CALL OUR ATTACKERS *TROLLS*.

TROLLS?!

GHOMPERS??

AFFIRMATIVE.

THAT IS CORRECT, CAPTAIN.

SPOCK--I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR MYSELF *SAY* THIS, BUT...

...I THINK YOU'RE OVERDUE FOR A SHORE-LEAVE.

"MEDICAL LOG -STARDATE 8437.6. UPON THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF OUR VALERIANITE PATIENT...

"...I AM FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT THE CREATURE WAS ONCE A *HUMAN MALE!*"

HAVE YOU DRESSED THE WOUND, DR. CHAPEL?

THE BURN? YES, DOCTOR.

IT WAS PROBABLY CAUSED BY THAT WEIRD ENERGY-FLARE WE NOTED.

I JUST WISH I COULD DIAGNOSE HIS BLASTED ILLNESS! WHEN HE CAME ABOARD, HE WAS 5 FEET 11 INCHES TALL--

--BUT NOW, ACCORDING TO THE SCANNING-TABLE, HE'S 5 FEET 8 INCHES.

CHRISTINE, UNLESS I'M LOSING MY MIND...

...THIS MAN IS SHRINKING!

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...AS ARE THOSE WITH WHOM THE CAPTAIN AND MR. SPOCK NOW GRAPPLE

REGRETTABLY

THESE CREATURES' NERVOUS SYSTEMS ARE APPARENTLY SO PRIMITIVE, NOT EVEN THE VULCAN NEURAL PINCH CAN EFFECT THEM.

BUT A CROSSBOW ...HMM. THAT BE DIFFERENT!

BYRRUP

ARUP

POK

--BURROWING UP FROM UNDERGROUND--?! SPOCK--?

BLONG

I SEE THEM AS WELL, CAPTAIN.

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SOMETHING CAME UP FROM UNDER ME...PULLED ME OFF MY FEET—! I KNOW IT LOOKS LIKE I WAS JUST GOLDRICKING, SIR, BUT I WAS OUT COLD!

RELAX, MISTER. AFTER WHAT WE'VE SEEN HERE, I'D BELIEVE *ANYTHING!*

ANYWAY, WE HAVE A MORE PRESSING CONCERN--THEMON S M.SS.NG.

WE'LL GET STERNBACH AND THE SUPPLIES BACK TO THE SHIP...

.. THEN DISPATCH A SEARCH PARTY

KIRK TO *ENTERPRISE*...

MINUTES LATER, IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM...

THOSE GO TO CARGO HOLD SEVEN.

AYE-AYE, MADAM

SUDDENLY...

SOMETHING INSIDE THE CRATE-- *MOVING?!*

KARAK

IT'S *BUSTING LOOSE!*

A STOWAWAY!

BUT WHAT KIND OF CREATURE IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW BUT IT'S *ARMED!*

PHASERS, MEN-- '*STUN*' SETTING!

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN EVEN TAKE AIM...

BRAKASH

CHIEF RAND *LOCK OUT!*

THE BOLA MUST BE AS HARD AS NEUTRONIUM--

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WHILE BACK ON VALERIAN...

AE NAME BE TORMAL IT BE! AND ME AND ALL THE KUWALDEN WELCOME THEE, KIRK!

WHY, THAT BE ME PEOPLE... WE WHO BE LIVING HERE--NEVER HARMING OR HARMED-- SINCE BEFORE THE SKY WAS BLUE!

KUWALDEN?

WE DWELL IN HARMONY WITH ALL THE FOLK OF THE WOOD, WE DO ..

.. SAVE THE MAALINGEN-- WHAT THEE CALL THE TROLL!

AND WHEN WE SENSED MAALINGEN MISCHIEFING ON THEE, WE CAME TO AID THEE--

--FOR THEE ARE MUCHLIKE THOSE WHO DWELLED HERE AFORE THEE CAME!

WE LIKED THEM, TOO, WE DID.. AND WERE SAD TO SEE THEIR LEAVE!

I BELIEVE HE MEANS THE COLONISTS, CAPTAIN.

AND THEY'RE GONE? NO SENSE LETTING THOSE SUPPLIES SPOIL THEN!

KEPTIN! THEMON--SHE'S GONE! THE TROLLS HAF TAKEN HER!

WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT YET, CHEKOV. SHE MIGHT JUST BE EXPLORING NEARBY.

AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO REFUSES TO BELIEVE IN MUNCHKINS?

DEY ARE THE DOMOVOI DJEDOESJKA, DEY OREFGINATED IN SIBERIA--

MY PEOPLE HAF BELIEVED IN DEM FOR CENTURIES!

SIGH! NEVER MIND, LIEUTENANT. WE'LL FIND THEMON--

--EVEN IF SHE WAS CARTED OFF BY THE EASTER BUNNY! JUST A MOMENT..

HMM... STRANGE. I'M GETTING NO RESPONSE ON STERNBACH'S FREQUENCY--!

PRESENTLY...

STERNBACH! WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED IN OVER AN HOUR AGO!

UNNH! DON'T. KNOW SOMETHING. KNOCKED ME DOWN.. HIT MY HEAD--!

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EVIDENTLY SO CAPTAIN WHICH WOULD SUGGEST THAT THE GNOMES OF THE *EARTH* LEGENDS ARE BASED ON FACT

CONCEIVABLY, THE *TERRAN* GNOMES WERE DESCENDED FROM THE *SAME* RACE--

--SINCE THE KUVALDEN SO CLOSELY RESEMBLE THEM.

WE KNOW NOT WHENCE THE *MAALINGEN* CAME

BUT THEY BE REAL FOR SURE *EWL*, THEY BE!

AND WE BE LIKE TO WAGER ALL KUVALDEN RICHES

...THAT THE FRIENDS THEE SEEK--WHAT THEE CALL *COLONISTS*--WERE TAKEN BY *MAALINGEN* FOR *FOOD*!

THY FRIEND *THEMON* BE TAKEN LIKEWISE I BE SURE.

IN FINDING HER WE PLEDGE TO AID THEE.'

AH... THANK YOU... I THINK

BUT WE CAN FIND HER FASTER IN OUR *OWN* WAY.

KIRK TO *ENTERPRISE*. ANY PROGRESS WITH THAT *SENSOR*-SWEEP, SCOTTY?

NEGATIVE CAP'N WE'VE GOT *TROUBLE*!

--A PAIR OF *STOWAWAYS* IN THEM CRATES YE SEN' UP!

AN' A STRANGER LOT O' BEASTIES I'VE NO' SEEN, SIR!

FLYIN' ABOUT ON *BATS*, THEY ARE!

AN' ONE'S JUS' GOTTEN ONTA THE BRIDGE!

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--IT BROKE THROUGH THE TRANSPORTER SHIELDING LIKE A PHASER THROUGH STEEL!

JUST THEN--FROM THE SECOND CRATE.

WHAM

ANOTHER ONE--?

UNNH!

SKREEK! SKREEK! SKREEK!

NOOO

THUD

HOLD THY FIRE.

I BE GOING QUIETLY.

SO, IT CAN TALK--?!

YE SEE THA', UHURA? FOR A WEE BI', HE LOST HIS CAP'N-- AN' HIS MOUNT AN' WEAPON VANISHED!

THA'S SUMPIN' TH' CAP'N SHOULD BE KNOWIN' ABOOT, LASS!

MR. SCOTT, IT WILL BE AT LEAST AN HOUR BEFORE I CAN RESTORE SHIP-TO-SURFACE COMMUNICATIONS.

MEANWHILE...

GETTING A READING FROM WITHIN THIS CAVE-- ANDORIAN FEMALE.

MY THEMONUSHKA!

I BE GOING NO FARTHER, FRIEND SPOCK!

IN THE DEN OF THE MAALINGEN...

... KUWALDEN WOULD LAST AN EYE-BLINK'S TIME--NO MORE! FAREWELL!

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE...

KEPTIN?

I HEAR IT.

SOUNDS LIKE

BAARRUMBLE

CAVE-IN!

KARRUMMBLE

THAT'S WHEN THE LANDING-PARTY DETECTS A FAINT FERAL GROWL FROM BEHIND THEM--AND THEN...

TROLLS!

NOBEED.

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WITHOUT WARNING THE CREATURE "DINE-BOARD" UNLOADS STATION.

BASH

THE COMMUNICATIONS BOARD-- DISABLED!

AT THAT MOMENT--PLANETSIDE...

SCOTTY, WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? SCOTTY?!

SCOTTY!

WE'VE BEEN CUT OFF--!

TAP TAP TAP

NOW, EVEN IF SHIP'S SENSORS COULD LOCATE THEMON

...THERE'S NO WAY TO KNOW ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT, TORVAL WE'LL ACCEPT YOUR OFFER--

--YOU LEAD US TO WHERE THERE "RAALINGEN HOE" AND WE'LL DO THE REST!

WHILE ON THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE, WHERE A SECURITY-TEAM HAS BEEN SUMMONED...

AYE, LADDIE, THAT'S IT-- DESTROY HIS WEAPON--

--AFORE HE CAN DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!

A SINGLE PHASER-BOLT DISINTEGRATES THE BOLA--

--AND THE SUDDEN SHIFT IN THE ALIEN'S CENTER OF GRAVITY SENDS IT PLUMMETING!

YET IT'S ONLY CONCERN APPEARS TO BE ITS CAP

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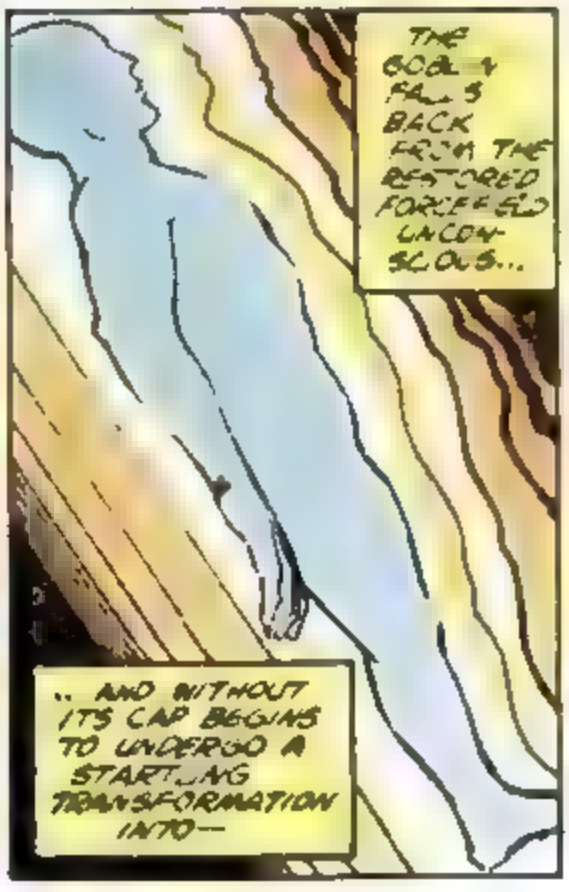
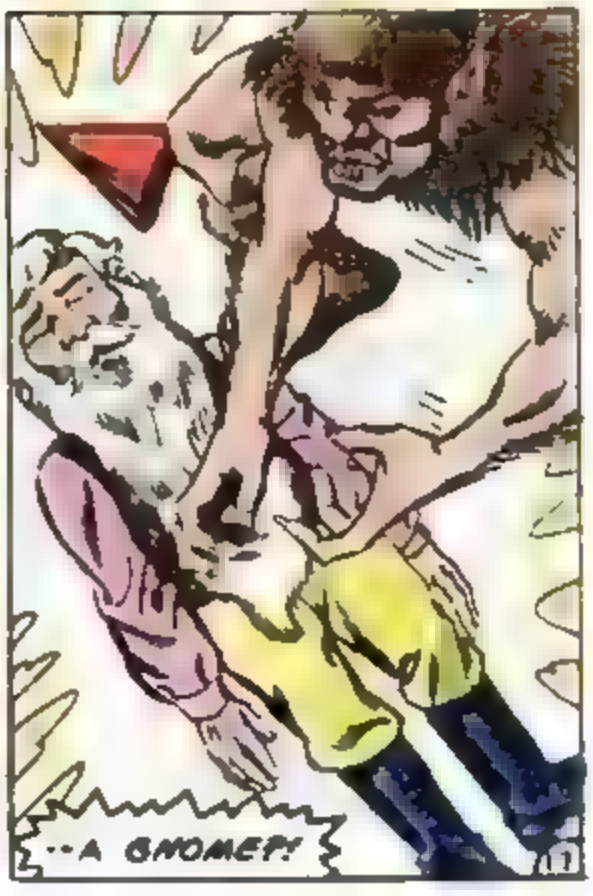
MEANWHILE IN THE BRIG
TIME TO FEED THE... THE WHATCHAMA-CALLITS.
WHADDJA SAY THEY THINK'S ART CALLED FRANK?
I DON'T-- STERNBACH DID.
HE LOOKED UP A HISTORY-TAPE IN THE LIBRARY-COMPUTER

...SAID THEY'RE CALLED GOBLINS.
WELL, ALL I CALL 'EM IS DISGUSTING --SO LET'S JUST GET THIS OVER WITH.
GO AHEAD. THE FORCE-FIELD'S DISENGAGED


THE GOBLIN FALLS BACK FROM THE RESTORED FORCEFIELD UNCONSCIOUS...
.. AND WITHOUT ITS CAP BEGINS TO UNDERGO A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION INTO--



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"SHIP'S LOG- COMMANDER MONTGOMERY SCOTT RECORDING. IT HAS BEEN 55 MINUTES SINCE INTERRUPTION O CONTACT WITH LANDIN-PARTY

AYE, THA' IT *IS*, LASS

INTRA-SHIP FUNCTIONING AT FULL CAPACITY, MR SCOTT

I ESTIMATE ALL FREQUENCIES RESTORED IN TEN MINUTES.

AN A GOOD THING, TOO-- I CANNA' WAIT TO SPEAK WITH TH CAP'N.

ACCORDIN' TO TH' ASSISTANT SECURITY CHIEF...

... THA' OTHER BEASTIE WAS ALSO SUBDUED WHEN *HIS* CAP FELL OFF!

I MUS' KNOW WHA' THE SIGNIFICANCE O THEM CAPS *IS*!

WHILE IN SICKBAY..

AND HOW ARE WE FEELING NOW MY FR--

P!

WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME--?

DOCTOR! DOCTOR McCOY!

WHAT IS IT, CHAPEL?

THAT *HUMAN* FROM VALERIAN--

--THE ONE YOU THOUGHT MIGHT BE A *COLONIST*--!

SOMETHING S *HAPPENED* TO HIM! *LOOK!*

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SPOCK. THE COLONISTS-- HOW MANY WERE THERE...

AND WHAT WAS THEIR RACIAL MAKE-UP?

THERE WERE 13 CAPTAIN.-- 12 ANDORIANS, ONE HUMAN.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT

TELL ME... IS IT POSSIBLE THE COLONISTS WOULD'VE BROUGHT WITH THEM A NECKLACE LIKE THE ONE LT. THEMON IS WEARING?

YES-- AS A PEACE-OFFERING TO THE NATIVES.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYINK? DAT DESE TROLLS STOLE THE NECKLACE FROM THE COLONISTS BEFORE DEY ATE DEM?

HARDLY MR CHEKOV.

I *WORKED*, JIM.--

-- THE ANTITOXIN RESTORED MY PATIENT TO NORMAL! AND I WAS RIGHT-- HE *IS* HUMAN!

I BROUGHT THE HYPOS LIKE YOU ASKED.

GOOD. HERE ARE YOUR PATIENTS, BONES.

FROM THE TROLLS THERE IS APPLAUSE AND BESTIAL PARODY OF CHEERING...

...WHICH FALLS TO A HUSH OF BREATHLESS ANTICIPATION AS THE FIRST SHOT IS ADMINISTERED-- THEN...

IT TAKES EFFECT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY JIM.

BUT LOOK-- THIS ONE'S TURNING TO..

...AN ANDORIAN?!

THAT'S RIGHT, BONES! SPOCK... CHEKOV-- FIGURED IT OUT YET?

THE TROLLS DIDN'T ABDUCT THE COLONISTS...

THEY *ARE* THE COLONISTS!

THIS WOULD CORROBORATE THE POINT YOU WERE ABOUT TO MAKE EARLIER, CAPTAIN-- ABOUT THE CAUSE OF THE CAVE-IN.

YES... AND NOW WE KNOW WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS...

... IT'S TIME TO LEAVE--

--BECAUSE TORVAL AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A LOT TO [illegible] FOR!

BLWHEEO

BA-

RAM

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"SHIPS LOG--SUPPLEMENTAL FULL COMMUNICATIONS NOW RESTORED

-AN' ACCORDIN' TO THE REPOR' FROM THE BRIG, CAPTAIN...

THE STOWAWAYS NOW MATCH YER DESCRIPTION O' TH' *VALERIANITES!*

ACKNOWLEDGED, SCOTTY, KIRK OUT.

I ASSURE YOU PAVEL I HAVE BEEN TREATED WELL.

I HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO COMMUNICATE WITH THESE-- TROLLS AS YOU CALL THEM

THEY SEEM TO UNDERSTAND ME, BUT CANNOT RESPOND.

SPOCK.. THAT CAVE-IN-- I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT CAUSED IT

AS HAVE I, CAPTAIN.

AND I AM REMINDED THAT GNOMES WERE THOUGHT TO BE ELEMENTALS--

--ABLE TO MOVE THROUGH ROCK AND CONTROL THE LAND

MCCOY TO CAPTAIN KIRK...

KIRK HERE WHAT IS IT, BONES?

JIM, THAT BIPED WE BEAMED UP--

--HE WAS A MAN . BUT HE'S BECOME A STRANGE, THREE-FOOT TALL HAIRY THING.

AN ALIEN *VIRUS* CAUSED THAT TRANSFORMATION.

...BUT I THINK I'VE GOT A CURE FOR IT/

JUST A MINUTE BONES, LIEUTENANT

-- WHAT IS THAT?

A SYMBOL OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG MY PEOPLE, CAPTAIN.

THE GEMSTONES COME FROM ANDOR'

BONES/ NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT UP THERE-- IT'S A TROLL' TEST YOUR ANTITOXIN ON HIM

IF IT WORKS, GET DOWN HERE WITH 12 HYPOS OF THE STUFF-ON THE DOUBLE/ MOVE OUT/

"TROLL"?

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MEANWHILE--IN THE FOREST.

WE MUST STRIKE NOW--CAUSE THE ENTIRE CAVE TO COLLAPSE--WHILE THEY'RE ALL INSIDE--TOGETHER!

--BUT THEY'RE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS NEDA--THEY'RE MORE CLEVER!

NO!

--I AGREED TO HELP YOU ENTER THEM HARMLESS LIKE THE COLONISTS--BUT THAT IS ALL!

IN THIS CASE, MY DEAR, HARMLESS IS SYNONYMOUS WITH "DEAD!"

BESIDES, HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LET OSVALD AND EKDAHL LIVE ABOARD THEIR SHIP--

--SHOULD OUR COMRADES SHED THEIR GOBLIN-FORMS?

SUDDENLY..

BLWHEEO

YOU! YOU'VE ESCAPED!

OBVIOUSLY!

SO TORVAL.. JUST AS YOUR ANCESTORS DID ON EARTH--THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO--YOU TOO HAVE FOOLED HUMANS--

--BY CREATING MONSTERS LIKE THE TROLLS AND GOBLINS--

--TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR YOUR HOSTILE ACTS!

SWAP

I THINK NOT, KIRK!

THERE IS A SUDDEN, BLINDING FLASH--AND THEN, LIKE A SCENE-CHANGE IN A DREAM, THE SURROUNDINGS SHIFT. SHIMMER. .

.. AND THEN ASSUME THE CHARACTER OF A LANDSCAPE NOT OUT OF A DREAM--BUT A NIGHTMARE.

YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE EH OUTWORLDERS?

THEN BEHOLD THE REAL LAND OF THE EURALDEN--

AND MARK IT WELL

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THEIR CAPS--/ FIRE AT THEIR CAPS--NOW!

NO...NOT THAT...NO!

THERE IS ANOTHER BRILLIANT FLASH ..AND THEN.

WE'RE FREE!

AND OUR COMMUNICATORS --THEY'RE BACK!

JUST ONE QUESTION, TORVAL, WHY?

WE TWO--AND THE TWO ABOARD YOUR SHIP--ARE THE LAST OF OUR RACE. THE OTHERS WERE AN *ILLUSION* WE CREATED.

MILLENNIA AGO OUR HOMEWORLD WAS DESTROYED. AFTER CENTURIES OF SEARCH, WE FOUND VALERIAN.

WE MERELY WISHED TO BE LEFT ALONE HERE!

SO TO RID YOURSELVES OF OUTWORLDERS' PRYING...

..YOU USED THE POWER YOUR CAPS GAVE YOU--

--OF CONVERTING MATTER TO ENERGY AND VICE VERSA-- TO DO ALL THAT WE'VE SEEN.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 8438.7: OUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT--THE RELOCATION OF THE VALERIAN COLONISTS.

"WE EXPECT VALERIAN ITSELF TO BE DECLARED OFF-LIMITS TO STARFLEET VESSELS HENCEFORTH."

I STILL WAN' T' KNOW WHY THOSE GOBLINS WERE SEN' HERE!

ULTIMATELY TO DESTROY THE SHIP--

--SO STARFLEET WOULD NEVER LEARN OF THE COLONISTS FATE!

THEY HAD BEEN INFECTED BY A PARASTIC ORGANISM...

..BECAUSE THEIR CAPS EVIDENTLY COULD AFFECT ONLY INORGANIC MATTER AND LOWER LIFE-FORMS.

WELL, THE KLINGONS WANTED T' BE LEFT ALONE .. AN' NOW THEY WILL BE!

BU' WHY DIDN'A' THEY REALIZE THEY'D COME IN CONTAC' WITH TH' FEDERATION SOONER OR LATER?

AFTER ALL THA'S WHY WE'RE IN SPACE --TO GO WHERE GNOME MEN-- HAVE GONE BEFORE!

OHH! BREAK US OUT OF ORBIT, MR. SULU.

END

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...FOR YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE IT ALIVE!

WITH A GESTURE FROM [illegible] THE ALIEN TREES SPRING

AND COIL AROUND THE LANDING-PARTY -- TRAPPING IT!

[illegible] COLONIST -- WASN'T IT, TORVAL?

YOU TURNED ALL THE COLONISTS INTO THOSE MINDLESS "TROLLS" AND DROVE THEM INTO THE CAVES!

YOU WANTED TO SILENCE THE ONE [illegible] REVEAL WHAT YOU'D DONE.

AND

WHICH IS WHY YOU CANNOT BE PERMITTED TO CARRY YOUR DEDUCTIONS BACK TO YOUR FEDERATION!

WITHOUT YOUR COMMUNICATORS, YOUR SHIP CANNOT BEAM YOU BACK.

[illegible]

OUR COMMUNICATORS HAVE BEEN DEMATERIALIZED, LIEUTENANT.

[illegible] OF YOUR COLLEAGUES' MATTER-TRANSMUTING CAPS!

I HAD IT BEAMED DOWN FROM THE SHIP!

[illegible]

SPOCK! CHEKOV! QUICK -- BEFORE THEY DESTROY YOUR WEAPONS --

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STAR TREK

MARV H. BLAKE, ED HANNIGAN, PALMER & SIMONS, PARKER & SHEFIELD, GUICE, AL MILGROM EDITOR, J. M. DeMATTEIS

"CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 8124.5: THE ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN DIVERTED FROM ITS NORMAL COURSE BY TOP PRIORITY ORDERS FROM STARFLEET COMMAND.

AT PRESENT WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE PLANET CORANTY WHERE TWILIGHT WILL SOON FALL. EVEN THIS LAST NIGHT MAY ONLY BE THE BEGINNING UNLESS THE ENTERPRISE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETES HER MISSION.

THE LONG NIGHT'S DAWN!

STAR TREK Vol. No. 17 December 1981 ... Marvel Comics Group ... Price 60 per copy ... Subscription Rate ... Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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WE MUST NOW PREVENT THE FEDERATION FROM BECOMING INDIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF MILLIONS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE."
STANDARD ORBIT, MR SULU, STEADY AS SHE GOES! WHAT INFORMATION DO WE HAVE ON THIS PLANET MR SPOCK?
VERY LITTLE, CAPTAIN. GORAN IV IS A CLASS "M" PLANET-- ATMOSPHERE, FLORA AND FAUNA SIMILAR TO YOUR EARTH--WITH APPROXIMATELY 1.1 BILLION INHABITANTS
YOU MEAN OVER A BILLION PEOPLE MIGHT DIE BECAUSE SOME FEDERATION GIZMO CRASHED DOWN THERE, JIM?
SPOCK, YOU'RE THE SCIENCE OFFICER. TRY TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO DR. McCOY.
FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW, A FEDERATION UNMANNED PROBE-- OF WHICH THIS IS A MODEL-- HAS MAINTAINED AN ORBIT AROUND GORAN IV'S SUN...
MONITORING THIS DISPUTED AREA FOR VIOLATIONS OF FEDERATION SPACE.
KLINGON SPACE
GORAN IV
FEDERATION SPACE
"RECENTLY, HOWEVER, THE PROBE'S DEFLECTORS MALFUNCTIONED, AND IT WAS STRUCK BY A METEOROID WHICH DESTROYED ITS GUIDANCE SYSTEM AND KNOCKED IT FROM ITS ORBIT
DEVOID OF MOTIVE POWER, IT WAS CAUGHT IN GORAN IV'S GRAVITY FIELD AND EVENTUALLY PLUNGED INTO THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.
THE INHABITANTS OF GORAN IV ARE QUITE PRIMITIVE; IF ANY OF THEM SAW THE PROBE GLOWING WITH AIR-FRICTION IT WAS, NO DOUBT, REGARDED AS AN EVIL OMEN "
MANY SO-CALLED "PRIMITIVES" HAVE AN UNCANNY WAY OF BEING RIGHT, SPOCK! DID THE PROBE CAUSE ANY DAMAGE?
KRAKOOM

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I'M AFRAID NOT THAT SIMPLE, [illegible] SPOCK?

[illegible] BEFORE [illegible] THE PROBE DISINTEGRATED, RELEASING [illegible] INTO THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE. WE FEAR THAT THE FUEL WILL REACT WITH TRACE ELEMENTS IN THE GORANIAN AIR--

-RESULTING IN A COMPOUND THAT MIGHT PROVE HIGHLY TOXIC TO GORANIAN INHABITANTS.

YOU SAY IT "MIGHT" PROVE TOXIC SPOCK-- I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING IT'LL BE OUR JOB TO FIND OUT.

FOR ONCE DOCTOR, YOUR FEELINGS ARE ENTIRELY ACCURATE.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG SUPPLEMENTAL. MR SPOCK OR SCOTTY AND I WILL BEAM DOWN TO THE PLANET'S [illegible] IN THE GORANIAN

[illegible] WILL BE A THE PROGRESS OF THE NATIVES FOR FEDERATION RECORDS, KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

I HOPE THAT'S ALL THE [illegible] DEC WHEN THIS MISSION'S COMPLETED.

AND, IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM...

YOU LOOK FINE, BONES-- THE VERY IMAGE OF A PRIMITIVE PHYSICIAN!

I HOPE SPOCK AND I FIT EQUALLY WELL INTO THE ROLES OF TRAVELING MERCHANTS!

THE TRANSPORTERS ARE READY T' BEAM Y' DOWN CAPTAIN.

BUT WHY MUST YE BEAM DOWN? WHY CAN WE NOT JUST SPRAY THE ANTI-TOXIN GAS INTA THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE?

NEGATIVE, SCOTTY-- THE ANTIDOTE WILL NEUTRALIZE THE TOXIC GAS, BUT STARFLEET FEARS IT MIGHT ALSO PROVE DANGEROUS TO THE NATIVES. WE REALLY KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT GORANIAN PHYSIOLOGY.

NOW, IF THERE ARE NO FURTHER QUESTIONS-- ENERGIZE!

THERE IS A HIGH WHINE AS THE ATOMS OF THE LANDING PARTY ARE BROKEN DOWN...

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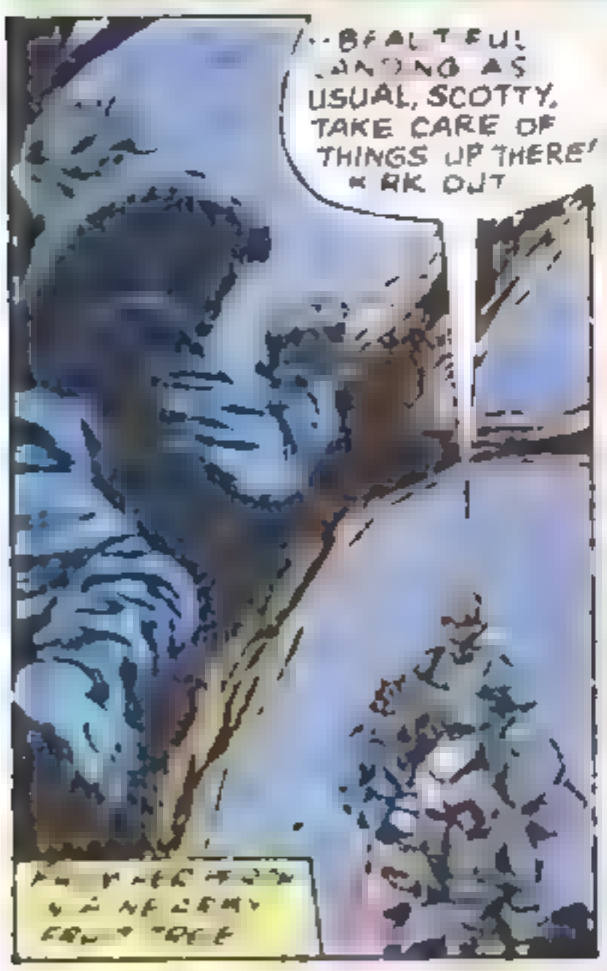
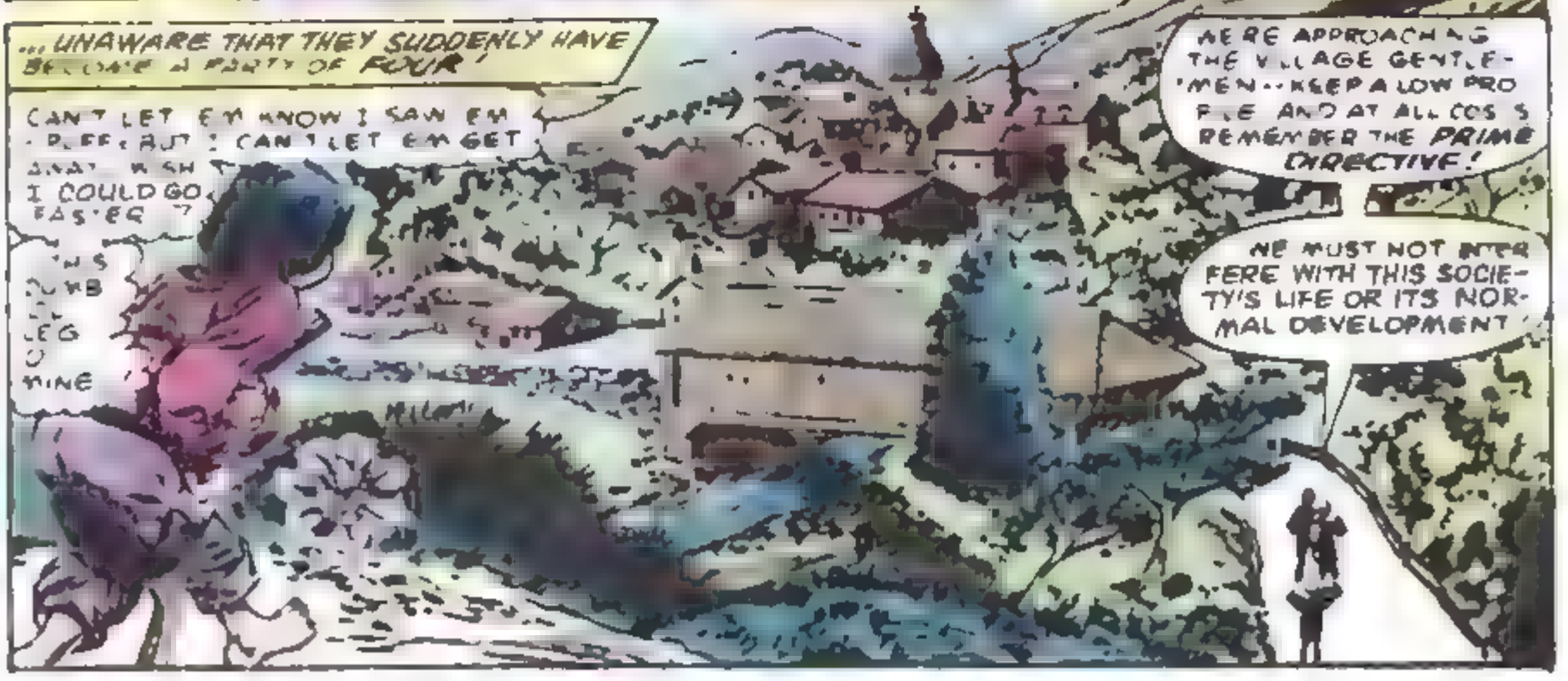
BUT THIS IS LOVELY, THE SKY... HOW FRESH THE AIR IS--THAT'S THE REAL THING, NO POLLUTANTS OR ANTI-POLLUTANTS!
THE GORANIANS HAVE NOT YET PROGRESSED TO THE INDUSTRIAL AGE, DOCTOR!
KIRK TO ENTERPRISE--




...UNAWARE THAT THEY SUDDENLY HAVE BECOME A PARTY OF FOUR!
CAN'T LET 'EM KNOW I SAW 'EM - PLEASE JUST I CAN'T LET 'EM GET AWAY WISH I COULD GO FASTER
THIS DUMB LEG OF MINE
WE'RE APPROACHING THE VILLAGE GENTLEMEN--KEEP A LOW PROFILE AND AT ALL COSTS REMEMBER THE PRIME DIRECTIVE!
WE MUST NOT INTERFERE WITH THIS SOCIETY'S LIFE OR ITS NORMAL DEVELOPMENT

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CAPTAIN LOOK OU--

WHOOF!

UNNNH!

ARE YOU INJURED SIR? PERMIT ME TO—

NO! DON'T TOUCH MY CHARTS! NO!

BUT THE WELCOMED AMENDMENT ACCIDENTALLY UNROLLS AND

FASCINATING! A PRIMITIVE DRAWING OF THIS SOLAR SYSTEM! SIR MAY I—

GIVE THAT BACK! GIVE IT BACK, I SAY!

CERTAINLY SIR, BUT I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU. AND—

SPOCK, I DON'T THINK

THOSE STRANGER— THEY SEE AN TO THE HERETIC. BOHAYAN!

THEN THEY MUST BE HERETICS. TOO!

LET ME GO! LEAVE ME ALONE!

REMARKABLE, CAPTAIN -- THAT MAN IS A PRIMITIVE ASTRONOMER!

WE COULD LEARN MUCH ABOUT THE PLANET'S PROGRESS BY TALKING TO HIM!

IF HE'LL TALK BACK, SPOCK! HE SEEMS ANNUALLY FRIGHTENED. I WONDER --

STRANGERS! YOU WILL COME WITH US!

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WE'RE IN LUCK, GENTLEMEN;--WE SEEM TO HAVE ARRIVED ON MARKET DAY!

THE MORE STRANGERS [illegible] MINGLE WITH THE CROWD, DO OUR JOBS, AND GET OUT OF HERE!

INDEED, CAPTAIN, ALTHOUGH MY SURVEY OF CULTURAL CONDITIONS MAY TAKE LESS TIME THAN I THOUGHT!

AND CHARMAS PROVES THIS PLANET IS STILL FIRMLY IN THE GRIP OF SUPERSTITION, AND THE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN!

[illegible] OR WHAT

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CITIZENS, DO NOT FEAR! WE ARREST THESE STRANGERS IN THE NAME OF THE CATHEDRAL!

CAPTAIN--!

AGGGH!

THE CLERICS! WHAT WANT THEY WITH THESE STRANGERS?

THEY WERE SPEAKING TO THAT BLASPHEMER, GORMAN! BE SILENT, WOMAN--

LEST THE CLERICS TAKE US, AS WELL!

EAGER HANDS WITHDRAW THE ENEMY'S GARMENTS, SO THEY MAY SEE THE FACE OF THE BLASPHEMER! AND WITH A GASP THE CLERICS REALIZE THEY HAVE CAPTURED...

--A DEVIL!

Meanwhile...

THE INNOCENT DO NOT FLEE! THIS MAN IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE HERETICS! BRING HIM DOWN!

SPOCK DOES NOT STOP TO DEBATE THE ILLOGIC OF THE CLERIC'S CHARGE...

FOR A TIME, THE VULCAN STANDS HIS GROUND, BUT THEN--

I HAVE HIM!

--AND THE VULCAN STANDS NO LONGER!

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INSIDE IS A PLACE OF TAINTED AIR, AND GASPS OF PAIN, A PLACE OF DIMMED LIGHT AND HEIGHTENED AGONY!

MY LORD, THIS IS A HOSPITAL? THESE CONDITIONS ARE BARBARIC!

I'M NOT A PATIENT, I'M A DOCTOR, FROM...VERY FAR AWAY! I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT YOU USE TO COMFORT YOUR PATIENTS.

BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THEIR PAIN?

...THAT TO RELIEVE THEIR PAIN WOULD DENY THEM THE AGONY THE SUPREME BEING MEANT THEM TO SUFFER!

PERHAPS HE'S RIGHT, BUT THE OLD WOMAN'S DYING WISH WOULD YOU SHE WAS IN A QUEER HOUR THE LAST RITES?

LEFT ALONE, McCOY WANDERS THROUGH THIS MEDICAL CHAMBER OF HORRORS, UNTIL HE SPIES...

AND THE TRICORDER AGREES! I'D BETTER CALL THE ENTERPRISE, BUT FIRST...

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WELL, CHILD -- WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

TH-THEY'RE *NOT* DEVILS THEY'RE *ANGELS!*

I SAW THEM COME FROM THE SKY!

YOU SEE, BROTHERS, HOW THE YOUNG ARE EASILY MISLED BY THE EVIL ONE!

BUT COME -- IF THE DEVILS CAME FROM THE SKY, THEN WE MUST STOP THEM FROM RETURNING THERE!

THEY SHALL BE EXECUTED AT DAWN!

AND EAVESDROPPING OUTSIDE...

I KNOW NOT WHO THESE STRANGERS ARE, BUT THEY WISHED TO SPEAK TO ME, AND THEIR VOICES HELD RESPECT -- NOT FEAR!

I MUST FIND THEM BEFORE DAWN! BUT AGAIN THE CLERIC SPEAKS--!

AND TAKE THIS YOUNG ONE TO THE *CLOISTER,* WHERE HER SOUL AND BODY SHALL BE PURGED!

NO! IN HER CONDITION, SUCH "*PURGING*" WOULD *KILL* THE GIRL!

I MUST HELP HER -- BUT *HOW?*

SEIZE HER!

SHE AVOIDS OUR BLOWS! SHE IS FILLED WITH DEMONS!

I WON'T LET YOU HURT THE ANGELS! I *WON'T!*

THE GIRL DIVES FOR THE TOOLS OF THE ANGELS, THINKING THEY MAY HELP HER, SOMEHOW...

STAY AWAY... STAY *AWAY* FROM ME!

...P-PLEASE?

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A SHOT OF THE ANTIDOTE MAY MAKE HIM LESS "HOLY"-- BUT IT'LL RELIEVE HIS SUFFERING!

HSSSST!

HE'S BREATHING EASIER ALREADY! STANDS TO REASON THAT THE GAS WOULD AFFECT THE ELDERLY AND SICK FIRST! AS SOON AS I LEAVE, I'LL CALL--

STAND, CONSORTER WITH DEVILS!

YOU THOUGHT TO HIDE YOUR SINFUL ACTION FROM US! BUT THE CLERICS SEE ALL!

THE BUILDING IS CALLED THE CATHEDRAL, AND THOUGH ITS STATED PURPOSE IS TO GLORIFY BOTH THE SUPREME SOUL AND THE SOULS OF HIS FOLLOWERS...

IT SERVES QUITE HANDILY AS A PRISON AND CHAMBER OF INQUISITION AS WELL!

AND INSIDE...

THESE ARE THE TOOLS WE TOOK FROM THE HEATHEN IN THE HOSPITAL!

THEY ARE IDENTICAL TO THE TOOLS TAKEN FROM THE BLASPHEMERS IN THE MARKETPLACE!

WE ALL KNOW, BROTHERS, THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO PURIFY THE BLASPHEMERS...

WE MUST DESTROY THE FOLLOWERS OF SATAN--

--AS WE DESTROY THEIR SATANIC TOOLS!

CRUNCH

BROTHERS! I HAVE FOUND A SPY!

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I KNOW YOU COME FROM ANOTHER PLACE, BEYOND THIS WORLD! WE MUST TALK OF THIS --

GORMAN! CAN YOU GET US OUT OF HERE?

I HAVE NOT THE KEY, BUT THE CHILD AND I HAVE BROUGHT YOU--

--YOUR EQUIPMENT!

OH. SPOCK.?

CRUSHED BEYOND REPAIR. UTTERLY USELESS, CAPTAIN.

AT LEAST BONES IS STILL FREE! WE'RE DOWN, BUT NOT OUT!

I HAVE BAD TIDINGS, STRANGERS...

"CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 8124.8, COMMANDER SCOTT REPORTIN': WE HA' RECEIVED NA WORD FROM THE LANDIN' PARTY...

"...AN' WE STILL DINNA KNOW IF TH' ANTIDOTE T' TH' GAS WILL CURE THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET -- OR KILL THEM!"

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--HUH?

HUSH, CHILD -- AND STOP SQUIRMING!

WHAT--?

THE HERETIC GORMAN TOOK THE GIRL!

HIS ONLY ESCAPE IS THROUGH THE COURTYARD! WE SHALL CAPTURE HIM THERE!

WE HAVE TO SAVE THE ANGELS! LET ME GO!

SHHHHH

FASTER! HE MUST BE PURGED FOR HIS ACT!

AND WHEN THE CLERICS HAVE PASSED.

THEY ARE NOT ANGELS CHILD, BUT MEN LIKE YOU AND ME!

THEN--THEN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP THEM?

I DID NOT SAY THAT!

COME! I KNOW PASSAGEWAYS THE YOUNG CLERICS KNOW NOT!

Y-YOU DO? HOW?

YEARS AGO, I WAS ONE OF THEM, CHILD--UNTIL THEY EXPELLED ME FOR WHAT THEY DEEMED "BLASPHEMY"! BUT IN MY DAY, I KNEW THE CATHEDRAL INSIDE AND OUT!

MILES OF CORRIDOR LATER AT THE CELL OF THE ENTERPRISE CREW

STRANGERS HEAR ME...

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COMMANDER UHURA HAS BEEN SIGNALLIN' TH' LANDIN' PARTY AT REGULAR INTERVALS. BUT NONE O' THEM HAS RESPONDED..

SHE IS MONITORIN' ALL CHANNELS FOR ANY SIGNAL WHATEVER-- BUT THERE AKE NONE!

"IN THE HOLD SIT THE CANISTERS O' ANTIDOTE WAITIN' TO BE DROPPED INTO THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE..."

..BUT I DARE NA RELEASE THE ANTIDOTE WITHOUT KNOWIN' FOR CERTAIN IF IT'S *NEEDED*--

--OR I MAY DOOM THE LANDIN' PARTY.. AND EVERY LIVIN' THING ON THE PLANET! SCOTT OUT

AND ON THE PLANET GORAN IV..

THE OLD ONES AND THE CHILDREN FALL, AND THE VERY *AIR* CHANGES HUE...

THE PRIESTS ARE RIGHT. WE HAVE GRIEVOUSLY SINNED!

:GASP.

ARGGGH

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AND SOON, IN A HUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN..

GORMAN, LOOK-- LOOK! THE ANGELS HAVE RETURNED!

STOP CALLING THEM "ANGELS", CHILD! THEY'RE JUST MEN!

NO! I SAW THEM COME FROM HEAVEN!

SPOCK THIS CHILD MUST HAVE SEEN US BEAM DOWN FROM THE ENTERPRISE!

INTERESTING, CAPTAIN, BUT HARDLY OUR MOST PRESSING PROBLEM!

DAWN IS APPROACHING AND I ESTIMATE THAT THE GAS WILL BECOME FULLY TOXIC IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR!

AND BACK IN GORMAN'S MAKE-SHIFT LABORATORY...

FASCINATING. GORMAN HAS DISCOVERED THE TELESCOPE, THE ASTROLABE AND THE SEXTANT, WORKING NOT ONLY ALONE, BUT IN THE FACE OF OFFICIAL REPRESSION...

BUT HE HAS NOTHING THAT WILL FACILITATE REPAIR OF A COMMUNICATOR.

DAWN MAY ALSO BRING THE DEATH OF YOUR FRIEND! AT SUNRISE, IT IS THE CLERICS' CUSTOM TO SUBMIT TO TRIAL BY WATER, THOSE THEY DEEM TO BE WITCHES!

NO! SPOCK, TRY TO REASSEMBLE ONE OF THE COMMUNICATORS. I'VE GOT TO RESCUE BONES!

TAKE HIM TO THE RIVER, CHILD, AND DON'T DAWDLE!

WHY DON'T WE FLY, ANGEL? MY LEG HURTS!

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I BELIEVE THE BOLT HAS BEEN SEVERED, CAPTAIN. ONE SHARP PUSH SHOULD SUFFICE TO--

--FREE US.

GOOD WORK, SPOCK, USING THE COMMUNICATOR'S TRITANIUM WIRE TO SAW THROUGH THE BOLT!

EFFECTIVE BUT HIGHLY INEFFICIENT, CAPTAIN! WE WERE IMPRISONED FOR 5 HOURS AND 26.7 MINUTES.

GORMAN SAID MCCOY WAS CAPTURED --THEY MUST HAVE BROUGHT HIM DOWN HERE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

J'IM! SPOCK!

BONES! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE, IN--

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME JIM! THE TOXIC GAS IS FORMING, YOU'VE GOT TO CONTACT THE SHIP--USE THE ANTIDOTE! LEAVE ME!

I MUST REGRETFULLY CONCUR, CAPTAIN! TO REMAIN ONLY INCREASES OUR CHANCES OF CAPTURE!

BLAST IT, NO! I WON'T--

CAPTAIN, A CONTINGENT OF THE CLERICS APPROACHES. WE MUST LEAVE!

WE'LL BE BACK, BONES! I SWEAR IT!

"CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 0124.9! USING INFORMATION GIVEN US BY THE MAN, GORMAN SPOCK AND I HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE CATHEDRAL BY SECRET PASSAGES! UNFORTUNATELY, WE WERE FORCED TO LEAVE DR MCCOY BEHIND!

"WE ARE WITHOUT WEAPONS OR COMMUNICATORS, YET WE MUST CONFOUND THE ENTERPRISE ...OR A PLANET WILL DIE!"

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SPLOOSH!!

WHEN THE WITCH EMERGES, WE SHALL EITHER BURY HIM .OR KILL HIM!

DEATH TO WITCHES!

DEATH TO WITCHES!

DEATH TO WITCHES!!

DEATH TO WITCHES!

AND BENEATH THE MURKY RIVER...

YOU CAN'T DIE ON SOME PRIMITIVE BACK-WATER PLANET/I WON'T *LET* YOU!

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HUMANOIDS ARE VERY SIMILAR IN HAIR TOO PRIMITIVE TO RESTRICT THE COMMUNICATIONS HOWEVER CERTAIN OF THESE CHEMICALS MAY--

IF I CAN HELP YOU IN ANY WAY, MR SPOCK, I--

WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO HAND ME THAT VIAL BEHIND YOU?

SURELY AND NOW WILL THIS AID--VARRAH--!

THE VIAL WILL NOT AID ME BUT A VULCAN NERVE PINCH WILL

I WOULD NOT RECOMMEND THE PRIME DIRECTIVE

DOWN BY THE RIVER

OH SUPREME SOUL WHAT YOUR FOLLOWERS NOW AS WE WORK TO UNMASK EVIL

BLESS THE WITCHING RIVER AS IT RECEIVES THE WITCH, AND LET IT DO YOUR WILL..

FOR IF THE WITCH DROWNS, WE WILL KNOW HE IS INNOCENT...

BUT SHOULD HE USE HIS SUPERIOR TO SURVIVE...

WE SHALL SEE!

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU BOYS WOULD TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, EH?

THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS LEAVES NO DOUBT REGARDING HIS GUILT

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BRING HIM UP! LET US SEE IF THE SUPREME SOUL HAS JUDGED THE WITCH INNOCENT OR--

GONE! THIS IS BLASPHEMY!

KAFF, KAFF & BLAZES, JIM, WHY'D YOU KEEP ME UNDER SO LONG...?

SORRY, BONES, BUT I HAD TO LET THE CURRENT SWEEP US DOWNSTREAM, OR YOU'D BE RIGHT BACK--

CLERIC! CITIZENS! HERE IS THE WITCH -- WITH ANOTHER!

DEATH TO WITCHES!

STAY BEHIND ME, BONES, I'LL...

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BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE MOB DRAWS CLOSER

T-THAT SWIM TOOK MORE OUT OF ME THAN I THOUGHT, BONES...

C-CAN'T BREATHE... CAN'T STAND .

INSTANTS LATER, THE ENTIRE CROWD OF [illegible] PROSTRATE BEFORE THE EQUALLY-HELPLESS "WITCHES"

..AND WERE ANY OF THEM CONSCIOUS, THEY MIGHT NOTICE A FAINT GREENISH **TINGE** TO THE AIR -- AS DAWN DRAWS NEAR..

AND WITH IT ..DEATH!

WHILE, ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE .

MR SCOTT, I'M PICKING UP A **TRANSMISSION**, VERY FAINT, BUT CLEAR!

IT'S AN OLD FEDERATION **CODE**, IT READS...

"DROP ANTIDOTE .

...SPOCK!" SCOTTY, IT'S FROM MR SPOCK!

BUT HOW DID HE GET THROUGH?

I DINNA KNOW LASSIE, AND I DINNA **CARE**! IN MATTERS O' SCIENCE, WHEN MR. SPOCK SAYS "JUMP"...

...ALL I ASK IS "HOW HIGH?" MR SULU, MR CHEKOV-- RELEASE THE ANTIDOTE!

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I TRUST YOU RECOGNIZE THE FUNCTION OF THIS APPARATUS, CAPTAIN?

YES. PRIMITIVE ELECTROLYSIS BATTERY--A DRY CELL--ON THE CHAIR, AN INDUCTION COIL SPARK GAP ANTENNA AND GROUND WIRE. SPOCK, YOU BUILT A *RADIO TRANSMITTER?*

IT WAS THE ONLY LOGICAL SOLUTION

GORMAN'S LAB HAD ALL THE MATERIALS NEEDED EXCEPT WIRE, WHICH I OBTAINED FROM THE COMMUNICATORS. I COULD NOT PERMIT HIM TO SEE THE RADIO AS ON THIS PLANET IT HAS NOT YET BEEN INVENTED.

IT PRODUCED ONLY A FAINT SIGNAL, BUT I REASONED THE ENTERPRISE WOULD BE MONITORING ALL WAVELENGTHS SEEKING ANY ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE. SHALL I HAVE THEM BEAM US UP, CAPTAIN?

YES, MR SPOCK. I THINK OUR JOB HERE IS DONE.

HOW ABOUT YOU, BONES? READY TO LEAVE?

MY LEG! IT DOESN'T HURT ANYMORE! I CAN *WALK!*

OH, THANK YOU ANGEL... *THANK YOU!*

I'VE BEEN BUSY TOO, JIM! YOU SEE, LORI'S LIMP IS DUE TO A MUSCLE AILMENT, LIKE GOUT! ALL SHE NEEDED WAS A VITAMIN INJECTION TO CLEAR IT UP. AND AFTER ALL SHE DID FOR US I COULDN'T RESIST--

AND SOON

I BID YOU FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS--THOUGH I WISH I COULD GO WITH YOU! YOU COULD TEACH ME SO MUCH!

NO, GORMAN..

...IT IS MEN LIKE YOU WHO WILL EVENTUALLY END THE LONG NIGHT OF SUPERSTITION AND IGNORANCE, WITH THE DAWN OF REASON AND LOGIC. LIVE LONG AND PROSPER..

HMMMMM

GOODBYE, ANGELS GOODBYE

SIGH

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"CAPTAIN'S LOG - STARDATE 8125.2, COMMANDER SCOTT REPORTIN': AS SOON AS TH' SIGNAL FROM MR. SPOCK WAS RECEIVED, TH' ANTIDOTE WAS EJECTED INTO GORAN III'S ATMOSPHERE.

"TH' PRESSURE-SENSITIVE CANISTERS EXPLODED AT TH' PROPER HEIGHT, DISTRIBUTIN' TH' ANTIDOTE THOROUGHLY.

"IT IS TOO EARLY T' TELL IF TH' ANTIDOTE WAS EFFECTIVE, OR T' KNOW IF TH' LANDIN' PARTY WAS SAVED

"ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT, AN' HOPE THEY CONTACT US AGAIN."

AND SOMETIME LATER...

OOH, MY HEAD, I ...I . SPOCK / BONES! WE'RE ALIVE!

YAY! THE ANGELS ARE ALIVE!

I'D TEND TO AGREE WITH THAT DIAGNOSIS, JIM! THE ANTIDOTE WORKED LIKE A CHARM!

THE ANTIDOTE? BUT HOW DID THEY KNOW TO--? SPOCK, YOU REPAIRED THE COMMUNICATORS?

NO, CAPTAIN, MY FIRST ASSESSMENT OF THEIR CONDITION WAS CORRECT. HOWEVER, I WAS ABLE TO FASHION A REPLACEMENT

OBSERVE.

AND IN THE NEXT ROOM...

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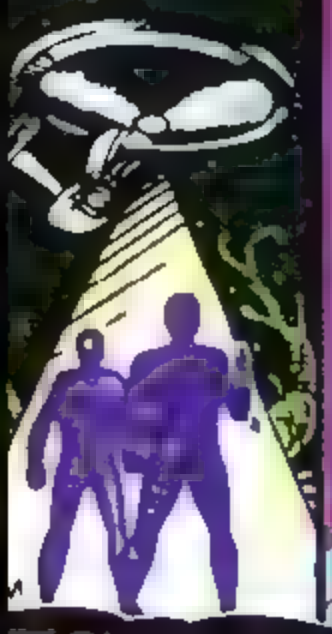

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STAR TREK

SPECIAL LAST ISSUE COLLECTORS' ITEM!

A MEETING OF MINDS

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STILL A TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY ODYSSEY TODAY!

STAR TREK

AL MILGROM, EDITOR ★ JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ★ COLOR

A Thousand Deaths

...OG. PERSONAL... TALL TALES TO THE ...RY, A STARSHIP COMMANDER'S DAY IS ALL-TOO-OFTEN A SEDENTARY ONE; HIS GREATEST ...ORT THE SIGNING OF

"IS IT ANY WONDER, THEN, WHY ... COMMANDER CHOOSES TO SPEND HIS RARE MOMENTS OF ...

...-OR WHY HE BRISTLES WHEN ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS IS

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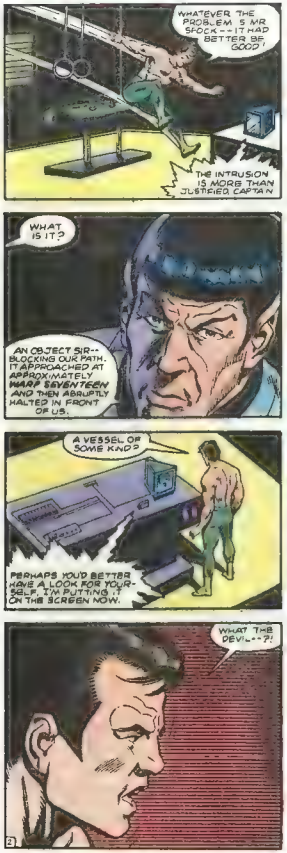
WHATEVER THE PROBLEM S MR SPOCK--IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
THE INTRUSION IS MORE THAN JUSTIFIED CAPTAIN
WHAT IS IT?
AN OBJECT SIR--BLOCKING OUR PATH. IT APPROACHED AT APPROXIMATELY WARP SEVENTEEN AND THEN ABRUPTLY HALTED IN FRONT OF US.
A VESSEL OF SOME KIND?
PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF. I'M PUTTING IT ON THE SCREEN NOW.
WHAT THE DEV...--?!
2

"I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE WAS ANY DEITY INVOLVED IN THIS CAPTAIN--MALEVOLENT OR OTHERWISE.
"THAT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION, SPOCK. IT--OH, NEVER MIND! HAVE YOU ASCERTAINED ITS SIZE?"
"MY CALCULATIONS PUT IT AT PRECISELY 20.6 TIMES THE SIZE OF EARTH."
3

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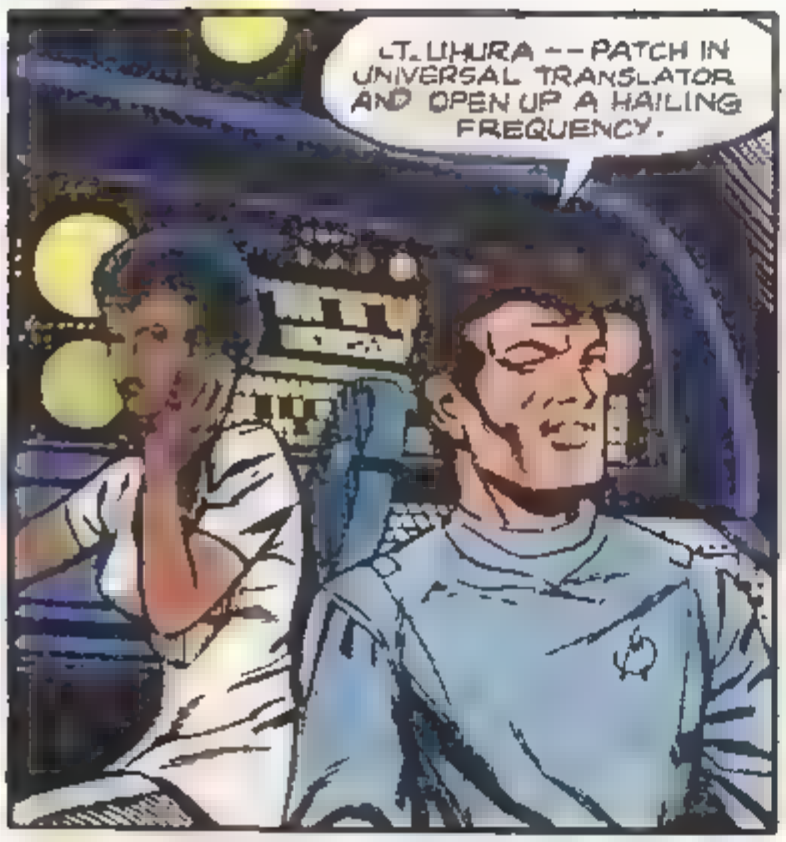
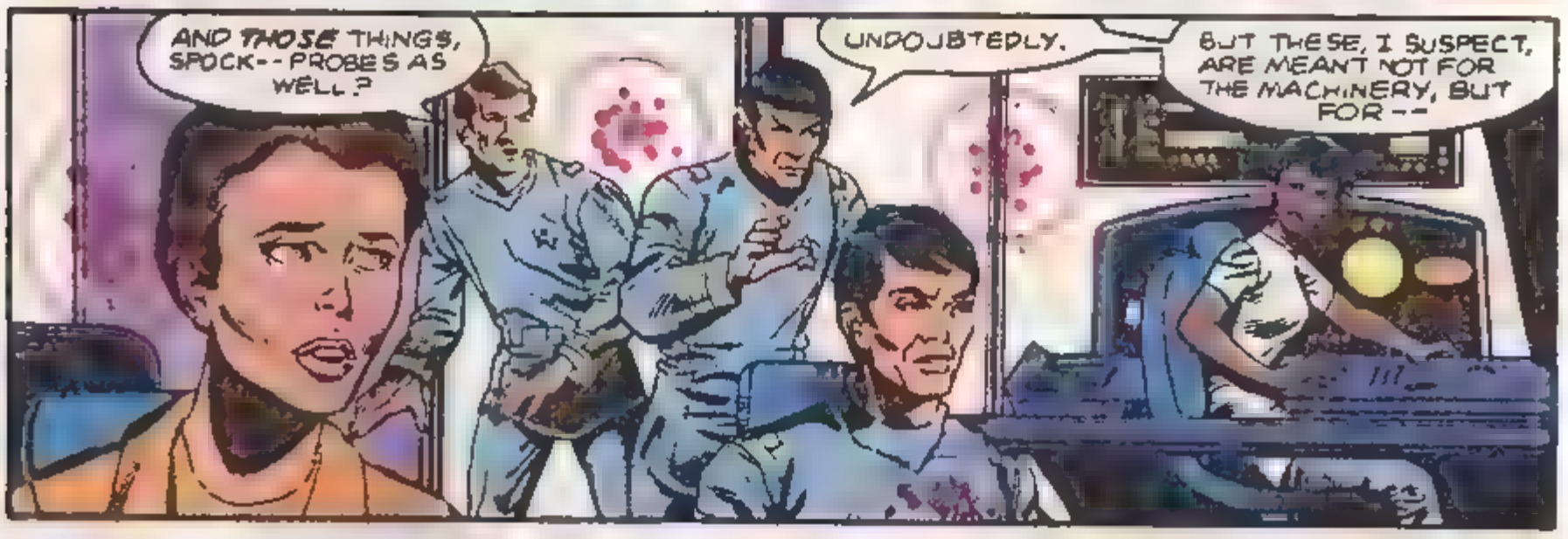


HAILING FREQUENCY IS OPEN, SIR -- BUT I'M RECEIVING FEEDBACK OF A MOST UNUSUAL NATURE.
IT'S FROM THE VESSEL CAPTAIN -- SWEEP NG THROUGH MY COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE...



THEN, THE PROBES LOOSE THEIR GRIP ON ALL BUT THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FIRST OFFICER.
THE LIGHTS SEEM TO HAVE FOUND WHAT THEY'D BEEN SEARCHING FOR.
5

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TWENTY-POINT-SIX?

YOU WERE RIGHT SPOCK! YOUR INTRUSION WAS QUITE JUSTIFIED--

"--I'M ON MY WAY!"

PRESENTLY, ON THE BRIDGE . .

ANALYSIS, MR. SPOCK?

IT IS INDEED A VESSEL, CAPTAIN. HULL IS CONSTRUCTED OF A METAL UNKNOWN TO THE FEDERATION... I READ MASSIVE COMPUTER-BANKS, MILES DEEP... ENGINES OF HIGHLY-SOPHISTICATED DESIGN...

ANYONE ABOARD HER?

SENSORS INDICATE LITERALLY MILLIONS OF BEINGS--BUT ALL READINGS ARE FAINT--ALMOST NON-EXISTENT...

WHICH WOULD INDICATE THAT THE LIFE-FORMS ON THAT SHIP ARE EITHER DYING--

--OR BIOLOGICALLY FAR DIFFERENT FROM ANY SPECIES WE HAVE RECORD OF

MR SULU--REDUCE MAGNIFICATION OF VIEWER IMAGE--I WANT A BETTER LOOK AT IT.

WE'RE ALREADY AT MAXIMUM REDUCTION, SIR.

OH I SEE.

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A QUITE LOGICAL REPLY, CAPTAIN.

SPOCK, PLEASE!

LOOK HERE, SUSTAINER--OR WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF--I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

FIRST YOU IGNORE OUR ATTEMPTS TO HAIL YOU AND THEN Y--

BEING CALLED KIRK--THERE IS NO REASON FOR THIS OUTBURST. I MEAN NEITHER YOU, NOR YOUR FIRST OFFICER, HARM.

I SIMPLY REQUIRE YOUR... ASSISTANCE.

YOU HAVE AN ODD WAY OF ASKING FOR HELP.

PERHAPS I AM TOO DIRECT. IF I HAVE STARTLED OR UPSET YOU--I WHAT IS THE WORD? APOLOGIZE.

CAPTAIN IF I MAY.

...SUSTAINER--ARE YOU THE MASTER OF THIS WORLD-SHIP?

I AM A MECHANIZATION BUILT TO SERVE THE PEOPLE OF SOLOPZI

AND WHAT SPECIFICALLY DO YOU WANT OF US?

VERY LITTLE.

SIMPLY PUT: ONE OF YOU WILL SHORTLY RETURN TO YOUR ENTERPRISE.

THE OTHER--

--WILL DIE

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THE SCINTILLANT GLOBES SWEEP OVER KIRK AND SPOCK, EFFORTLESSLY DRAWING THEM TOGETHER.

FOR AN INSTANT, TWO MINDS BECOME ONE.

THEN COMES THE AGONY...

YARRGH!

...AND THEN--THE MADNESS!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, DEEP WITHIN THE ALIEN VESSEL..

GREETINGS TO YOU, BEING CALLED KIRK --BEING CALLED SPOCK. I AM THE SUSTAINER.

MR CHEKOV--THEY'RE GONE IT'S LIKE "HA" PROBE JUST... SWALLOWED THEM!

THAT'S NOT ALL LIEUTENANT! THAT SHIP'S GOT US CAUGHT IN A TRACTOR BEAM! WE'RE... TRAPPED!

CALL COMMANDER SCOTT TO THE BRIDGE-- IMMEDIATELY!

WHERE ARE WE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO US?

YOU ARE ABOARD THE WORLD-SHIP SOLOPSIZ. AND I HAVE DONE NOTHING TO YOU. THE WORK WAS DONE BY MY PROBES AND TRANSPORTERS.

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P-PIRATES?

AYE SIR AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS--

...THEY'RE OUT FOR BLOOD!

BOOM!

STUNNED, DISORIENTED, JAMES KIRK CAN ONLY STAND AND WATCH AS THE CANNONBALL SHATTERS A MAST...

...AND THE MAST SHATTERS TWO MEN

CRASH

THEN HE HEARS ALL AROUND HIM THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING...

AND LAYERED UPON A MOTLEY BAND OF CUTTHROATS PLUCKED RIGHT OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY!

IT'S NO WONDER HE OFFERS LITTLE RESISTANCE AS THIS OTHER SHIP CALLED ENTERPRISE IS BOARDED AND TAKEN.

WELL WELL-- THE LEGENDARY CAPTAIN KIRK!

I'VE WAITED A GOOD MANY YEARS TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH YOU!

AND SO HAS ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE CREW!

FROM THE BACK OF THE PIRATE MOB A FIGURE STEPPED FORWARD --A VERY WELCOME FIGURE...

AMAZING, CAPTAIN. THE SUSTAINER APPARENTLY PROBED YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND FOR CERTAIN ROMANTIC VISIONS YOU HOLD DEAR, THEN CREATED THIS ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH--

NO SPOCK-- I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AND MAKE NO MISTAKE-- YOUR ANALYSIS OF OUR SITUATION IS MOST ENLIGHTENING

--BUT WHAT WE REALLY NEED IS A WAY OUT OF HERE

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WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE BROBDINSNAGIAN ROBOT CALLED THE SUSTAINER PIVOTS AND STRIDES AWAY...

WAIT ONE MINUTE! FIRST YOU SAY YOU MEAN US NO HARM -- THEN YOU THREATEN US WITH DEATH!

I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF ALL THIS! I DE--

SUSTAINER!

IT IS CLEAR THAT IT HAS NO INTENTION OF ANSWERING YOU CAPTAIN.

AND ITS SILENCE SEEMS THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES AT THE MOMENT.

FOR -- IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN -- WE SEEM TO BE UNDERGOING A --

--RATHER PRONOUNCED DISTORTION OF --

..REALITY: IT BENDS IN ON THEM, THEN TWISTS OUT AND AROUND LIKE SOME MASSIVE WAD OF PUTTY..

KIRK EXPERIENCES A SENSATION OF FALLING OF BEING WRENCHED IN TWO DIRECTIONS AT ONCE.

THEN HE SMELLS FRESH AIR -- SALT WATER, FEELS A GENTLE ROCKING BENEATH HIS FEET..

...AND WONDERS IF HE HAS NOT LOST HIS MIND!

CAP'N -- THOSE CURSED PIRATES RE ALMOST UPON US!

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SPOCK!

LOOK OUT!

THOK

I'M SO GLAD I STRAPPED OUT AND SUNG...

IT'S A SO VERY FINAL.

FOR, IN UNHESITATINGLY SAVING HIS FIRST OFFICER'S LIFE, HE HAS GIVEN UP HIS OWN.

JIM.

THE VOICE IS A MOST MASTERFUL BLENDING OF LOGIC WITH AN OUTWARDLY EMOTION.

THUS MUCH OF SPOCK LIFE'S WORK IS NOW FINISHED. FRIEND, HIS T'NY'LA, INTO HIS ARMS...

AS AUTUMN NIMBALITY RESUMES ITS COLD...

...INTO A MORE FAMILIAR FORM

THE OBSTACLE [illegible] YOUR SHIP, MISTER SPOCK.

WHY?

I CANNOT RESPOND TO [illegible]...

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THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE FOR YOU, CAP'N--IS TO TAKE ON OUR MATEY SPOCK IN A ONE-ON-ONE BATTLE...TO THE *DEATH!*

TO THE--? OH. I SEE, AND THEN THE SUSTAINER GETS WHAT IT WANTS FROM US.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, SPOCK?

CAPTAIN--IT APPEARS YOUR MEMORY FOR HISTORY IS FAR FROM PERFECT. BRIGANDS OF THIS SORT DID NOT CARRY SUB-MACHINE GUNS IN FACT, THEY WERE NOT DE--

THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

THESE OLD SEA DOGS WANT TO SEE AN O.D-FASHIONED BLOODY BRAWL--

--WHAT SAY WE *GIVE* THEM ONE?

AS YOU WISH, CAPTAIN.

WHAWNG

INTERESTING. THESE ARE NOT MEN AT ALL! THEY'RE ROBOTS. THEIR "FLESH" IS COLD...METALLIC...

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH. THE SUSTAINER IS GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET ONE OF US KILLED.

KLANK

I WONDER WHY?

I--

OH NO.

THAT OTHER MAST--IT WAS CRACKED BY THE CANNON BLAST AND NOW--

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THERE HAD BEEN DARKNESS, THEN LIGHT, THEN DARKNESS AGAIN.

HE HAD FELT TERROR, THEN PEACE. THEN, INEFFABLE PAIN.

NOW ALL SENSATIONS ARE SWALLOWED IN A GREAT JOLT--AS CONSCIOUSNESS EXPLODES OUTWARD...

...AND JAMES TIBERIUS KIRK, LOOKS AROUND THROUGH RHEUMY, ACHING EYES...

CAPTAIN--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

A-ALL RIGHT?...I DON'T KNOW, SPOCK.

I SUPPOSE SO.

I-IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER. BUT--

SPOCK--YOU LOOK...SHAKEN. WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU...DIED, JIM.

I WHAT?!

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BUT, IF YOU CHOOSE TO REMAIN I DO POSSESS THE MEANS TO--

--REVIVIFY YOUR CAPTAIN.

THE VULCAN RISES HUMAN ANGUISH FAILING TO TWIST THE STOIC VULCAN FEATURES.

HE WATCHES AS THE SUSTAINER PIVOTS AND STRIDES THROUGH A DOORWAY THAT WAS NOT THERE A MOMENT BEFORE.

AND, HOLDING THE BODY OF HIS CAPTAIN IN STRONG, BUT TREMBLING ARMS...SPOCK FOLLOWS.

MEANWHILE...

BLAST IT SCOTTY! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

WHA' WOULD YE *HAVE* ME DO, DOCTOR -- HAVE A MAGIC WAND AND SWEEP TH' ENTERPR'SE AWAY TO NEVER-NEVER LAND? WE'RE STUCK, MON-- FACE IT!

I MUST AGREE WITH MR. SCOTT, DOCTOR. WE HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING--AND STILL THIS TRACTOR BEAM HOLDS US LIKE FLIES IN A SPIDERS WEB.

DOES THAT MEAN THAT YOU AND SCOTTY ARE GIVING UP, CHEKOV? *JIM* WOULDN'T 'GIVE UP'?

NOW, DOCTOR--

HE'D KEEP PUSHING AND POKING AT THAT BEAM UNTIL HE *FOUND* A WAY TO BREAK IT!

HE WOULDN'T JUST SIT THERE MAKING EXCUSES FOR HIS OWN INCOMPETENCE.

DOCTOR--YOUR PRESENCE ON TH' BRIDGE IS NO LONGER REQUIRED.

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THEN SLOWLY AND TAUTLY THEY STEP FORWARD INTO...

WHAT?

IN EVERY DIRECTION, AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE THERE IS MACHINERY - THROBBING PULSING METALLIC LIMBS INTERTWINING IN COMPLEX PATTERNS THAT EXTEND FOR INCALCULABLE MILES ABOVE AND BELOW THEM.

I CAN SEE WHY THE SUSTAINER WASN'T WORRIED SPOCK THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE.

CAPTAIN--THERE IS ANOTHER ROOM VISIBLE FROM HERE... AND IT APPEARS TO BE THE BRIDGE OF THIS WORLD-SHIP.

TOO BAD WE CAN'T GET TO IT

I BELIEVE WE CAN, JIM. IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME.

FOLLOW YOU--WHERE? THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO.

AH BUT THERE IS, J.M. THERE IS A MATHEMATICAL PATTERN TO THE PLACEMENT OF THESE MACHINES AWESOME, INTRICATE--BUT NOT INDECIPHERABLE.

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IT SEEMS THAT THE PEOPLE OF SOLOPIZ--WHOEVER THEY MAY BE--ARE POSSESSED OF A HIGHLY ADVANCED MEDICAL SCIENCE SO ADVANCED THAT NO MAN NEED REMAIN DEAD--PROVIDED HE CAN BE TENDED TO WITHIN SIX HOURS..

YOU'D BEN BATH THAT MAST, JIM--

--AND THE SUSTAINER BROUGHT ME BACK?

THEN WHY KILL MEN THE FIRST PLACE?

ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE.

ONLY ONE OF THE MANY INCREDIBLE ELEMENTS OF OUR SITUATION. CAPTAIN FOR A MECHANISM THE SUSTAINER HAS ACTED MOST ILLOGICALLY. NOTE THAT DOOR.

THE SUSTAINER MUST SURELY KNOW THAT UNGUARDED, WE WOULD SEEK A WAY OUT OF HERE--AND THAT AN INDIVIDUAL OF MY STRENGTH WOULD HAVE...; UGH! THE BASTARD IS PRYING OPEN THIS DOOR.

NOW IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE ROBOT WANTS US TO ESCAPE. BUT THAT IS THE CASE--

--EXACTLY WHAT IS THE SUSTAINER WANTS US TO FIND ONCE WE'RE--

--OUT OF HERE

FASCINATING.

FOR A MOMENT, THEY DO NOT MOVE SO MUCH AS A SINGLE MUSCLE.

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SPOCK!

SPOCK!

MY FRIEND...

...SPOCK...

THEN THERE ARE ONLY TEARS...

...FOLLOWED BY AN ICY, EMOTIONLESS VOICE...

THERE IS NO NEED FOR MOURNING, CAPTAIN. AS YOUR VULCAN FRIEND SO ACCURATELY INFORMED YOU--

THE PEOPLE OF SOLOPSIZ LONG AGO CONQUERED DEATH.

YOU ENGINEERED THIS DON'T YOU? THIS ROOM WAS PLUCKED FROM SPOCK'S MIND AS SURELY AS THAT PRATE-FANTASY WAS PLUCKED FROM MINE

BUT WHY SUSTAINER--

WHY?!

IF THE SUSTAINER PROVIDES AN ANSWER, IT'S LOST IN A HEADY RUSH AS KIRK'S CONSCIOUSNESS FRAGMENTS THEN REASSEMBLES. HE LOOKS AROUND STUNNED, TO FIND A DISORIENTED SPOCK BESIDE HIM--ALIVE AGAIN--AND THEN...

FORGIVE THE PERIOD OF CONFUSION CAPTAN--BUT I COULD NOT PERMIT YOUR VIEWING OF THE RESURRECTION PROCESS. YOUR LIMITED MIND MIGHT HAVE COLLAPSED INTO MADNESS.

BUT NOW WE CAN PROCEED TO THE FINAL PHASE. THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR ENTERPRISE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF--?!

SUSTAINER--YOU'RE A MACHINE! BUT YOU REASON--YOU UNDERSTAND!

YOU MUST KNOW THAT SUCH AN ACT IS SIMPLY... UNCONSCIONABLE.

A MOST ASTOUNDING SENSATION, DYING. I BELIEVE IT HAS GIVEN ME A GREATER INSIGHT INTO THE NATURE OF THE COSMOS..

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BY CALCULATING CAREFULLY I BELIEVE I CAN WORK OUT A SAFE AND ACCURATE PATH THAT WILL LEAD US UP TO THE BRIDGE -- AND, HOPEFULLY, TO SOME ANSWERS.

YOU--*BELIEVE* YOU CAN WORK IT OUT? DOES THAT IMPLY A CHANCE OF FAILURE, SPOCK?

FA.LURE. AS IN-- *FALLING DOWN.*?

A CLUMSY CHOICE OF WORDS, CAPTAIN. IN FACT, THE ODDS ARE IN OUR FAVOR. PRECISELY 763.2 TO--

--ONE THE SUPPORT BENEATH THEIR FEET CRACKS SPLITTING IN HALF.

TWO: KIRK DROPS, BUT SPOCK REACHES OUT QUICKLY, GRABS HIS WRIST.

THREE: WITH ONE FANTASTIC HEAVE, THE VULCAN HURLS HIS CAPTAIN UP TO SAFETY.

FOUR: SPOCK FALLS.

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THEY WILL GO DOWN, CAPTAIN--PRECISELY AS DEAD AS YOUR MASTERS UNLESS ONE OF YOU AGREES TO TAKE DEATH--THE ONLY PENALTY FOR THE PLAYING OF RESURRECTION. NO HOPE.

SO THAT AND THE ENTERPRISE MAY GO IN PEACE, YOU MUST BE VERY BRAVE MEN.

SPOCK--HOW CAN WE KNOW IF THE SUSTAINER IS SPEAKING THE TRUTH?

IF YOU CAREFULLY REVIEW TODAY'S STRANGE EVENTS, JIM--YOU WILL SEE THAT NEVER ONCE DID THE MACHINE LIE TO US! I BELIEVE THAT THE SUSTAINER IS TELLING THE TRUTH.

SO I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I AM DOING--

--THIS!

UGH! VULCAN NERVE PINCH...!

SPOCK NO.

KIRK FALLS...

. SPOCK SPEAKS.

I AM READY, SUSTAINER. FREE THE ENTERPRISE--AND MY LIFE IS YOURS.

FROST THE LOG SYSTEMS--THEY FREEZE!

DO NOT WORRY--THE BLOW WILL BE SWIFT AND MERCIFUL.

HAVING SEEN DEATH, SUSTAINER, I DO NOT FEAR IT. MUCH.

NO!

THE EFFORT TO FIGHT OFF THE NERVE-PINCH'S NUMBING EFFECT IS ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN...

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CAPTAIN, I HAVE ALLOWED YOUR PEOPLE TO VIEW THIS--EVEN AS WE VIEW THEM..AND SO I TELL YOU ALL--

--I DO WHAT I DO BECAUSE IT *MUST* BE DONE--AND I CANNOT REVEAL MY REASONS.

SCOTTY.. I'D LIKE TO APOLO--

IT'S ALL RIGHT ...BONES...I UNDERSTAND.

BUT WHY DESTROY THE ENTERPRISE? SO THAT YOU CAN BRING THE CREW BACK TO LIFE, AS WELL?

SO THAT YOU CAN HAVE AN ETERNAL CIRCUS? MEN AND WOMEN EXPERIENCING THE HORRORS OF DEATH--BROUGHT BACK ONLY TO SUFFER THROUGH IT AGAIN?

"ENOUGH, CAPTAIN. THE TIME IS NOW. THE ENTERPRISE DIES

MISTER SCOTT--HULL TEMPERATURE HAS JUST JUMPED THREE THOUSAND DEGREES--AND IT'S STILL CLIMBING!

SOURCE OF THE HEAT, CHEKOV?

THE WORLD-SHIP, SIR!

IT'S BURNING US UP ALIVE!

THROW UP DEFLECTORS, MR SULU--CALL BATTLE STATIONS!

THAT MONSTER MAY KILL US ALL--

--BUT WE'LL NOT GO DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT!

8

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"THE RACE THAT CREATED ME--THE LEZZE-EESERK--WAS BRILLIANT; HIGHLY-ADVANCED IN ALL STRATA OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

"THEY WERE ALSO MORALLY-BANKRUPT. A SOCIETY TOTALLY SELF-CENTERED. THEY DID NOT KNOW WHAT IT MEANT TO REACH OUT AND HELP OTHERS WITH NO GAIN FOR ONESELF; NO PRIZE AS A RESULT.

"THIS LED TO CONSTANT INTRA-PLANET WARFARE THAT ULTIMATELY RAVAGED THE ORIGINAL SOLOPZIZ.

"HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS SURVIVED THE CARNAGE... BUT HUNDREDS OF BILLIONS ORIGINALLY WALKED THAT VERDANT WORLD.

"IN A RARE SHOW OF MUTUAL AID, THE SURVIVORS CONSTRUCTED THIS WORLD-SHIP--CONSTRUCTED THIS UNIT TO RUN IT--AND, SLIPPING INTO THE LONG SLEEP, SET OUT INTO THE VOID IN SEARCH OF A NEW HOME.

"BUT I KNEW THAT THE LEZZE-EESERK COULD NOT FLOURISH ON ANY WORLD UNLESS THE CONCEPT OF SELFLESS-NESS WAS EMBEDDED IN THEIR COLLECTIVE PSYCHE.

"AND SO I REACHED OUT INTO SPACE, SEARCHING FOR SPECIMENS THAT WOULD BEST TRANSMIT THIS CONCEPT.

AND YOU CHOSE --US?

I PROBED MANY VESSELS, MANY MINDS -- BUT ONLY ON YOUR ENTER-PRISE DID I FIND THE SPECIAL LINK THAT UNITED YOUR TWO SOULS.

A UNION SO DEEP -- A FRIENDSHIP SO GREAT --- THAT EITHER WOULD UNHESITATINGLY DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS FOR THE OTHER... AND BOTH WOULD FREELY GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR SHIP.

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...BUT JAMES KIRK IS NOTHING IF NOT AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN!

HE BUTTS THE VULCAN ASIDE...

...AND WAITS FOR THE KILLING BLOW...

...THAT NEVER COMES!

WITH A GENTLE GRACE, THE SUSTAINER LIFTS BOTH KIRK AND SPOCK INTO ITS MASSIVE CLAWS...

...WHILE, BACK ON BOARD THE ENTERPRISE...

HULL TEMPERATURE IS RETURNING TO NORMAL, MR. SCOTT--WE'RE...ALL RIGHT!

DON'T START CHEERING YET, CHEKOV!

WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW, DOCTOR?

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, SCOTTY--THE VIEW SCREEN'S GONE BLANK!

"WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE DEVIL'S HAPPENED TO JIM AND SPOCK!"

WELCOME, GENTLEMEN, TO THE **CHAMBER OF SUSTAINMENT.** HERE THE POPULATION OF SOLOPZIZ RESTS IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

NOW--THANKS TO YOU--I CAN BEGIN TO FREE THEM FROM THAT STATE--AND THIS WORLD CAN FILL WITH LIFE AGAIN.

SUSTAINER--?

YES, I KNOW, CAPTAIN. **"WHY?"** AT LONG LAST, I CAN TELL YOU.

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A MARVEL MASTERWORK PIN-UP

TERRY AUSTIN'S UNPUBLISHED COVER FOR STAR TREK #2.

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BUT I HAD TO *TEST* WHAT MY PROBES HAD LEARNED. SO I REACHED INTO YOUR MINDS -- CONSTRUCTED THE PROPER SITUATIONS... AND YOU DID NOT DISAPPOINT ME.

THAT PROVEN--I DEVELOPED AN ULTIMATE CRISIS -- THE DEATH OF YOUR VESSEL AND CREW. YOU HAD BEEN THROUGH MUCH. ALL EMOTIONS WERE IN PLAY.

IT WAS THEN -- WHEN YOU WERE BOTH SO READY AND WILLING TO GIVE OF YOURSELVES -- THAT I TAPPED INTO YOUR PSYCHES -- CHANNELLED WHAT WAS IN YOUR HEARTS INTO MY *MASTERS*.

THEY NOW HAVE DIRECT EXPERIENCE OF SELFLESS GIVING -- OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. MY CALCULATIONS SHOW THAT THIS WILL HELP THEM AVOID A *SECOND* HOLOCAUST.

YOU UNDERSTAND NOW WHY I COULD NOT TELL YOU. SUCH FEELINGS ARE ONLY ARRIVED AT SPONTANEOUSLY -- FREELY...

I UNDERSTAND, SUSTAINER, AND I ONLY PRAY THAT YOUR CREATORS SOMEDAY RISE TO THE LEVEL OF THEIR *CREATION*.

FOR, IN MANY WAYS, SUSTAINER -- YOU ARE TRULY -- WONDERFULLY --

-- HUMAN...

CAPTAIN! MR. SPOCK! *YOU'RE BACK!*

OBVIOUSLY, LIEUTENANT.

CAPTAIN -- IF Y'DON'T MIND ME ASKING -- WHAT TH'DEVIL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

IT WAS ABOUT EVERYTHING THIS *MISSION* IS ABOUT, SCOTTY.

IT PROVED THAT *ALL* BEINGS CAN HOPE FOR A BETTER TOMORROW --

-- AND THAT THE HUMAN ADVENTURE --

-- IS JUST BEGINNING!

FINI

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